THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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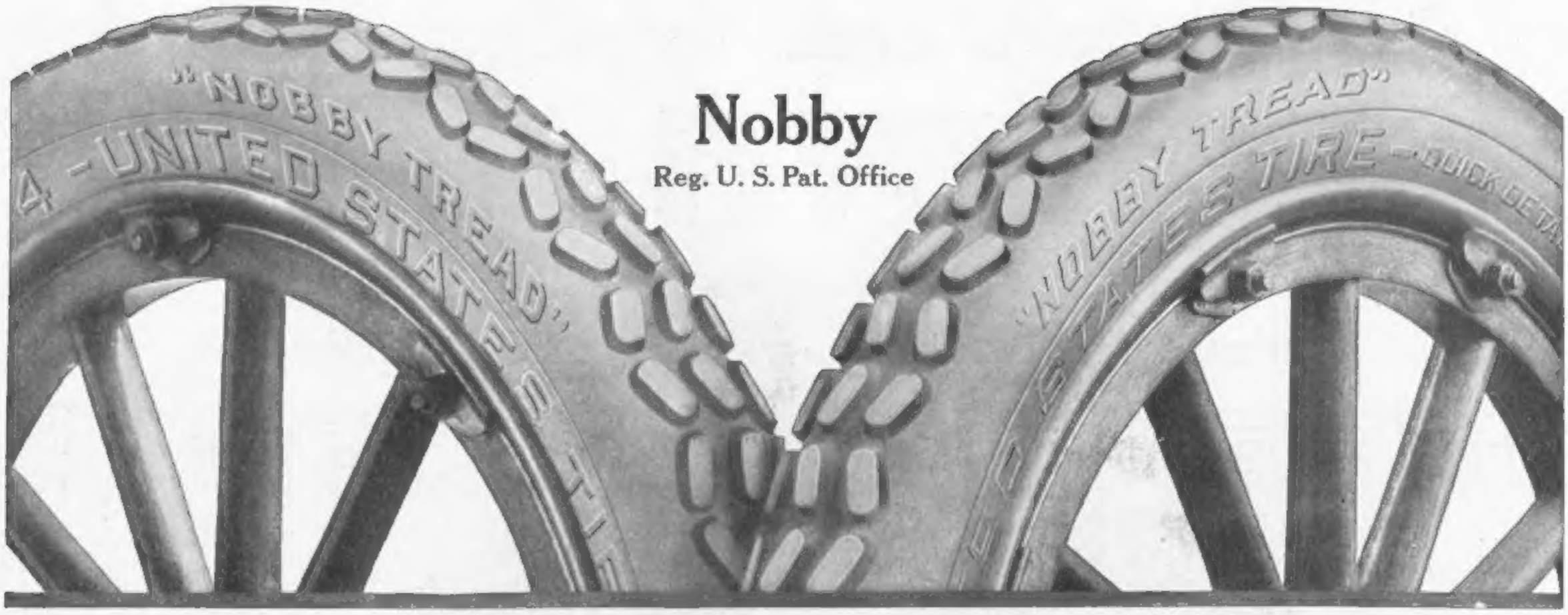
The Invisible Army—By Melville Davisson Post



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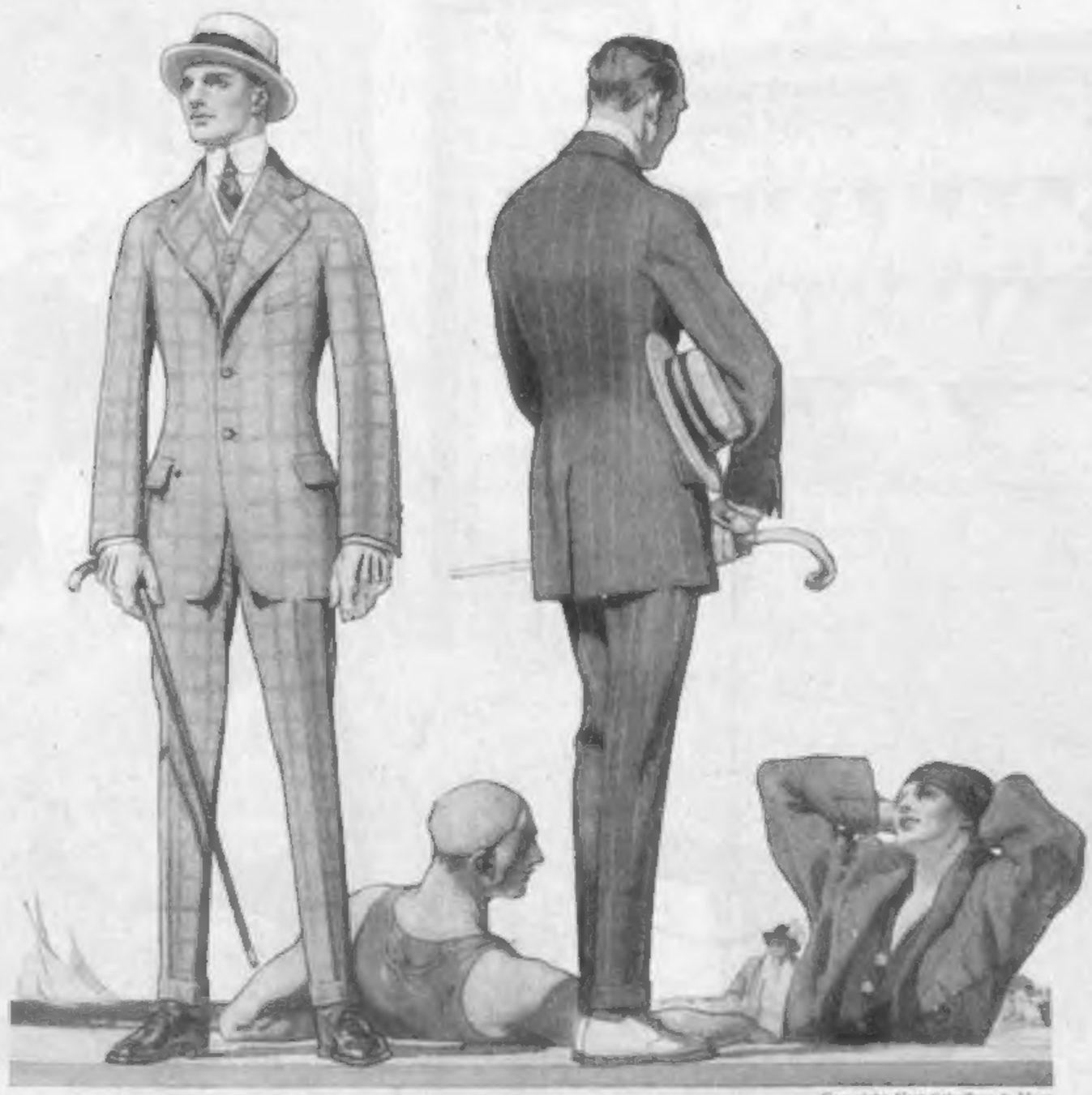

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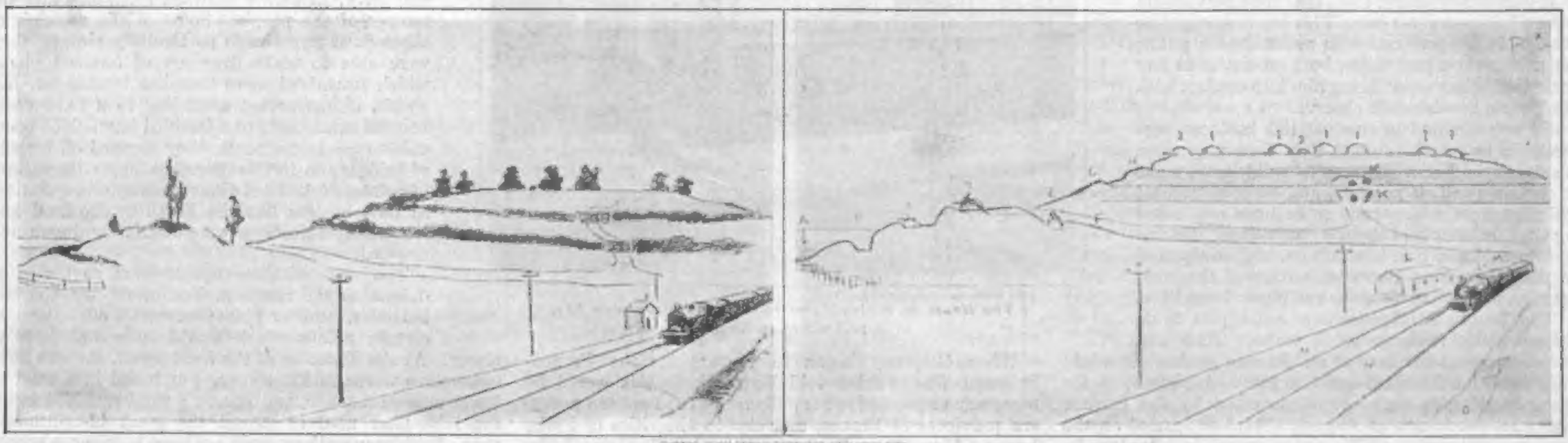
THE INVISIBLE ARMY

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST



PHOTOS. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Apparently Innocent Sketch on the Left, Drawn by a German Spy, Becomes, When Translated, a Drawing of a Fortress, Showing Location of Batteries and Other Features of the Defenses

IN THE beginning of the Franco-Prussian War Bismarck and his officers were at dinner in a peasant's cottage near Faulquemont, says a German memoir, when the Iron Chancellor declared:

"We have decided never to return Alsace and Lorraine to France!"

There was silence. Then an officer said:

"Our army is invincible!"

Whereupon the Chief of the German Secret Service, attached to the staff, rose and replied with heat:

"Say, rather, 'Our armies!'" For he was thinking: "The army which you command comes behind you, but the army that I command is already in position before you, where it has arrived in silence and without the firing of a shot."

When the Germans began their advance on the second of August, through Belgium and Luxemburg, France was already occupied under an elaborate system of secret colonization. The exact number of Prussian spies in the fourteen northern provinces of France cannot be estimated, but no less than fifteen thousand were known to the authorities in Paris.

The system of espionage then in force could not have become less elaborate or less efficient than it was when the armies of Von Moltke advanced against Louis Napoleon. There were already in France, in 1870, before the first Prussian soldier entered, at least thirty-five thousand secret agents of the German Government. With a system of espionage so elaborate, at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, the vast ramifications of the system in operation in August, 1914, must have been, in their thoroughness, beyond all conception of a democratic people like our own.

When the German war machine began to move, everything before it, up to the very occupation of Paris, was known and planned to the minutest detail. Every foot of ground from the Rhine to the Seine had been surveyed and plotted. Every tree and bush was known; every road and path; every village, and every street of every village; every bridge, all streams and hedges—in fact, the very contour of the earth.

The English Secret Service in Napoleon's Time

MORE than this, there was not a fortification along the whole Belgian and French frontier of which the Prussian authorities lacked a precise and accurate map. They knew every gun and its position, the strength of the garrison and even the vagaries of its personnel.

The entry into Paris had been planned. The officers of every regiment knew the route the company would take into the city, the quarters it would occupy there, and the detail of its duties during the stay in the French capital. This is definitely shown by the passage of an army of almost a million men through Brussels without the hesitation of a single soldier or the slightest confusion. It is shown also by the precision with which German artillery obtained the range of every fortified place, and the precise and accurate steps in the invasion as it advanced in its first stages irresistibly toward Paris. The fact that a foreign power was able to carry out an invasion, with such accuracy of detail, on territory carefully guarded from military surveillance, indicated a system of espionage that staggered the enemies of Prussia.

The history of this system goes back half a century. It is due to the genius of Karl Stieber, of Merseburg. Before the time of Stieber espionage had been sporadic and incoherent. Military officers had been sent in disguise into other countries to gather war secrets. The embassies had been depended upon to discover political tendencies, and now and then adventurous individuals had been entrusted with special missions. It is true that the French had charged England with setting up an elaborate espionage round Napoleon. Barnett, the Englishman, is said to have had an efficient spy system in Egypt, and to have known with accuracy every detail of the Corsican's advance. When the Lion captured the Le Chasseur, it took M. Foures, a messenger of Napoleon, with dispatches for the authorities in Paris. Barnett is said to have been able to tell this man not only what his dispatches contained but the reason why he was sent out of Egypt, and such details of the man's private life as to convince him he was in the presence of a personality possessing the imaginary powers of Nostradamus.

Two factors, the French assert, Napoleon was never able to circumvent—Nelson and the English spy. It was believed in London that Napoleon was given over to a life of pleasure. Women in the British pay were constantly about him, seeking to destroy him, the French affirm, like those enemies of Alexander, who sent to him a beautiful slave inoculated with poisons.

The Stieber Spy System and How it Was Organized

BUT this desultory system of espionage did not satisfy Prussia when she undertook that supreme effort to unify her independent warring states, and to establish herself upon an imperial basis in Europe. It occurred to Karl Stieber, as it must have occurred inevitably to the Teutonic mind, that espionage, to be efficient and valuable, must be a complete system, permanently established in the foreign state.

The interesting history of this obscure Prussian lawyer is like romance. He came finally under the notice of Bismarck and the German Emperor. He was able to get his plan before them. The great Chancellor immediately saw the superiority of Stieber's plans over anything heretofore available to the military authorities of Prussia. He was furnished with money and directed to put his system into effect preparatory to the war with Austria.

Stieber at once proceeded to colonize Bohemia, after having gone himself over the route the army was to take, disguised as a photographer and a peddler. When Bismarck began his advance there was at every step an agent of Stieber on the ground to direct the army, inform it of the condition of the country, the disposition of the Austrian troops, and to furnish it with maps and details of defenses.

So thorough was Stieber's colonization that the German Army had practically the advantage of invading a friendly territory. Stieber's conception appealed to Bismarck. It was precisely along the march of the Teutonic mind. The secret of all German superiority is in thorough and painstaking organization.

A fighting machine to be aided, directed and informed by an organized system of espionage, already established in the enemy's country, was an ideal military conception. Inspired by the success in Austria, Stieber extended his system into France in advance of the invasion of 1870. With thirty-five thousand spies already in the northern provinces of France when Von Moltke began his march, the Germans possessed an enormous advantage over Louis Napoleon, who did not even know, in fact, what was the approximate fighting efficiency of his army.

With this invisible army already on French soil; with Bazaine, the French general, corrupted to surrender his army at Metz; with the lack of information and the lack of preparedness on the part of Napoleon, the result was certain.

For a long time the existence of a permanent system of espionage, under control of the military authorities at Berlin, was known to the governments of France, Russia and

England, but precisely how it was organized, and the manner in which it was conducted, was not known. Through a brochure of Lanoir in France, and recent trials in England of such spies as Lody, Dr. Max Schultz, Karl Gustave Ernst, and the like, we have learned how this system is set up and maintained.

In the first place, the old system of sending military authorities, ex-officers, and the like, into a foreign country on spying missions was wholly eliminated. The new department was to be independent and outside of the war machine. It was Stieber's system to plant what were called "fixed posts," or, more recently, "post offices," at convenient points in the enemy's country, and especially in fortified towns. The person intrusted with this post would be a German, preferably from Switzerland or Belgium. His instructions were to establish himself in some permanent business in the town to which he was assigned.

Stieber saw that his agent must have a permanent business of his own, for if he were employed by another, or in the position of a clerk or domestic, or the like, he might be discharged and his mission, therefore, terminated.

It was a fixed policy, then, that the agent should have a business of his own. This business might be that of innkeeper—one who maintained a public house—or the agent might be a grocer, or in any little trade that would bring him into contact with the people he wished to observe.

He was directed to conduct this business, precisely as he would conduct it in Germany, upon a substantial basis. He was to build it up, make it sustain itself, if possible, and be in no respect different from a like trade or business conducted by the inhabitants of the town or village. He was to interest himself in local affairs, and slowly, and in time, become a respected citizen of the community, upright, industrious and beyond suspicion.

The Teuton intelligence does not expect to do things with brilliancy or in haste. Time and patience are at the base of all German genius. It might take years for this fixed agent to establish himself, as, for instance, Karl Gustave Ernst, arrested by the English police on the fourth of August, 1914, had carried on the business of hairdresser for sixteen years in his place in Caledonia Road, Islington.

The business in which a fixed agent engaged, for example, hotel-keeper, or the keeper of a public house in a garrisoned town, would get him into communication with the officers. It was his duty to glean from them all the information he could with respect to the fortifications, changes in the personnel of the garrison, the mounting of new guns and their position, not overlooking the personal affairs of the officers, whether they were in debt, their peculiarities and vices, and through what avenue of weakness they might be approached. But the agent was never to be aggressive, and was under no circumstances to show any other than the mildest interest in affairs.

France Colonized by German Spies

ALL this information was sent to Berlin to be carefully tabulated and compared with information from other sources. The postal routes were not depended upon except in England. Headquarters were established under Stieber's system in Geneva, Lucerne and Brussels. The reports from all "fixed posts" went to these headquarters and never direct to the German Government. They were not intrusted to the mails. At certain intervals agents from headquarters at Geneva, Lucerne and Brussels traveled about and collected reports. These men went over the country in different capacities, usually as traveling salesmen—always, however, in some perfectly legitimate business that took them from one town to another. They collected the data, paid the salaries of the agents, and gave such instructions as the authorities at headquarters wished carried out.

The salaries of these fixed agents were not large, as the pretended confessions of secret-service agents would have us believe—not thousands of marks, but the very modest competence of from ten to twenty dollars a week. A recent confessed spy, instead of receiving thousands of dollars, as he says, received, in fact, about forty dollars at one time and about sixty at another. And the hairdresser Ernst complained that he was made to live in fear for about five dollars a month.

It will be seen that, like every other department of the German machine, the invisible army was economically maintained. When it is borne in mind, then, that about four million dollars a year was expended by the German government upon these fixed posts, some idea of the vast extent of them can be had.

Having established an agent in this manner, the towns or garrisoned villages about the fixed post were colonized with a proper equipment of assistants—domestics, waiters, servants, and especially barmaids.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The House in Which Heinrich Grosse, the German Spy, Lived While in England

When Germany began to prepare for the Franco-Prussian War, Stieber told Bismarck that it would be necessary to use active surveillance in the fourteen northern provinces of France, and also in the cities of Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Strasburg, Metz, Lille, Valenciennes, and sixteen smaller localities in the environs of Paris. He asked Bismarck for five thousand farmers, vinedressers and laborers, to assist his fixed agents and to be employed about the country. He directed that great care should be used in sending these men in. They were to arrive one at a time, or not more than two together. He asked for nine thousand women, preferably widows and young girls, for the cafés, restaurants, wine shops and hotels.

The report of one agent shows a demand for forty-six Prussians, "young and pretty," to serve as barmaids in the eastern garrisons, and directed that they should be well chosen, since they could be visited by spies as pretended relations. These agents also asked for seven hundred old men and underofficers, with "a little special training," to be placed in the commercial and governmental departments of France; and also for some two hundred domestics to go into the families of doctors, advocates and important persons in the district, as governesses, in order to discover what ones among them were open to bribery.

Within about a year—from September, 1868, to October, 1869—Stieber planted twenty thousand spies along the routes from Berlin and Brussels to Paris. And on four trips, without arousing the suspicion of a single French official, he visited eighteen hundred and fifty of his spies in the fourteen northern departments of France.

There was always very careful supervision of these posts. The authorities demanded results. They made up to the agent any deficit in his business so that he might continue to conduct it, no matter what his financial losses might be. But if he fell below the standard of German efficiency in the conduct of his trade as well as his secret duties he was removed.

Neither Stieber nor his successors were the impractical persons which the romantic confessions of spies would have us believe. When the authorities wished to get rid of an agent or any of his assistants, they were not required to resort to the violence of melodrama. There was no danger of the spy revealing anything, because he knew nothing to reveal except the information which he had collected himself. He never had any direct relations with the authorities at Berlin. He was not permitted to know any other agent or "post office." His reports were made to a person who was a traveling salesman, and to headquarters in Switzerland or Belgium. Thus the German authorities were never in any danger of their secret agents disclosing anything of importance.

Instead of sending a sinister character to poison the agent, or a duelist out of the cafés of Berlin to kill him, Stieber had a much more efficient plan. It was to hold back a percentage of the agent's pay, so that the sum owing to the agent was always a club which the authority above him could hold over his head, a thing almost invariably adequate.

There was still another method: When the agent, a person of perhaps a little more importance, proved unworthy, he was permitted to fall into the hands of the authorities of the country in which he was placed. The police are always keen to apprehend a foreign spy, and their government could be depended upon to deal with him, so that a slight error on the part of the authorities at Berlin could put any agent into the hands of a foreign government.

It is said that an agent was recently turned over to the English Government by the subterfuge of a misdirected letter, in order to insure his imprisonment until any information available to him would be out of date. His subsequent "confessions" and his release by the British Government would indicate the truth of the assertion that the German authorities felt that they could not trust him and were willing for the English police to take him over.

In time of peace it was the duty of the fixed agent to keep the government informed with respect to all military developments in the army and navy, as well as political intentions and the temper of the people. Some of the attachés of these fixed posts were particularly clever; they were able to make drawings of fortified places which resembled mere harmless landscapes, but which, if interpreted according to a fixed code, became exact plans of a fortified base. Not being able to use instruments, they stepped off lengths of bridges and fortifications, and, by observations of points, worked out dimensions by triangulation, so that bridges like the Forth in Scotland and seacoast fortifications were accurately drawn and mapped.

The work of these agents went so far as to determine the range in France for the German batteries, and to plant concrete foundations at certain points which would command fortified places. At the direction of the fixed agent, the site for a locomotive works in France was purchased in a tract of forest near Maubeuge, and concrete platforms laid which could be later used to mount the great 42-centimeter guns. Such preparations could not have been made except through some permanent system like that worked out by Stieber.

The concrete foundation on which Krupp mounted the 42-centimeter guns for the reduction of Liège had already been put in as a site of a German manufacturing plant. These factory sites, the French allege, were discovered at many points along their frontier, prepared at a proper range to command important defenses. The English claim to have discovered a factory, with a concrete base, near their naval station at Rosyth, Scotland.

The Hairdresser Who Forwarded Letters

THE present Chief Justice of England, Sir Rufus Isaacs, in the conduct of the Schultz case, brought out some of the information which these fixed posts were expected to discover.

Schultz undertook to employ a man named Duff, for two hundred and fifty dollars a month, to act as military correspondent for a German newspaper. This was before the present war, in 1911, in time of peace. Schultz explained that he was a journalist and merely wanted an assistant to aid him in sending an English letter to his German paper. But the information he sought was particularly pointed:

"Is there any sign of coal, stores or ammunition being accumulated? What is the feeling in the navy? How do officers and men discuss the situation? Are crews being increased? Are ships being prepared and has any commission of ships suddenly taken place? What is the opinion of officers of the British Navy as to the result of war between England and France, on the one hand, and Germany on the other, and the likelihood of the same over the Morocco question? What ships of the Third Division were put out of service on July twenty-third, or about the end of July? Or if they reduced their crews and reasons for so doing? How many officers and men are still on board, and why was the program altered after it was stated that the Third Division should be full up?"

Schultz was not in direct communication with the German Government, as no fixed agent is, and no relation could be traced by Sir Rufus Isaacs. Schultz mentioned at his trial that he was merely a newspaper man, acting as military and naval correspondent for a German paper.

These pointed inquiries indicate the careful surveillance in force two years before the present war, and the exact tab that the German authorities kept on English military and naval affairs.

The work of Karl Gustave Ernst, who had kept a hairdressing shop for sixteen years in England, was to receive communications and send them out to other agents. It was

shown in the trial of Ernst that he received and forwarded letters to many persons in England.

It is significant that he was also in communication with a German fireman on the English cruiser Foxhound. For several years, thus engaged in his apparently innocent vocation on the Caledonia Road, he had been, in fact, one of the so-called "post offices." The English police had been advised of his mission for some three years. During that time they had opened all letters which he received from the Continent and taken tracings of them; they also opened the letters which he sent out from England, although he had been directed to mail them in different parts of London.

It will be recalled that the English authorities examined some hundred and twenty-five thousand cases of suspected German espionage. Still, in the Ernst case, as in that of Schultz, the English authorities were not able to connect these agents with any responsible authority. The English assert that they had kept one of these agents under observation for a long time; that they had deciphered his code, and that they were able to arrest him at the precise time when he had in his possession a medical book with some of the pages glued together, in which his code was set down. It would seem not to have been difficult to bring this man under suspicion, since, while pretending to be a medical student in Edinburgh, he never attended any hospital.

Details of the Klembovski System

ENGLISH authorities complain that the German agent for Great Britain usually comes from America and is provided with an American passport. Certain sensational charges recently arising in this country, asserted to involve persons connected with the German Embassy, and the sale and falsification of passports, is now under investigation by the American courts.

It was the object of the great system inaugurated by Stieber to keep the German authorities fully informed with respect to every naval and military fact in France, Russia and England during times of peace, and to prepare the way for invasion upon the outbreak of hostilities. Stieber asserts that five years before the Franco-Prussian War he discussed with Bismarck precisely the line of march of the German armies into France, and colonized his spy system along the route which Von Moltke would take.

The invasion of France, in August, indicated that Stieber's methods had been continued and perfected. It is said that the advertisements of a new brand of soup were pasted up all through the northern provinces of France; that these advertisements were printed at local shops in order to avoid suspicion, and that they indicated the position of supplies and materials important for the invading army to locate.

Translations from the work of Klembovski, on military espionage, advise us in general terms how the invisible army, in advance of the invading military force, is to communicate information by simple devices. The fixed spies are to keep track of the enemy's forces, especially on retreat, note the direction taken by bodies of troops, the strength of these detachments, and the positions which they take up in the rear, and especially the gun range.

For communicating such information the simplest signals are advisable. Signals should be employed which, on the one hand, will not arouse the suspicions of the enemy, and, on the other, will not require special instructions and explanations, and will not take up too much time either in preparation or sending.

He suggested the methods used by Russian smugglers, by which they give information by piles of turf, the arrangement of leaves, the placing of little stones on larger ones, the direction in which a stone is moved from its bed, the tying together of twigs, the direction in which branches of trees are broken down, and similar devices of easy operation.

Such designs in the present war have been carried to a much more elaborate detail. It is not possible to verify most of these devices, but those assembled and published are sufficient to indicate how elaborately Klembovski's suggestions have been extended.

The line of fire, it is said, has been indicated by flocks of sheep driven in certain directions, by the manner in which garments are arranged on a clothesline, with alternation of white and dark, and the relation of large and small pieces, by the position in which the hands of a clock have been placed in towers, by puffs of smoke from chimneys, and a perfect Morse dispatch has been forwarded, it is said, by the simple means of washing a window with a cloth—dabbing the glass made dots, and wiping it the dashes of the code.

Concealed telephone lines and wireless stations have been found in the most inconspicuous places. The basket of a stupid peasant fisherman was discovered to contain carrier pigeons; a telephone transmitter was located in the nosebag of a horse; and innumerable signals have been made up by the passage of lights, as by carrying a lamp before a window, or by a bicycle lamp or the lamps of motor cars.

It is said that a submarine lying off the east coast of Scotland was signaled by a spy who, having picked up his information from a drunken sailor in a public house, hurried out on the coast road on a bicycle in the night, and, while pretending to mend an injury to his tire, passed before the light of the lamp, from time to time, in such a manner as to signal the submarine in the Morse code.

The Allies assert that the custom of the Germans to chalk on doors the legend "Spare this house" or "Good people" did not indicate any seizure of sympathy, and is a device used to protect the houses of the fixed agent.

The crudest and most infantile drawings have been chalked about as the German Army advanced, in order to give it information. Conan Doyle's story of The Dancing Men, in which a message was conveyed by the position of the arms and legs of a crude drawing, such as children make of the lines of the human figure, has been paralleled. These figures chalked about would not be apt to be noticed or taken seriously. They would appear to be the work of children and to have no significance. But, like the advertisements of the canned soup, they were, in fact, signals devised in accordance with the simplicity urged by Klembovski.

The most important messages not only have been sent in cipher, but this cipher, when translated, was in its translation also an additional cipher, while appearing to be a harmless and nondescript message. Karl Lody, who was tried in England, convicted and executed as a spy, was connected with a message that read:

> Must cancel. John very ill. Lost four days. Shall leave shortly. CHAS. ENGLIS.

And the great North German Lloyd liner, Cecilie, it is said, was advised of the declaration of war and directed to run into an American port, by a wireless message reading, "Willie has appendicitis," directed to a passenger. This report is not verified, but it is more than likely that the code used was something of this character, not apt to attract attention. A secret code, which could not be deciphered, picked up by an English warship, would create suspicion.

Every variety of disguise has been resorted to in order to introduce spies into the enemy's lines, and to give him false directions in the movement of detachments of troops. German agents disguised as Englishmen have appeared walking along the French trenches and calling out directions not to shoot. Chauffeurs driving English cars have been found behind French lines, attempting to turn back reserves moving toward important posts at the front. One of these, it is said, came unexpectedly on a body of English troops, who seized him and shot him on the spot. The puzzled agent perhaps never discovered that the English were able to know him because he wore cavalry breeches and the blouse of a militiaman. A little better attention to his costume would, perhaps, have brought him off all right.

It is asserted that the clergy have been brought into service, and that when they were sent out to aid the enemy's wounded they were expected to communicate by the simple signals advised by Klembovski. It is charged that priests in the villages through which the army retreated on its return from the Marne were false ones, substituted with the intention of giving incorrect information to the advancing army of the Allies.

The German School for Spies

IT IS certain that no nation ever maintained a system of espionage equal, in its detail and organization, to that of the German Government. Bismarck knew what a genius Stieber was, although the Prince Hohenzollern did not. He allowed Stieber to go to Russia, where he was decorated by the Czar with the Cross of St. Stanislaus. Before the Franco-Prussian War Bismarck recalled him. Frederick William included a great sum in the budget and gave him *carte blanche* to put his invisible army into France in advance of Von Moltke.

In addition to this system of colonization, agents are sent out who are authorities on naval and military matters. These men are subjected to long and careful training. They are taught the detail of every piece of ordnance, every variety of torpedo, and the appearance of all naval craft.

The German mind does not stop short of a complete thoroughness. If one doubts how accurate, elaborate and complete the knowledge of the German war office is concerning naval and military matters in Europe, he has only to remember how complete and thorough are the systems of guide books issued by Karl Baedeker. If a private individual, for the use of travelers, could assemble, with such precision and accuracy, all data with respect to routes, hostelries, and the like, how much more could such a system as that which Stieber established assemble information for the war department!

Lanoir declares that after the Franco-Prussian War Stieber told Bismarck that the invisible army planted in France must do something more than merely furnish information. It must be prepared to interfere in the industrial organizations; to plant workmen in factories, and especially in the railroad systems, in the capacity of engineers, track supervisors, and the like. Stieber pointed out how great the advantage would be if, when Berlin issued its order for German mobilization, he could issue an order that would, at the same time, prevent the French mobilization, by the derailing of its trains. The fact is that every nation in Europe maintains as complete a system of espionage as it can. The principle upon which these systems are installed is the same. The sole difference that exists is in the degree of efficiency.

Here the German Government easily excels. This is not because its standards of morality are lower, or because it resorts to deception which its neighbors would scorn, but because it produced a genius in the person of Karl Stieber, who saw that espionage ought to be reduced to a system, and who, with the patience of the Teuton, and with the talent for minute organization characteristic of the German mind, set about that work.

Author's Note—References: Les Grands Espions; Leur Histoire de Frédéric-Guillaume à Nos Jours: Lanoir. L'Espionnage Allemand en France. The German Spy System From Within; and innumerable published reports, especially those of current, recent celebrated trials in England.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Heinrich Grosse in the Dock at Winchester

BY DEAD RECKONING

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WHEN Matt Peasley's Yankee combativeness, coupled with the accident of birth in the old home town of Cappy Ricks, gained for him command of the Blue Star Navigation Company's big barkentine, Retriever, he lacked eight days of his twenty-first birthday. He had slightly less beard than the average youth of his years; and, despite the fact that he had been exposed almost constantly to salty gales since his fourteenth birthday, he did not look his age. And of all the ridiculous sights ashore or afloat the most ridiculous is a sea captain with the body of a Hercules and the immature features of an eighteen-year-old boy.

Indeed, such a great, soft, innocent baby type was Matt Peasley that even the limited sense of humor possessed by his motley crew forbade their reference to him, after custom immemorial, as the Old Man. The formal title of captain seemed equally absurd; so they compromised by dubbing him Mother's Darling.

"Why, the Infernal—er—er—Porpoise! Me Apologize to a Man I Employ! By Jingo, I'd Fire Him First!"

"If," quoth Mr. Michael Murphy, chief kicker of the Retriever, over a quiet pipe with Mr. Angus MacLean, the second mate, as the vessel lay at anchor in Grays Harbor, "Cappy Ricks had laid eyes on Mother's Darling before ordering him to Seattle to go up for his master's ticket, the old fox would have scuttled the ship sooner than trust that baby with her."

"Ye'll nae be denying the lad kens his business," Mr. MacLean declared.

"Aye! True enough, Mac; but 'twould be hard to convince Cappy Ricks o' that. Every skipper in his employ is a graybeard."

"Mayhap," the canny MacLean retorted, "that's because t'owd boy's skippers have held their berths ower long."

But Mr. Murphy shook his head. He had come up from before the mast in the ships of the Blue Star Navigation Company, and since he had ambitions he had been at some pains to acquaint himself with the peculiarities of the president of that corporation.

"Give Cappy Ricks one look into Matt Peasley's face and I'll be skippering the Retriever," he declared.

And in this he was more than half right, for Cappy Ricks had never met Matt Peasley, and when the Old Man made up his mind that he wanted the boy to skipper his barkentine, the Retriever, he was acting entirely on instinct. He only knew that in Matt Peasley he had a man who had shipped out before the mast and returned from the voyage in command of the ship, and naturally such an exploit challenged recognition of the most signal nature—particularly when, in its performance, the object of Cappy's admiration had demonstrated that he was possessed of certain sterling attributes which are commonly supposed to make for success in any walk of life.

Since Matt Peasley had accomplished a man's work it never occurred to Cappy Ricks to consider that the object of his interest might be a boy.

Had he known his prospective captain had but recently attained his majority the Old Man would have ascribed Matt Peasley's record-breaking voyage from Cape Town to Grays Harbor as sheer luck, and forthwith would have set Master Matthew down for a five-year apprenticeship as first mate; for Cappy was the product of an older day, and held that gray hairs and experience are the prime requisites for a berth as master.

Any young upstart can run coastwise, put in his service sailing a ship from headland to headland, and then take a course in a navigation school, where in six weeks he can cram sufficient navigation into his thick head to pass the inspectors and get a master's ticket; but for offshore cruising Cappy Ricks demanded a real sailor and a thorough business man rolled into one.

However, to our story: Mother's Darling had returned to Grays Harbor from a flying visit to Seattle, where two grizzled old ex-salts, the local inspectors, had put him through a severe examination to ascertain what he knew of Bowditch on Navigation and Nichols on Seamanship. Naturally he did not know as much as they thought he should; but, out of sheer salt-water pride in the exploit of a stripling and in deference to a letter from Cappy Ricks requesting them to waive further probation as chief mate and issue Mr. Peasley his master's license if they found him at all competent—this in order that the said Peasley might take command of their barkentine, the Retriever, forthwith—the inspectors concluded to override the rules of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and gave Matt Peasley his master's license.

And now, after his return to Hoquiam, on Grays Harbor, the young master had found awaiting him a telegraphic appointment to the command of the barkentine; also, he had been instructed to proceed to Weatherby's mill, across the harbor at Cosmopolis, and load for Antofagasta, Chile.

He had some little difficulty in finding the Retriever. She was not where he had left her at anchor in the fairway; so he engaged a launch and found her several miles up the Chehalis River. Mr. Murphy was on deck, gazing wistfully at the house and wishing he had some white paint, when Matt Peasley came aboard. Even before the latter leaped to the deck Mr. Murphy knew the glad tidings—knew them, in fact, the very instant the boy's shining countenance appeared above the rail. The skipper was grinning fatuously and Mr. Murphy grinned back at him.

"Well, sir," he greeted young Matt, "I see you're the permanent skipper. I congratulate you."

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy. And I hope you will have no objection to continuing in your berth as first mate. I realize I'm pretty young for an old sailor like you to be taking orders from ——"

"Bless your soul, sir," Mr. Murphy protested; "of course I'll stick with you! Didn't you whale the big Swede Cappy Ricks sent to Cape Town to kick you out of your just due?" He reaffirmed his loyalty with a contemptuous grunt.

"What are you doing away up the river?" the captain demanded.

"Oh, that's a little liberty I took," the mate declared. "You're new to this coast; and, of course, when they ordered us to Grays Harbor I knew we weren't going to be able to go on dry dock, because there isn't any dry dock here. So, while you were in Seattle, I had a gasoline tug tow us upriver. We've been lying in fresh water four days, sir, and that'll kill most of the worms on her bottom."

"Hereafter," said Matt Peasley, "you get ten dollars a month above the scale. Thank you."

Mr. Murphy acknowledged his appreciation.

"Any orders, sir?" he continued.

Matt Peasley showed him Cappy Ricks' telegram and Mr. Murphy nodded his approval. He had been in port nearly a week and the whine of the sawmills and the reek of river water had begun to get on his nerves. He was ready for the dark blue again.

"There's something wrong about our cargo, I think," Matt remarked presently.

"Why, sir?"

"Why, down at the telegraph office this morning I met the master of the schooner, Carrier Dove, and when I told him my orders he snickered."

"Huh! Well, he ought to know what he snickered about, sir. The Carrier Dove just finished loading at Weatherby's mill," Mr. Murphy replied. "She's a Blue Star craft and bound for Antofagasta also. Her skipper's Salvation Pete Hansen, and it would be just like that squarehead to dodge a deckload of piling and leave it for us."

"Well, whatever it was it amused him greatly. It must be worse than a deckload of piling."

"There's nothing worse in the timber line, unless it's a load underdeck, sir. You take a sixty-foot pile with a fourteen-inch butt and try to shove it down through the hatch, and you've got a job on your hands. And after the hold is half filled you've got to quit loading through the hatch, cut ports in your bows, and shove the sticks in that way. It's the slowest loading and discharging in the world; and unless you drive her between ports and make up for the lost time you don't make a good showing with your owners—and then your job's in danger. Owners never consider anything except results."

"Well," the captain answered, "in order not to waste any more time than is absolutely necessary, I ordered a tug to kick us into the mill dock, and here she comes now. Call Mr. MacLean and the cook, and we'll go for'd and break out the anchor."

Immediately on his arrival from Cape Town, Matt Peasley had paid off all his foremast hands, leaving the two mates and the cook the only men aboard the vessel. He joined them now in a walk round the capstan; the tug hooked on and the Retriever was snaked across the harbor to Weatherby's mill. And, while they were still three cables' length from the mill dock, Mr. Murphy, who had taken up his position on the topgallant forecastle, to be ready with a heaving line, suddenly raised his head and sniffed upwind.

The captain had the wheel and Mr. MacLean was standing aft waiting to do his duty by the stern line. Presently he, too, raised his head and sniffed.

"I see you got it too, Mac," Mr. Murphy bawled.

"Aw, weel," Mr. MacLean replied; "why worrit aboot a bridge till ye hae to cross it? D'ye ken 'tis oors?"

"What are you two fellows talking about and why are you sniffing?" Matt Peasley demanded.

"I'm sniffing at the same thing Salvation Pete Hansen laughed about," the mate answered. "I'll bet you a uniform cap we're stuck with a cargo of creosoted piling—and hell hath no fury like a creosoted pile."

When the vessel had been made fast to the mill dock Matt Peasley walked forward to meet his mate.

"What about this cargo of ours?" he demanded. "Remember, I'm new to the lumber trade on this coast. I have never handled any kind of piling."

"Then, sir, you're going to get your education like the boa constrictor swallowed the nigger—all in one long, slimy bite."

He gazed on his boyish skipper appraisingly.

"No," he murmured to himself; "I can't do it. I like you for the way you whaled that big Swede in Cape Town, but this is too much."

"Why, I don't find the odor so very unpleasant," the master declared; "in fact, I rather like it, and I know it's healthy, because I remember, when my brother Ezra had pneumonia, they burned creosote in the room."

"Oh, nobody objects to the smell particularly, sir, though it's been my experience that anybody can cheapen a good thing by overuse—and we have three months of that smell ahead of us. It's the taste that busts my bobstay."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Captain Matt, I Hate to Throw You Down in a Foreign Port; But This—is—Absolutely—the Finish!"

"Well, you see, sir, the odor of creosote is so heavy it won't float in the air, but just settles down over everything, like mildew on a pair of boots. So it gets in the stores and you taste it. You can store flour below deck aft and creosoted piling on deck for'd—and you won't be out two weeks before that flour is spoiled. Same way with the tea, coffee, sugar, mush, salt horse—everything. It all tastes of creosote; and then the damned stuff rubs off on the ship and ruins the paintwork. And if the crew happen to have any cuts or abrasions on their hands they're almost certain to get infected with the awful stuff, and you'll be kept busy doctoring them. Then, the first thing, along comes a gale and you're short-handed, and there's the devil to pay."

"Aye!" Mr. MacLean interrupted solemnly. "I dinna care for creosote mysel', sir; so, with your kind permission, I'll hae ma time—an' I'll hae it noo."

Matt Peasley bent upon the recalcitrant Scotchman a withering glare. "Very well, Mr. MacLean," he said presently. "I never could sail in the same ship with a quitter; so you might as well go now, when we can part good friends." He turned to Mr. Murphy. "How about you, Mike? Are you going to run out on me, too?"

Now, as between the Irish and the Scotch, history records no preponderance of courage in either, for both are Gaels and a comparison is difficult.

However, Scotchmen are a conservative race and will walk round a fight rather than be forced into it, while all that is necessary to make an Irishman fight is to impugn his courage.

Mr. Murphy had seen the fight ahead of the Retriever and he did not blame Mr. MacLean for sidestepping it. Indeed he had intended pursuing the same course; but Matt Peasley had rendered that impossible. To desert now would savor of dishonor; and, moreover, Matt Peasley had called him by his Christian name. Mr. Murphy touched his forelock respectfully.

"I am not Scotch," he announced, with a slight emphasis on the pronoun. "Shame on you, Angus MacLean—ditching the skipper like that!"

"Sticks an' stones may break ma bones, but names'll never hur-rt me," Mr. MacLean retorted. "I tell ye I dinna care for creosote in ma porridge." And he followed Matt Peasley aft, where the latter paid him off and gave him five minutes to pack and get off the ship. Immediately after supper the cook followed the second mate; but, since the former was a Jap and probably the worst marine cook in the world, his departure occasioned no heartache.

"We'll board at the mill cookhouse until we're loaded, Mike," Matt Peasley informed the mate.

Mr. Murphy sighed as he loaded his pipe.

"It does look to me, sir," he replied, with that touch of conscious superiority so noticeable in the Celt, "as though Cappy Ricks might have slipped this cargo to a Dutchman."

II

THE Retriever commenced taking on cargo at seven o'clock the following morning, with Mr. Murphy on shipboard and Matt Peasley on the dock superintending the gang of stevedores. Ordinarily the masters of lumber freighters ship their crews before commencing to load, in order that sailors at forty dollars a month may obviate the employment of an equal number of stevedores at forty cents an hour; but Mr. Murphy, out of his profound experience, advised against this course, as tending to spread the news of the Retriever's misfortune and militate against securing a crew when the vessel should be loaded and lying in the stream ready for sea. Men employed now, he explained, would only desert. The thing to do was to let a Seattle crimp furnish the crew, bring them aboard drunk, tow to sea, and let the rascals make the best of a bad bargain.

The hold was about half filled, and the ship carpenters were at work cutting ports in the Retriever's bows, when Matt Peasley discovered that the mill did not have in hand any order for lumber to be used as stowage to snug up the cumbersome cargo below decks and keep it from rolling and working in a seaway. Accordingly he wired his owners as follows:

COSMOPOLIS, WASHINGTON, July 7, 191–.

BLUE STAR NAVIGATION COMPANY,
258 California Street, San Francisco, California.

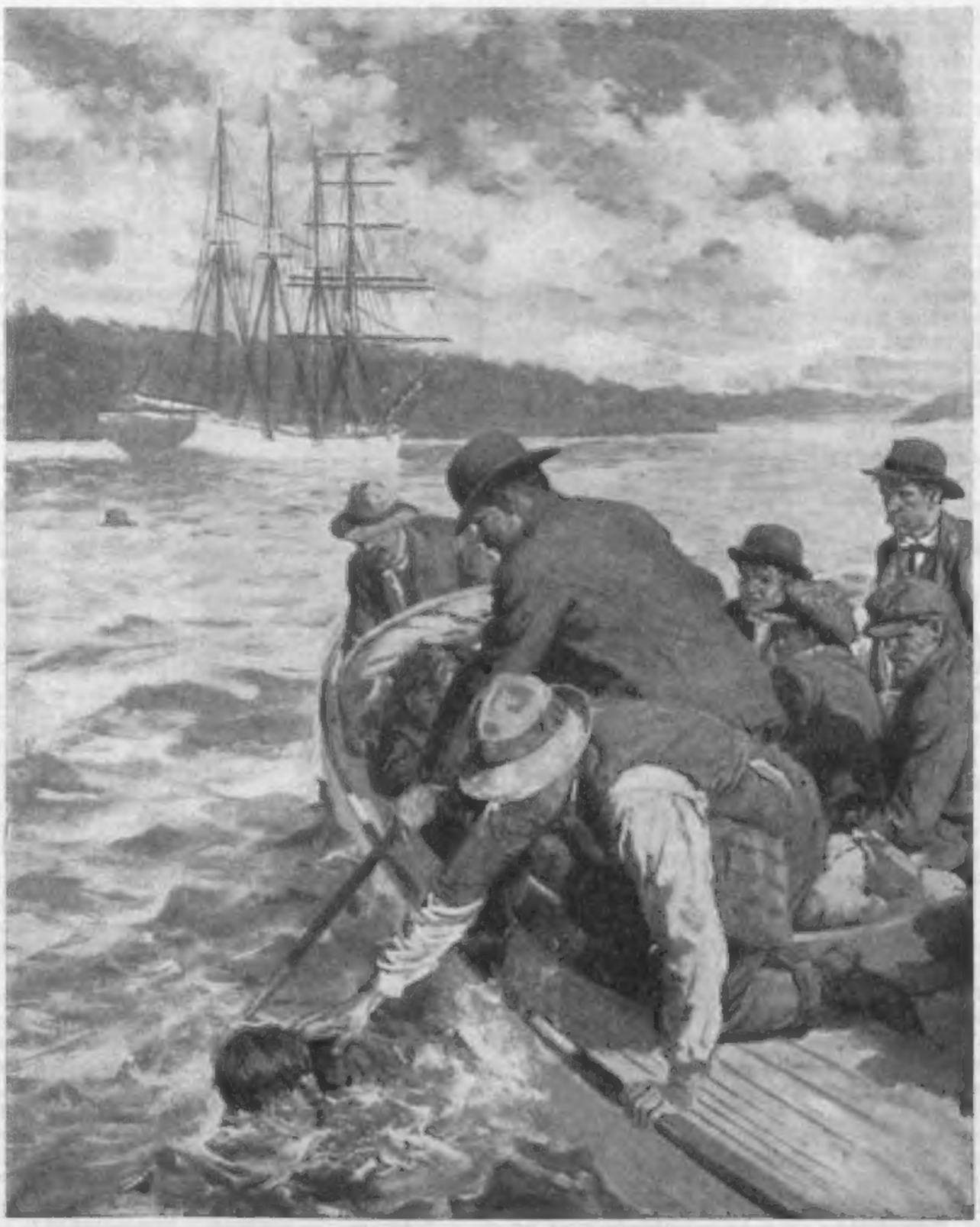
No stowage. PEASLEY.

Now Cappy Ricks, president of the Blue Star Navigation Company, had deliberately conspired to hang a series of dirty cargoes on his newest skipper, for the dual purpose of teaching Matt Peasley his place and discovering whether he was worthy of it. Consequently he grinned evilly when he received that two-word message; and, not to be outdone in brevity, he dictated this answer:

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, July 7, 191–.

CAPTAIN MATTHEW PEASLEY,
Master Barkentine Retriever,
Care Weatherby's mill, Cosmopolis, Washington.

Know it. BLUE STAR NAVIGATION COMPANY.



The Unwilling Wretch Was Carried Struggling to Purgatory

Matt Peasley's cheeks burned when he read that message. Indeed, could Cappy Ricks have been privileged to hear the terse remarks his telegram elicited, there is no doubt he would have sent his general manager, Mr. Skinner, up to the customhouse immediately to file a certificate of change of master.

"Ha!" Mr. Murphy snorted when Matt showed him the message. "I get the old sinner now. This is to be a grudge fight, captain. You wished yourself onto him in Cape Town against his will, and now he's made up his mind that so long as you wanted the job it's yours—only he'll make you curse the day you ever moved your sea chest into the skipper's cabin. He's going to send us into dogholes to load and open roadsteads to discharge; and if he can find a dirty cargo anywhere we'll get it. But it's carrying a grudge too far not to give us stowage."

"Well, it's his ship," Matt Peasley declared passionately. "If the old thief can gamble on good weather I guess I can gamble on my seamanship—and yours."

The mate inclined his head at the delicate compliment; and Matt, observing this, decided that a few more of the same from time to time would do much to alleviate a diet of creosote.

Three days before the Retriever finished loading, the captain wired a Seattle crimp to send him down a second mate, eight seamen and a good cook—and to bring them drunk. Captain Noah Kendall, Matt Peasley's predecessor on the Retriever, had been raised on clipper ships, and as he grew old had allowed himself the luxury of a third mate, to which Cappy Ricks, having a certain affection for Captain Noah, had never made any objection; but something whispered to Matt Peasley that the quickest route to Cappy's heart would be via a short pay roll, so he dispensed with a third mate.

The Retriever was lying in the stream fully loaded when the crew arrived, convoyed by the crimp's runner, with a two-gallon jug of homemade fire water. One man, however, was cold sober; and while the launch that bore him to the Retriever was still half a mile from the vessel the breeze brought him the aroma of creosote; whereupon he abandoned his sea bag, sprang overboard and essayed to swim ashore. The crimp pursued him in the launch, however, and gaffed him by the seat of his trousers with a boat hook; the launch man, for a consideration, aided him, and the unwilling wretch was carried struggling to purgatory. Five minutes after the last man was hoisted aboard, the tug was snaking the Retriever down the harbor.

Despite the fact that the Retriever's bottom was rather foul with marine growth, and the further fact that her master had to lay her head under her wing in a blow which, with an ordinary cargo, he would have bucked right into, the run to Antofagasta was made in average time. And when Matt Peasley went ashore to report by cable to his owners he discovered that Cappy Ricks had provided him with a cargo of nitrate for Makaweli.

"What did I tell you, sir?" Mr. Murphy growled when the captain informed him of the owners' orders. "I tell you, sir, the dirtiest cargo Cappy Ricks can find is too good for us. Praise be, the worst we can get at Makaweli is a sugar cargo!"

Mr. Murphy's grudge against nitrate lay in the annoyance incident to taking on the cargo properly. Nitrate is very heavy and cannot, like sugar, be loaded flush with the hatches, thus rendering shifting of the cargo impossible. In loading nitrate a stout platform must be erected athwartship, above the keelsons, in order that the foundation of the cargo may be laid level; for, as the sacked nitrate is piled, the pile must be drawn in gradually until the sides meet in a peak like a roof. It must then be braced and battened securely with heavy timbers from each side of the ship, in order that the dead weight may be held in the center of the ship and keep her in trim. Woe to the ship that shifts a cargo of nitrate in a heavy gale; for it is a tradition of the sea that, once a vessel rolls her main yard under, she will not roll it back, and ultimately is posted at Lloyd's as missing.

When the cargo was out Mr. Murphy went ashore and purchased a lot of Chinese punk, which he burned in the hold, with the hatches battened down, while the second mate, who had once been a druggist's clerk, sloshed down the decks with an aromatic concoction mixed by a local apothecary. The remnant of their spoiled stores Matt Peasley, like a true Yankee, sawed off to good advantage on a trustful citizen of Antofagasta, and credited the ship with the proceeds; after which he got his nitrate aboard and squared away for the Hawaiian Islands.

The run to Makaweli was very slow, for the ship was logy with the grass and barnacles on her bottom. At Makaweli he found a sugar cargo awaiting him for discharge at Seattle; and, thanks to the northwest trades at her quarter, the Retriever wallowed home reasonably fast.

When Matt Peasley's report of that long voyage reached the Blue Star Navigation Company it was opened by Mr. Skinner, who, finding no letter inclosed, had a clerk check and verify it, and then pass it on to old Cappy Ricks.

"Where's the letter that came with this report, Skinner?" Cappy piped.

"He didn't inclose one, Mr. Ricks."

"Im-possible!"

"All of Captain Peasley's communications with this office since he entered our employ have been by wire."

"But—dad-burn the fellow, Skinner—why doesn't he write and tell us something?"

"About what?"

"Why, about his ship, his voyage—any old thing. An owner likes to have a report on his property once in a while, doesn't he? Unless we happen to charter the Retriever for a cargo to her home port, you know very well, Skinner, we may not see her for years. Besides, I've never seen the man Peasley, and if he'd only write now and then I could get a line on him from his letters. I can always tell a fool by the letter he writes, Skinner."

"Well, then," Skinner replied, "Peasley must be a wise man, because he never writes at all. The only specimen of that fellow's handwriting I've ever seen is his signature on the drafts he draws against us. You will notice that he has even engaged a stenographer—at his own expense, so the clerk informs me—to typewrite his statement of account."

"Then that explains it, Skinner. The big-fisted brute can't write a hand that anybody could read. But, still, he should have dictated a letter, Skinner. The least he might have done was to say: 'Inclosed herewith find my report of disbursements for last voyage.' And then he could have slipped in some mild complaint about the creosote, the trouble he had in getting a crew, and so on."

"I don't see why you complain about a lack of correspondence, sir," Mr. Skinner protested. "For my part, I think it a profound relief to have a captain that isn't writing or wiring in complaints about slow dispatch in loading or discharging, his private feuds with marine cooks and the walking delegates from the sailors' union. Confound these fellows that are always unloading a cargo of woe on their owners! It strikes me that they're trying to square themselves for incompetence."

"I agree with you, Skinner. But then, all the Thomaston Peasleys were quick-tempered and wouldn't be imposed on; and I hate to think I've picked the only one of the tribe who will dog it and never let a peep out of him."

"Oh!" said Mr. Skinner. "I see! You want him to start something with you, eh?"

Cappy evaded this blunt query, however, and turned his attention to the report.

"Hello!" he said. "I'm blessed if he hasn't anticipated the very question I should have asked. Here's a footnote in red ink: 'Decided not to carry third mate. Two mates ample.' And so two mates are ample, Skinner, though I used to humor Cap'n Noah with three. The man Peasley must be a young man, Skinner, and not afraid to stand a watch himself if necessary. And here's another footnote: 'Chief Mate Michael J. Murphy very gallantly declined to leave when he smelled the creosote, and was a tower of strength when it came to stowing the nitrate. He holds an unlimited master's license, is sober, intelligent, courageous, honest and a hard worker.'

"Ah-h-h!" Cappy Ricks looked up, smiling. "Skinner," he declared, "it is as hard to keep a good man down as it is for a camel to enter the Kingdom of Heaven—I mean for a rich man to enter a camel—oh, bother! I mean you can't keep a good man down, Skinner. And this is the reason: The first mate, Murphy, wanted to leave, but his loyalty would not permit of it. Hence the man Peasley must be a good, fair, decent man, to inspire such loyalty. He is, and this report proves it. His action in bringing Murphy to our attention indicates appreciation and a sense of justice. Good! Skinner, make a note of the qualifications of Michael Murphy for a master's berth and give him the first opening."

He returned to a perusal of the report.

"Huh! Harump-h-h-h! 'Credit by skipper's rake-off on stores, and so on, $87.03.' Skinner, that proves the man Peasley is too decent and honest to accept a commission from the thieves who supply his vessel, because he knows that if they give him a commission they'll only tack it on to the bill, where he can't see it. Well! All the Thomaston Peasleys were honest, Skinner. No thanks to him. Still, it's a shame to give him another rough deal, for apparently he has—er—many—er—commendable qualities. Still—er—Skinner, I've just got to have a letter from the man Peasley, if it is only a letter of resignation. Get him another dirty cargo, Skinner."

The dirtiest cargo Mr. Skinner could think of, with the exception of a load of creosoted piling, was another cargo of the same. So he scoured the market and finally he found one on Puget Sound, whereupon he sent Matt Peasley a telegram ordering him to tow to the Rainier Mill and Lumber Company's dock at Tacoma, and load for Callao. At the same time he wired the Rainier people requesting them to be ready to furnish cargo to the Retriever the following day—this on the strength of a telegram from Matt Peasley received the previous day informing his owners that he was discharged and awaiting orders.

The Tug Hooked On and the Retriever Was Snaked Across the Harbor to Weatherby's Mill

Four days later the manager of the Rainier mill wired the Blue Star Navigation Company that the Retriever had not yet appeared at their dock.

Now four days wasted means something to a big barkentine like the Retriever; and in the absence of any excuse for the delay Cappy Ricks promptly came to the conclusion that Matt Peasley was ashore in Seattle, disporting himself after the time-honored custom of deep-sea sailors home from a long cruise. There could be no other reason for such flagrant inattention to orders; for, had the man Peasley been ill, the mate, Murphy, whom the captain vouched for as sober and intelligent, would have had his superior sent to a hospital and wired the office for orders.

"Skinner," said Cappy, "send in a stenographer."

When the girl appeared Cappy Ricks dictated this wire:

CAPTAIN MATTHEW PEASLEY,
Master Barkentine Retriever,
Colman Dock, Seattle, Washington.

Are you drunk, dead or asleep? You have your orders. Obey them P. D. Q. or turn over command to Chief Mate Murphy. ALDEN P. RICKS.

"There!" he shrilled. "I've signed my name to it. Sign a telegram Blue Star Navigation Company and these infernal skippers think a clerk sent it; but when they know the boss is on to them they'll jump lively. Bring me the answer to that as soon as it comes, Skinner."

However, the answer did not come that day. Indeed, the next day had almost dragged to a close before Mr. Skinner appeared with this telegraphic bomb:

ALDEN P. RICKS,
258 California Street, San Francisco.

Neither! Been waiting my turn to go on dry dock. On now. Didn't reply yesterday because too busy driving toothpicks in vessel's bottom to plug up wormholes. If Murphy hadn't hauled into fresh water last time on Grays Harbor her bottom would look like a colander now. Sixteen months in the water. You ought to be ashamed to treat a good staunch ship like that. Off dock day after to-morrow; will tow to Tacoma immediately thereafter. Meantime expect apology for insulting telegram. PEASLEY.

Sixteen months without dry-docking! Why, her bottom must look like the devil! Cappy Ricks gazed long and earnestly at his general manager.

"Skinner," he said, "you're an ass! Why was not this vessel dry-docked before you sent her to Antofagasta?"

Mr. Skinner lost his temper.

"Because I didn't send her to Antofagasta," he replied sharply. "You did! And the reason she wasn't docked is because there isn't a dock on Grays Harbor. If you wouldn't interfere in the shipping, Mr. Ricks, and spoil my plans to satisfy your personal whims, the vessel would never have gone on that long voyage without being cleaned and painted."

"Enough!" Cappy half screamed. "It's a disgrace! Not another word, sir! Not another cheep out of you. Why didn't you order the man Peasley to dock her? Why did you leave the decision to him? He knew his vessel was foul—he thought we ought to know it, also; and naturally he expected that when we ordered him to Seattle we would have made arrangements to put him on dry dock. Instead of which he had to make them himself; and I'm shown up as a regular, infernal—er—er—baboon! Yes, sir! Regular baboon! Nice spectacle you've made of me, getting me into a scrape where I have to apologize to my own captain! Baboon! Huh! Baboon! Yes; you're the baboon!"

"Well, I can't think of everything, Mr. Ricks ——"

"Everything! Good Lord, man, if you'd only think of something! Send in a stenographer."

Mr. Skinner rang for the girl and retired in high dudgeon, while Cappy Ricks smote his corrugated brow and brought forth the following:

CAPTAIN MATTHEW PEASLEY,
Master Barkentine Retriever,
Hall's Dry Dock, Eagle Harbor, Washington.

Yes; that was a grave oversight sending you to Antofagasta without docking you first. Express my appreciation of Murphy's forethought in killing some of the worms. Am not kind of owner that lets a ship go to glory to make dividends. Keep your vessel in top-notch shape at all times, Matt, though I realize this instruction unnecessary to you. Give the old girl all that is coming to her, including two coats X. & Y. copper paint. Replace all planking that looks suspicious. RICKS.

"I guess that's friendly enough," he soliloquized. "I think he'll understand. I don't have to crawl in the dirt to let him know I'm sorry."

Cappy had recovered his composure by the following morning and was addressing Mr. Skinner as "Skinner, my dear boy," when another telegram from Matt Peasley created a very distinct variation in his mental compass. It ran as follows:

ALDEN P. RICKS,
258 California Street, San Francisco.

X. & Y. copper paint no good. That brand used last time; hence worms got to her quickly. Giving her two coats O. & Z. Costs more, but does the business. Renewed about a dozen planks. Repair bill about offsets profit on that infernal nitrate. Your apology accepted, but do not say that again! PEASLEY.

"'Your apology is accepted'!" Cappy's voice rose, shrill with anger. "Why, the infernal—er—er—porpoise! I never apologized to him at all! Me apologize to a man I employ! By jingo, I'd fire him first! Yes, sir—fire him like that!"

The old man snapped his fingers.

"Really, Skinner, I don't know what I'm going to do about the man Peasley. I want to befriend the man, because he's one of my own people, so to speak; but I greatly fear, Skinner, I shall have to rough him. Here he is, disputing with me—with me, Skinner—the relative merits of copper paint. And not only disputing, sir, but disobeying my specific instructions. Also, he permits himself the luxury of criticism. Well! I'll not fire him this time; but, by the gods, I'll give him a blowing-up he'll remember. Skinner, send in a stenographer."

"Take letter," the old man ordered presently, and proceeded to dictate:

CAPTAIN MATTHEW PEASLEY,
Master Barkentine Retriever,
Care Rainier M. & L. Co., Tacoma, Washington.

Sir: Your night letter of the fifth is before me and treasured for its unparalleled effrontery.

Please be advised that in future, when an extraordinary outlay of cash for your vessel's account is contemplated, this office should first be consulted. When, in your judgment, your vessel requires docking, repairs, new spars, canvas, and so on, you will apprise us before proceeding to run up a bill of expense on your owners. Your business is to navigate your vessel. Spending money judiciously is a fine art which no sailor, to my knowledge, has ever acquired.

Though admitting that the vessel needed docking, I maintain you should have wired us of that fact, whereupon we would have ordered you to the dry dock patronized by this company. It is customary for owners to express a preference for dry docks and copper paint; and in presuming to go counter to my specific instructions in the matter of paint you are prejudicing your future prospects with this company.

Another exhibition of your arrogance, impudence, general bad manners and lack of knowledge of the ethics of

your profession will result in prompt dismissal from the service of the Blue Star Navigation Company.

Yours, and so on,

APR-G ALDEN P. RICKS, President.

III

THE receipt of Cappy Ricks' letter actually frightened Matt Peasley for about thirty seconds. Then he reread the last paragraph. Like a dutiful servant he forgave Cappy the letter's reference to arrogance, impudence and general bad manners; but the reference to his lack of knowledge of the ethics of his profession made him fighting mad.

Cappy Ricks might just as well have passed him the supreme insult of the seas: "Aw, go buy a farm!" He showed the letter to Mr. Murphy.

"Why, that's adding insult to injury!" the mate declared sympathetically.

The youthful master threw up both hamlike hands in token of complete surrender and profound disgust.

"There's the gratitude of an owner!" he raved. "He wires me my loading orders and never says a word about docking—though as managing owner it's up to him to know when the vessel needs docking. I can't plan her comings and goings so that at the proper time she'll find herself at a port with a dry dock. Of course when he wired me my loading orders I realized he wasn't going to dock me; so I took matters into my own hands. Why, Mike, I wouldn't skipper a ship so foul she can hardly answer her helm. How could I tell he'd forgotten she needed docking? I'm not a mind reader."

"I suppose he's been so busy hunting another dirty cargo for us he hadn't time to think of the vessel," Mr. Murphy sneered, and added: "The dirty old skinflint!"

"Well, I'll just tell Cappy Ricks where to head in!" Matt stormed. "Let him fire me if he wants to. I don't care to sail a ship—particularly a dirty ship—for any man who thinks I don't know my business. Mike, I'm going to send him a telegram that'll burn his fingers."

"Give him hell for me!" pleaded Mr. Murphy. "If he fires you I'll quit too."

The result of this colloquy was that Cappy Ricks received this night letter the following morning:

ALDEN P. RICKS,
258 California Street,
San Francisco.

Referring your letter. Men that taught me nautical ethics expected things done without orders, minus thanks for doing them well, plus abuse for doing them poorly. Regard your criticism as out of place. Am not the seventh son of a seventh son. How could I know you had overlooked fact that vessel needed docking? Your business to plan my voyages to get me to a dry-dock port at least once a year. When you wired loading orders, concluded you were cheap owner; hence decided dock her without orders. Expect to be fired sooner or later, but will leave good ship behind me so my successor cannot say, "Peasley let her run down." Had I waited orders, vessel would have been ruined. Yet you have not sufficient grace to express your thanks. Had I not acted in this emergency, you would have fired me later for incompetence, and blacklisted me for not telling you what you know you ought to know without being told.

Referring copper paint, I know from practical experience which brand is best; you only know what paint dealer tells you. Will not stand abuse for knowing my business and attending to it without instructions from landlubber! When you appointed me you said remember speed synonymous with dividends in shipping business. How can I make fast passages with whiskers two feet long on my keel? Send new flying jib and spanker next loading port. Send new skipper, too, if you feel that way about it.

PEASLEY.

"Well, Skinner," Cappy Ricks declared, "this is the first time a skipper in my employ ever talked back—and it'll be the last. I've had enough of this fellow's impudence, Skinner. He's right at that—blast him—but he's too much of a sea lawyer; and I won't have any employee of mine telling me how to run my business. Send in a stenographer."

When the stenographer entered Cappy Ricks said:

"Ahem-m! Harump-h-h-h! Take telegram: 'Captain Matthew Peasley, care Rainier Mill and Lumber Company, Tacoma, Washington. You're fired! Ricks.' Ahem! Huh! Har-umph! Take 'nother telegram: 'Mr. Michael J. Murphy, First Mate Barkentine Retriever'—same address as Peasley—'Accept this telegram as your formal appointment to command of our barkentine, Retriever, vice Matthew Peasley, discharged this day; forwarding to-morrow certificate of change of master.' Sign that: 'Blue Star Navigation Company, per Alden P. Ricks, President,' and get both telegrams on the wire right away. There's a good girl!"

Cappy turned to Mr. Skinner and chuckled sardonically.

"I'll bet that will gravel the man Peasley," he declared. "There's nothing harder on a captain than being fired, and succeeded by his own mate—particularly after he has so recently recommended that mate! Peasley will be wild—the pup!"

"Well," Mr. Skinner replied, "appointing Mr. Murphy certainly has this advantage: he's there on the ground and we are thus spared the expense of sending a man from here."

"That's one of the reasons why I have appointed him—one of three very excellent reasons, in fact. Now we'll wait and see what the man Peasley has to say to that telegram."

They had to wait about two hours, and this was what Matt Peasley had to say:

Many thanks. The mate and the cook quit the minute they discovered it was to be another cargo of creosoted piling; and now that I am fired Mr. Murphy has concluded that he might as well quit also. Will stick by ship, however, until you send my successor; meantime loading continues as usual.

"Well, that's what the man Peasley says!" Cappy snapped. "Murphy's quit, eh? Well, I guess Mr. Murphy

(Continued on Page 65)

Alaska to Broadway—and Back

By HELEN VAN CAMPEN

IT WAS nine o'clock of a winter day that had yet to dawn, and the full, bright moon above our island gave to drift-rounded mountains and to quiet sea a beauty thrilling and ethereal.

There was one enormous splotch on the white of a lower hill.

That splotch was the mine, whence a snowshed ran to the mill, sheathed in pale iron and seeming a castle under the glow. Below the mill, oil tanks, store, bunk-houses and power plant bulked dark against the snow; and beyond these, just above tide line on the beach, were a dozen little houses, where mothers were cooking and washing and cleaning, and shooing small folks across the creek to the Government schoolhouse, where our head Japanese cook's son Paul was ringing a bell.

Into the bunkers back of my house ore cars were dumping. The noise stopped, and at a whistle the horse that drew the cars started, and over the rumble of the train returning underground Curly, the skinner, was bawling Tipperary; and Tommy, the other skinner, helped with the chorus. From the power plant sounded the pud-pud-pud-pud that goes on day and night. It can be the tireless feet of Russian dancers if you will but think that hard enough. Carpenters were hammering out on the fire-pump dock. The camp was busy, as on every other day in a spot where the only Sundays are Fourth of July and Christmas.

"Boat's comin'!" said somebody outside, and a bit of gravel hit a window.

On the fire dock they yelled:

"Stee-eee-eamboat!"

Out of the gloom between two channel islands swept the southbound ship. Roy, the house boy, grabbed my fur coat and typewriter; the mine manager took a bag; the engineer another. Mort and John, the assayers, rushed forth, asked where the deuce that Austrian had gone with the truck, and hurled a trunk on it when the master mechanic came pushing the truck from the power plant. Gus flew out of the company store, thrust a watch at me, warning me to tell the man that it was all right until he left it on the power-house exciter for a minute while he was hunting some boots to give a poor native. Johnny, the night-shift boss, waking as the steamer whistled, called from his window to remember about the new records. Mac and Frank put down a timber they were hoisting and shook hands, and the master mechanic said Al would have come over, but he was up a seventy-foot stack fixing a guy wire.

The manager said, "Hike!"—she would only stop long enough to throw on the mail. Dave, the day shifter, was running along the dock to take a line himself if his men could not get down from the mine in time. The foreman's wife panted out, with her lantern, calling to remember to bring two teapots, and to see whether they really were wearing those wide skirts in New York. My pockets were alive with the racket of watches going to Seattle to be regulated. I had to tell the Valdez minister that Bill Stromer would be over on the next boat to get married, and ask at Cordova why the second cook's daily paper had been stopped. I had one man's will to put in a safe-deposit box; and was to inform the Wallaces, at Juneau, that the Johnstons had another baby and Bob was adding a new room to the house.

Mrs. Van Campen Bear Hunting

And there was a list of articles to buy; it was nine feet long. How wonderful to be in big shops again, able in half an hour to get together things that it took two hours' search of the catalogues to locate! I smiled tolerantly, thinking of the biggest Chicago catalogue, with a cover that says: "Sit in your easy-chair and shop in the markets of the world—if it isn't listed, we'll get it for you; special attention to Alaska—mark your orders 'Foreign'." No more catalogues. I could saunter about stores and one afternoon would clean up that list.

Thirteen days; heavy weather in the open sea after leaving Prince William Sound. Gales and high waves in the Gulf of Georgia below; fog in Puget Sound; snow in the mountains, going overland. Montana; South Dakota; Minnesota—Chicago; Pittsburgh; Philadelphia, where I put on my gray-topped shoes. We have them in Alaska too. Twilight, and towns close together, with more people between them than in the whole of our Territory. I pondered on this and on railroad porters. The black, grinny ones seem to be west of Chicago. The grins come harder on the Eastern side, and lavish tipping does not help. The passengers had not the friendly look of those on the Western trains. They looked with cold suspicion at the gloomy porter. Trenton—and plenty of lights in the darkening night.

New York—after five years! I thought it was the sour passengers who prevented a proper excitement from invading me. I was back to enjoy myself, and I should be gay and spirited about it. Maybe the passengers were merely provincials. New York people were lively. Hadn't I been one, and couldn't I remember? A very lively, delightful lot, they were. I had been saying so to Alaskans for ever

Walking Up the Trail to the Mine

so long. Under the river instead of over it as in the old times; then into a baggage room, with another melancholy porter, beside whom I waited while trunks were sought for. Five minutes went and I glanced up. The porter instantly said, with passion:

"Lak to know if he s'pose we goin' stay yere all night a-waitin' on him! Been ha'f hou' now."

"They must get a lot of trunks here in a day. The baggage man will come as soon as he finds them," I remarked.

He furtively surveyed me. I smiled—so did he; and passion fell away from him as he said of course the man would—sometimes trunks were under a hundred others, when they got in ahead of a train. To a question he said, No, he wasn't in a hurry. Then why his anger? But I looked at the passengers shaking checks at three baggage clerks, and knew. The porter had been expecting an outburst. Those people were outbursting all round us. They said it was the most inadequate service—the other roads were mighty different; and if the scoundrels who were after the trunks thought they would be tipped for making people with important business stand here like fools—a woman in a leopard skin cried that likely he was opening the trunks! They'd rifled hers going to Toronto, when the customs men beat on her stateroom door at two in the morning; and naturally she wouldn't hunt up keys at such an hour.

She hadn't sued the authorities, but she would sue this road if that trunk—here a motor truck, propelled by four men, rolled toward us, and the man with my checks said the juice had given out and the boys had to run her—and she didn't run easy; he was awfully sorry. The litigious leopard called it a pretty tale. A furious stout man in a cut-in top coat and white spats declared they did it to let the station cabs get away; baggagemen worked in with nighthawk taxis. A baggageman rebuked the speaker, who bade the former beware—he was no hick; he lived right in this burg, and they couldn't put any of that over on him.

Camp and City Compared

"BUT it was only six minutes," I observed to the man who was efficiently decorating a cab with my kit.

"Gee, we get that all day! You wouldn't notice it if you lived here," said he. "Goo'-by! Help the lady from Alaska get this stuff in the hotel, Mike."

Lady from Alaska? But I was there as a once-New Yorker. It wasn't my clothes, for they had not been five years away, if I had. The taxi driver thanked me, smiling, as I got out and gave him a silver dollar.

"I wish I could get up there," he said. "Them folks must be humans."

"You saw it on the bags?"

"Oh, we know anyway when people ain't from here," he answered.

I was really irritated. Something from far back bothered me. How was it that I formerly detected the out-of-towner? I had known also. The key clerk, next day, explained his spotting me as due to the fur coat. But there were countless heavy coats. He admitted later that when he said he was glad to see me I had shaken hands. Then he knew. But we shake, in the North, when they say that—I was quite ashamed of my weakness; but I couldn't stop putting out a hand when I met acquaintances. How bored they must have been!

In the women's coat room of a Times Square restaurant I saw a radiant being smoking, and another was relating a story in which profanity earned the laugh.

These were apparently ladies—they had a couple of husbands standing in the corridor and a mauve-lined limousine; and after the story the smoker gave the teller a cigarette and they mentioned the children and Easter, and going to mamma's to dine.

Only a little smoke and a little swear! But in Alaskan circles decent women don't. There are only decent ones in our camp. I had to keep warning myself just to forget the camp—a city wasn't like that little place. Cities were fine. Look at all you may do in them—eat, drink; ride in cabs, drink; smoke, theaters, drink; and I heard of one New Yorker who went, though young at the time, to the Museum of Natural History. Of course he does not let every one into this secret.

He says if the Metropolitan Museum of Art will put on a cabaret he will view that.

Ladies swear in localities remote from Times Square—in a bus going up Fifth Avenue; and entering the front door of a very smart residence facing the Park; and in motor vehicles reined to their figurative haunches by a large fat hand in an upraised blue sleeve; in a first-tier box at the opera. But, New York ladies, areek with many coatings of powder, and arm enamel, and lip sticks, you might not relish the sight of servants leering after they have bowed and flattered with servile abasements.

Some of them would go home and righteously beat a wife who swore; and who shall say that she would not be benefited?

Shopgirls discussing a floorwalker were swearing when I wafted through a millinery department and cautiously set a black velvet hat on my head. They did not use profanity thickly; it was employed as seemed requisite. I heard:

Mrs. Van Campen's House at Low Tide. Sorting Station and Snow Shed Running to Ore Bins Above the House

"So he ast her what the aitch ailed her, an' dee'd her good; an' she dee'd him back, which, if he comes round here, I'll tell him! The dee'd old snitch! Mistakes in change comin' up are made down there a-purpose to soak us. Say, listen, Virgie: was you to the Colonial this week? My dear, they got a hull dancin' show, an' Joan Sanders took Nigel Parry for her pardner again—he's the grandest thing! You never glimmed such fox trottin'; an' he—— You wanna be waited on, ma'am? That ain't the way it's wore; it's more drawred down."

Like clamping the cover on a manhole, she grasped the edges, my ears gave, and when she had me inside she cried:

"It's swell on you, hon-ay—perf'ly gorgu-ous! D'you want it sent, dear? Pay or charge? Black's sweet on you."

She brought a large dented cerise hat that might have spent a winter in Belgium, and said it was reduced, and was still sweeter on me; and she sighed as I intimated it wasn't. I was disgusted with her cheap flattery. A pale, fat person who had pawed among the baby blues took the cerise shape. Rich scents informed the practiced nose that there was to be a dinner of cabbage for this woman, whose countenance resembled one. Over a soiled raincoat was a sham fur stole, and a comb from which most of the sham stones were gone did not keep up many tags of burnt drab hair. She smirked at herself, asking:

"Do you think this looks good on me, girlie?"

"Well, it's hardly your ——" Tags shot a snake look at her, and the girl concluded: "My, yes; swell, dear! Just your type!"

"Pink's my color, I know," said Tags. "Still—— Now gimme your honest opinion!"

The clerk sighed, Tags waiting complacently. The girl called the effect sweet, and Tags bought; appearing, while change was in transit, with a rakish straw soldier cap, from which tags wildly burst.

"I could use this with my taffety. Don't you think it's kind of cute on me?"

Customers much smarter than she were appealing to the sellers for encouragement. The briefest thought told me they would not usually buy without it. Avid hands clutched hats; women, with hatpins, purse handles, the string of a package or the chain of a dog held in their mouths, strove toward the mirrors, and, thus hampered, had hats pushed, pulled and stuck over hair neat or awry—and the clerks exclaimed that it was lovely! Truth suffered, but one may hardly ask a girl at eight dollars a week to turn reformer. A Tags of monstrous vanity will not buy if told she looks like a tawdry, stupid slattern who should purify herself of cabbage and achieve order of her person. Her betters, in their turn, demand that somebody shall play courtier.

Shopping in Pandemonium

THE shop girls were not all tossing "dearies" at the patrons. Where the latter rattled cards of fancy buttons, and, in rows ten deep, thrust and scowled and bade each other be careful who they were stepping on, the clerks were red and nervous, snapping nearly as often as the mob who beset them to match, to exchange, to show this or that, and tell why they had not buttons like these—certainly kept them four years ago, and only spite on the part of the girl was making her declare there were none! You would have decided that the girls were fiends, placed there by the management to torment refined souls who barked and shrilled and cried:

"Here, you wait on me next; I was here before she was!"

"Pardon me, you were not! I want this card of orange crystal, and a —— Will you look at that girl walk right off! Say, I can't wait all day!"

Gentle fawns in *moyen-âge* waists, short, swirly, plush-banded skirts, and sand-hued straws lined with black velvet, jangled vanity cases and snarled; they stridently lied to floorwalkers:

"I've been in this very spot twenty solid minutes and they refuse to wait on me! Well, I should think you'd better see I'm attended to; but does that pay me for wasting time?"

"Can't you make that girl get my package? She sent it up half an hour ago, and I've had enough of this! I'll buy no more here as long as I live!"

When they had created turmoil they were likely to say they guessed they'd have it sent after all, instead of taking. There was no best hour to shop. The New York shopper is a bully, and she was always ranging through the aisles, berating and complaining. She might be in dainty garments, with perfumes more delicate than that of humble Tags; but her eyes could glare and the lips over which she drew her rouge stick could sting. She crowded in narrow aisles, driving her elbows or the top of a hand bag into yielding flesh; ruthlessly she rumpled materials just folded, stuff of which the top layer gave her as much information as the whole piece could, unrolled. She dashed at clerks who were busy

Icebergs Floating Through the Channel of Latouche in Prince William Sound, in June, 1914

making out checks or selling, insisting that they instantly direct her to some department, and exclaimed in anger if a man stationed in the neckties on the first floor was uncertain of the location of children's rompers in the rear of the tenth.

Maybe New York was always thus, and years veiled my memories as, at home, I planned my buyings. Perhaps it was only that I was once used to New York, and to seeing women in whose bosoms kindness seemed to have died, if indeed it ever really dwelt there. In Alaska a clerk is not yapped at—not more than once. On our island the manager does not have the shovelers to dine, but both smile when they meet; and the shoveler stays a man, shovel or not. His wife is polite to those from whom she makes purchases, and there is more smiling; and our people would think a mine officer's wife a queer sort of lady if she insulted the storekeeper and put up her nose at the shoveler's helpmate on the way out.

I like it better so. I looked at the surge of women who seemed to be hating one another, and the good, kind faces of the people in the North became so plain that I could not see New York as I took out that long list I had made at home, and crossed out a lot of it, writing in the margin: "Order from catalogue."

I had been in the store two hours, and, because of the customers rather than the clerks, I had bought little. My desire was to get out and to stay out, leaving it to those who could say without blushing:

"Send one spool of silk to West Two Hundred and Thirteenth Street; and it'll have to be there tonight—C.O.D."

My easy-chair is beside the big stove, back in camp. The windows show me Hoodoo Island, beautiful under the snow on its mountains. I can take down the catalogue and, looking occasionally at Hoodoo or my boat, I can shop—Alaska fashion.

They used their old stuff on me. They had all come over in the steerage when the war broke; trunks piled in the Gare du Nord, at Brussels, the machine confiscated—never underwent such ordeals in their lives! I said our papers took A. P. service; we had read that last August, and they were astonished. So was I, mildly. If all the thousands were in the steerage, who had the first cabins? Not any of those I saw. There was more punch to it, that way. And always:

"Seen Hello, Boys! at the Castle yet?"

A Reunion With Bill and Lola

I ASKED whether there was a thirty-six-story building near Rector Street. Oh, yes—somewhere down there; but catch this show—the soubrette was a little trick out of the chorus; jumped out and interpolated a line, entirely on her own hook, and it made such a slam that they let it stay in—wonderful kid!

"But I've been to forty shows now. What do you do besides that?"

"Well—Joan Sanders put on her new act at the Panto, Monday; and Parry's back in the act again. His dancing is great—that is, straight stuff. He's no clown, you know. And Brix is trying using a serial film in with his cabaret; we might catch that ——"

"For the land's sake, when do you folks read?"

"How, read? I do the papers in the Sub, and, of course, I look over the mags and that junk; but a business man needs recreation. I ain't very well either. Stomach! I'm going to try another doctor, for the one I have doesn't help me; he's a fool. But, you know, I don't drink any more. Hasn't helped any either."

"Fine!" I exulted. "When'd you quit?"

He said, with honest pride: "Friday."

Bill is in politics. When I wrote stories of Broadway for a New York paper he was in the district attorney's office; he said he and Lola were living very quietly on Long

Mrs. Van Campen and Three Sledge Dogs, Butch, Boner and Nigger

Island now. They were regular hermits, except for having a few of the old lot out, week-ends, and coming in when he had to do a banquet or a district leader's ball, or Murphy wanted him at the Wigwam, or, of course, when they looked over the premières of the shows; and, b'Jove, there was one of these due—Day-day, at the Henroyd. So Bill telephoned; and at seven Lola, in Tipperary green sequins, her black hair banged and banded round her head under emerald pins, was grandly coming out of an ermine coat in the anteroom of the Barbican.

"Don't tip but one of these coat girls, Bill," she ordered. "They only have them because they can trim men out of more than the boys did; and they pretend to lose something and fuss round finding it, so you'll think it's a favor to get it at all. Well, tell me every single bit about Alaska!"

"For supper the foreman slips out on the ice and spears a polar bear," said I. "Then we have blubber for the miners' lunch buckets."

"I suppose they grow accustomed to it," said Lola. "Why can't you send us some of the polars for the house? You must have positively loads, and—no, Bill; tell him I'll not sit poked off miles from the stage! Who does he think we are? Get the other head waiter, then; she wants to see something—reserved nothing! You mean you expect five dollars—the table won't be reserved then."

"Send for Manager Addicks," said Bill loudly, as he tossed the reserved card from the table Lola had selected. "I'll settle this bird. Get a waiter here!"

"The service is worse every night," said Lola passionately, though subhead waiters, an omnibus, and fellow bus boys, and just plain waiters, were abasing themselves before her, proffering menus; to which Bill said:

"Aw, we don't want that infernal tabble dote!"

"They do it out of the scraps," said Lola. "Oh, the lamb here is terrible, and they have the nerve to stick you a dollar for Peach Melba made with canned peaches!"

"Well, Barbican's old man had a ham-an' joint in John Street," said Bill. "Now listen to me—how about that caviare? Aw, you know darn well it ain't fresh! Three bones a throw too! Talk about grand larceny! We could have a casserole of something—guinea hen?"

"Remember the judge got his ptomaine here!" cried Lola, whereat I urged that we depart; but Bill said they were all the same—the Fifth Avenue places were worse; the cabarets had ruined the food in all of them.

Again he shouted for service. Others near us were scowling and saying what on earth should they eat! didn't feel like anything; but bring the cocktails—then they'd see. And after Bill was banked with the house staff he thought he had best have one, and then see. He was really on the wagon, but a cocktail didn't count. Lola said, "All right!" And she wished some of those waiters would move, so that a person could breathe.

"In the Rubicon they cut the pineapple cores for fruit salad," said Lola, pensively redoing her eyes from a party box shaped like a trunk. "I wish they'd play Michigan. My heavens, weren't you tickled to get here after that frightful polar island in who's-this sound, or what's its name? No dancing! What do you do?"

"Work, and scoot over the hills afternoons; come back and fix up the house; and wash and iron the things the Aleut woman would spoil. And sewing. And at night we read and study—our boys are all climbing up at the mining game."

"No shows at all?"

"It wouldn't even be a one-night stand."

"But how can you endure it—seeing those same people every day? I'd think they'd be killing each other"

"I myself lived in Lakewood four whole months," said Bill. "Of course it was when I broke my leg at polo, and I had the car."

I asked about various friends, and Lola would answer:

"Oh, they gave it up long ago—she's Red-Crossing in Paris, and he's married again; she wouldn't because her alimony stops, and she's foxy. They were both dear creatures—but you know how it is."

"The trouble with the whole bunch was seeing too much of each other," said Bill, tipping the cigar boy. "I tell you that being in the same house forever won't do if you want to keep on. Nobody can do it. You need change."

The Motley Assemblage of First-Nighters

I THOUGHT of the row of little houses at home, where there was never sadness unless one of the pair therein must leave the island temporarily.

"Don't take a pink taxi; you know we always have to drive to Thirtieth Street and have the desk sergeant fix the fare," said Lola as we left; and I found that they still fight the taxis, as of old, in New York.

Curb arguments; threats of licenses revoked; drivers rapacious—then why not walk? I did, and liked it. Sometime theatrical producers may skip the dreaded first night and have only seconds. Only in this one city do self-laureled critics, wine agents, resting actors and actresses, press agents, ex-professional women wedded to newspaper men, Tenderloin restaurant owners, fight promoters, booking agents for vaudeville, police inspectors and captains, managers of other shows, authors unable to get a reading for their dramatic gems, assemble before a curtain behind which a nervous cast takes turns at the peephole, gazing at the Death Watch!

It is not the opinions of these that should guide a seat-buying public or hold back a success of the sort for which tickets, from the speculators clustered about the telephone booths of a Times Square building, cost five dollars instead of two. But there they are—wise glances noting who's come, and who's whose, since the last première. The critics get the aisle seats, and into the ten seats which the house

(Continued on Page 49.)

A Typical Copper Mining Camp at Latouche, Alaska

A CHANGE OF PACE

By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Billy Clung to Those Twisting Furrows, Nursing Her Forward Until She Staggered Like a Drunken Thing

WHEN Billy Duffy's baby was two months old he and his wife had the nearest approach to a quarrel that can be found marring their otherwise perfect conjugal score. It was a brief and innocent affair—besides that, it is a quarrel that nine out of every ten happy married couples always enjoy; so that it counts only about half a point against them by rights. Mrs. Duffy wanted to call the boy Michael Mullen, and Billy said it would handicap him for life and prevent his becoming a great automobile race driver when he grew up.

"You know as well as I do, Nora," Billy said with some asperity, "that if Mike Mullen hadn't changed pace on me in 1911 I'd be as good a race pilot as Earl Cooper or Arthur Klein right now, and we'd be living in a swell apartment instead of having to rent the front room."

Mrs. Duffy sniffed.

"If somebody was to hold you down and jam thousand-dollar bills into your pocket, Bill Duffy, you'd get up yelling because they'd handled you rough. Mr. Mullen hasn't done anything to you only give you stock in the Arizona Daisy, and send us a hundred dollars every Christmas, and spoil your chances once in that old Phœnix road race you're always kicking about, and probably prevent you from breaking your neck in a spill sometime; and still you want to name my beautiful little Blinkums after a cheap race driver!"

"Cheap!" Billy growled. "I wish I was as cheap as those fellows—then you could hire a woman to wash, and you'd have a car of your own, like Mrs. Carlson. I tell you the name of Mike Mullen isn't going to hang any bad luck on the boy—and that's settled."

The boy himself rose to a point of order at this juncture, and Billy went off to the garage to work, slamming the door as a sort of exclamation point to his wife's indignant:

"Well, of all the ungrateful ——"

Two hours later Billy crawled out from under a truck, on the vitals of which he was performing a delicate major operation, and answered the telephone. It was Mrs. Duffy. Billy listened a minute and then grinned.

"All right, honey—all right! Michael Mullen Duffy he shall be! . . . Sure. . . . There, there, now! I'm going to bring some oysters up to-night. So long, little girl!"

That was the end of the quarrel. Mike Mullen sent his godson a solid-gold table set, including a pusher, a spoon, a mug, a sort of demountable-rim trough, a bib pin, a milk pitcher, and a teething ring for dessert; and he put a thousand dollars' worth of Arizona Daisy Copper Preferred in the bank for him. With the big box from the jeweler's came a characteristic Mike Mullen note:

dear frends: this ain't any to good for mike mullen duffy you bet! wen he grows up tel the little feller to not try to go to fast but to stick to his trade which won't be steering race autoes is the wish of

yore old frend

MICHAEL MULLEN PRESCOTT ARIZ.

Billy Duffy was not really unappreciative, but he considered that he had a grievance. Maybe he did! Maybe he did! Let us get along and decide.

His first meeting with Michael Mullen occurred in Nevada, long before he became the cleverest mechanic on Automobile Row in Los Angeles, and some time before the mining man acquired funds that made gold gifts to favored babies a possible achievement. To be exact, the date was April 9, 1911, and this tale must be jogged back to that point if we get at the reason for Billy's grievance.

Billy was receiving four dollars a day and half his earnings for nursing an ancient and battle-scarred automobile from one desert mining camp to another in the stage business; and the days on which he traveled twenty miles consecutively without having to set up a temporary blacksmith shop and replace a worn-out or crystallized bearing, or other part, so that he could strike on once more—such days he counted golden.

Billy had gotten so that he did not patch tires any more—he had so many patches on already that new ones refused to adhere—and he rode many hundreds of miles with rope coiled about his rusty and rock-jagged rims. His passengers were usually impatient men, and Billy learned by heart all those soft answers which turn away a profane and picturesque wrath. He lived on canned goods, drank water when he could get it, slept wherever the old machine listed to stop for the night, and had his heart made tender by adversity.

He was driving northward, without a fare, toward Rhyolite on the afternoon of the April ninth referred to above, when he overtook a very sore-footed prospector and an exceedingly frail burro. Billy had seen many men and beasts suffering from heat and cold, hunger and thirst, in his years of staging; and from a ripe experience he judged that the pair ahead were rapidly nearing their limits of endurance. As though to confirm this opinion, the man, hearing the rattling and coughing of the chariot, turned about, stood swaying for a moment and sank to the ground; and the burro spraddled its legs wide and stood weaving there, with its nose close to the sand and its long ears hanging out sidewise from its head, like twin semaphores to signal the approaching stage.

Billy never had any difficulty in checking his automobile; now he crawled up to the scene and stopped. With water from his dust-covered canvas bags he speedily revived the tanned and hairy prospector, but the burro was beyond help. Its owner became aware of this before Billy did; and, with a shaking voice, he asked the driver to administer a merciful and sudden death. With some difficulty he pulled a long revolver from its holster and proffered it. Billy took it. "Where?" he asked.

"Right between the eyes, me boy—pointing a little down. That's the way. *Adiós*, old Frank!"

"I'm Bringin' a Bit o' News, Billy, Me Boy! Goin' to Drive Race Wid Ye for Glory of Ould Erin—Hurroo!"

The prospector turned his head away and Billy sent the tired animal to its long rest. Then he transferred the scanty pack to the tonneau of the stage, assisted his new passenger into the broad seat, worked himself into a good, healthy perspiration cranking the auto, and finally succeeded in pulling out.

All the way to Rhyolite the prospector slept heavily and noisily. The driver had an unusual run of luck, going at least thirty miles without having to rebuild his engine or manufacture a torsion rod out of a Joshua tree, and reaching Rhyolite shortly after dark. There he turned his helpless passenger over to a man who called himself a doctor, and who had gotten away with it to that date by prescribing alcoholic stimulants when in doubt and trying his experiments only on men so sick that there was little danger of their recovering and arguing with him about methods employed.

Billy himself enjoyed a meal of canned beans, canned beets, canned peaches, and a heavy mass that was sold to him for bread, and went to the street corner where he had left his stage, to begin his nightly task of wiring her together and bracing her up and reënforcing her perilously weak parts against the morrow's run. He was engaged in fabricating an oil-feed pipe from an old tin can when Doc Means appeared.

"Well, Billy," the medical man said casually, shivering in the icy wind that came down round the sloping hips of Shoshone Mountain, "it's a long time between drinks for me and you, ain't it?"

"Not so long as it's going to be," Billy replied shortly.

"Oh, say, Billy; come on, now. A little snifter before you go in to see Mike Mullen and get a half interest in his new find. Change your mind, won't you? You're going to be a millionaire to-morrow—why not be friendly to-night?"

Billy stared at the doctor.

"It hasn't been so very long between drinks for you, has it, doc?" he grunted. "If I saw things the way you do I'd take the cure. Leave me alone—I'm putting a new mainspring in my watch."

However, the doctor insisted that, sober or not, he was telling the truth.

"He wants to see you and give you half, I tell you, Billy. Get on in there—get in before he changes his mind."

Billy went to avoid argument; but what he heard in the next few minutes showed him that Doc Means' attempt to break the news gently had been colorless beside the prospector's dream. He was Michael Mullen, sir. He had hunted gold in five countries and in ten states of the Union, and had found it more than once. His present return closed a four months' solitary meander through the bleak and terrible mountains surrounding Death Valley and running northeastward to the Amargosa Desert, and it marked a milestone in his career.

"Two things have happened to me, me boy," he said, after Billy had taken the precaution to exclude the sociable doctor from the room—"two things—and they're both of 'em good ones; and you're in on both of 'em or me name is Adolph Swartz and me religion is Orangeman. Me life is saved—thanks to you; and that's Number One. Number Two is that I've struck it as rich as Marcus Daly or Jim Butler. And I don't forget friends easy."

Billy nodded absently. He was wondering whether he could mend a radiator with a handful of corn meal and a soldering iron, and was being as polite to the half-crazy prospector as he knew how to be.

"I'm glad to hear it—about the strike, Mr. Mullen," he said. Mike Mullen was neither half crazy nor crazy at all, however. He saw that Billy Duffy was seeking to preserve the amenities.

"Would you know free gold in chunks if you saw it, boy?" he asked; and Billy laughed.

"Not personally; but I've heard it described."

"Then look at that, will you?"

Billy looked. The object presented was a rough, whitish lump, with a greasy feeling to the touch but a wondrous soothing effect on the eye; for it was splotched and seamed with flakes of pure gold. Billy contemplated it with more interest.

Then the prospector drew from various places of concealment about his person a dozen specimens, large and small. From his lengthy and somewhat involved explanation, Billy gathered that the big lump of talc was very high-grade ore; that the poorest sample in the lot was of ore valuable enough to make a man contented; and that the average would cause mining men to lean forward and give heed. He had nine claims located, Mullen said—the Burro Frank property. There was no one in with him, for he had supplied his own grubstake and owed nothing in the world except a debt of gratitude to Billy Duffy. And that debt he would pay before either of them was six months older.

Billy began to fear that if he stayed round he would begin to believe the yarn himself; so he withdrew politely, taking a small bit of the richest rock for a souvenir, thanking Mike Mullen for his kind words, and disclaiming any right to a supposititious reward or a share in the profits of a hypothetical mine.

For half an hour that night he lay awake thinking how pleasant it would be to have more money than one could spend; and then he remembered the next day's run to Johnnie, cursed the price of gasoline in the desert, wondered how long it would be before the rest of the leaves fell out of his rear springs, and so fell asleep—and from that moment forgot Michael Mullen for the space of almost five months.

Billy drove into Tonopah one evening with a party of Eastern mining engineers, delivered them at the railroad depot, received his pay and a meager tip, and backed out to clatter up Main Street, when a big, well-dressed man flung himself bodily into the front seat, jerked Billy's hands from the wabbly old wheel, hugged him until he grunted, and gave vent to a yell that brought the sheriff out of his office in a pair of carpet slippers and with a gun in each hand.

"Hooray, and three times again!" the impetuous stranger bellowed in Billy's ear. "We've gone and got richer than J. Hays Hammond! We're fixed right to wear silk undershirts and have our fingers manicured three times of an evenin'! Head her up the street and we'll give this old bus to the Tonopah Consolidated to roast peanuts in; and then we'll hit it for the West, me son, and grow up with the country. . . . Don't ye know me? Lord, save us! It's Mike Mullen himself I am!"

When Billy could get far enough away to focus his eyes he perceived that this was the approximate truth—approximate only because this gaudy citizen was never the Mike Mullen he had rescued from a waterless grave on the Las Vegas Desert, but a new and wonderful and complex and rainbow-hued outlander, with nothing but his own word for his identity. No; it was not the Mike Mullen Billy had last seen rolling millions on his tongue and lumps of gold-spattered clay in his hands, but it was a new Mike Mullen, who had somehow fallen heir to the other Mike's promises. Billy was not loquacious. "Oh! Hello, Mike Mullen!" he said, swallowing hard. "Did you say we were through with this old boat?"

"If you mean your rattle-brained, asthmatic, gasoline prairie schooner, I did. And as quick as we can isn't half quick enough!"

Billy jammed the brakes home viciously.

"Oh, very well," he said, and climbed to the ground. "This is as good a place as any."

He stripped off an oily pair of overalls, heaved them into the seat, picked up a nondescript coat from the floor of the tonneau and walked away.

Mullen had to take two or three quick steps to catch him. It was his turn to be surprised; but when he realized that Billy Duffy had definitely and defiantly abandoned his job and his rattle-trap automobile, with his oily overalls, he clapped the driver on the back and released another mighty roar.

"Sure, you're a lad of decision—after me own heart, young feller!" he cried. "We're through here as soon as we can get a drink. What time does the next train leave for Los Angel's?"

There may be an American youth who has learned the feel of a throbbing engine under him, of a sensitive wheel in his hands, and of the wind cutting his cheeks on a straight road when he "steps on her" who does not want to become an automobile race driver; but if there is such a youth he is to fortune and to fame unknown, and he probably does crocheting and has a tenor voice. Not all the thousands who have this secret ambition go far toward achieving it, the records of police courts in the land to the contrary notwithstanding; but they have the latent desire just as surely as every son's mother of them dreams of the day when her boy shall become President and write messages about the tariff and the Monroe Doctrine for opposition papers to ridicule.

Billy Duffy was no exception; and, furthermore, Billy Duffy was nurturing and fostering his ambition and bending all his energies toward the end that he might attain it. Otherwise he would never have spent a year in the sand and heat and loneliness of the deserts of Nevada jockeying over the unsigned and dangerous roads an automobile in the last stages of senile decay. Neither would he have abandoned even that poor old wreck, had he not felt that the step would take him nearer the consummation of his desires. An unexpected turn in his way had brought him to a newly opened path, and he plunged into it by instinct. Something told him that Mike Mullen was an angel in disguise. And it may be to the credit of his perceptive powers that he could see through that disguise, for it was a good one! If a man could see an angel in Michael Mullen ——

The next day the two of them sprawled in an ornate buffet car rolling westward and southward, smoking rich, fat, black cigars, and staring insolently at mere magnates and capitalists who chanced to be fellow passengers; and Mike told the story of the Burro Frank claims. An old acquaintance, with a name big in mining circles, had made an inspection of the property, taken Mullen East with him and negotiated the deal. It gave Mike a generous sum in hand and properly executed assurances of more from time to time. To the representations of the syndicate that Mike ought to retain a small interest in the enterprise for his own good the prospector had turned a deaf ear. He was through. He had enough. They might make one million or twenty from their purchase—it was all one to him.

"I've been humping it round where there wasn't anybody else for fifteen years now, Billy, me lad," he said. "And all that time I've been looking for a soft place to light. When I found it, would I have sense enough to lie down and try the feel of feathers a bit? That I would, me boy. What them expensive fellers in Pittsburgh do with the Burro Frank claims don't worry me any more'n where we're going to eat breakfast to-morrow morning. I just want to knock round in a good pair of shoes and let my hands and face rest a while. And you're going right along."

Billy contemplated the scenery.

"That seems to sound real," he observed presently; "but what am I going to do for a living? I've been always used to working for it. You saw the old boat I drove—you must know I earned all I got in Nevada."

Mullen's eyes brightened.

"You know, Billy, that gives me a tailholt on an idea. Would you guess, now, that they've got automobiles that can run without lying down—regular ones that keep going toward where they started for until they get there? I saw some in Pittsburgh ——"

"Mike," Billy interrupted, "you can take it from me that a good automobile like I can show you in the city would shy at that gangplow I had in Tonopah up to last night!"

"Well, then, suppose we buy one of those affairs, fit her up with hot and cold water in every room, put an awning over the front porch, and take a few turns round the country in her. Can it be done?"

Billy's quick mind slightly altered the details of the architectural sketch—showing him a powerful, low-built racing car, stripped to the least possible weight, and designed to eat up mileage.

"It can," he said.

"And you're the lad that could hitch her up and unhitch her, ain't you?"

"After a year with that pile of junk I coaxed round the desert and called an automobile," Billy rejoined, "I could make a good machine eat out of my hand."

"That's settled, then," Mike Mullen said, much reheved. "You get so much a month for running her and as much more as I want to give you, and I have it pretty soft sitting inside and telling you which turns to take. You see, me boy, I've always moved slow in my life—most of the time punching a burro along with a sharp stick and a few strong words; and I kind of feel as though I'd like to hit it up a little. This train riding, now —— But no; train riding isn't fast enough. I want to get up and get."

Thus it happened that Billy Duffy's first few days in Los Angeles were made happier than any he had ever known. Billy knew automobiles. His training on the desert had taught him what to expect of a car and what to demand of one in the way of mechanical strength and efficiency.

He was looking for nothing short of his ideal—and he had a roll behind his search.

At the end of three days he had tried out everything on rubber tires and lighted on a slightly used Western, Model 24 A, 1910, 40 H. P., with a specially reënforced chassis, gears, axles, springs and bearings made to order, an improved carburetor, and a motor that caused him to croon with delight.

When he had made his purchase and completed a few minor changes in the shop, including the equipment of the car with a set of oversized tires, he summoned Mike Mullen. Mike looked over the severe little machine skeptically, for it stood near a gaudy, bright-yellow 1911 car that had as many accessories and ornaments as a newly rich dowager at a court presentation.

"I don't doubt you know all about these contruptions, me boy," Mullen grumbled; "but you seem to have a cavity where your bump of good taste ought to have been put. This thing you have wished on us looks to me like it had been left out all night and had got shrunk by the fog.

With a Crash and the Pop of a Torn Tire Number Seventeen Turned Over Against the Upside Embankment!

Now here is a automobile ——" He waved widely toward the lemon-colored monstrosity.

Billy Duffy nodded.

"Sure, Mullen—I know; but, if I got you right on the train, you want to travel fast and be sure to get there when you start. That's what I bought this runabout for—and she's fourteen-carat! That thing"—he indicated the newer model—"is all right for parades and for going to the office at nine each morning and out as far as Pasadena on Sundays, and that's all. If we bought that we'd have to spend half our time pushing her out of mudholes and the other half cleaning her up and powdering her arms and her nose. You leave it to me; and if you don't like this sweet little engine I've found for you just say the word and I'll ship back to the desert."

Mullen was silenced; and they wound her up and went for a trial spin. Two hours later the owner was convinced. When the speedometer showed fifty-two miles an hour and they were straightened away on a country road, Billy stepped on the throttle—and the next thing Mullen knew they were in Riverside, his hat was thirty miles back, and his heart was up in his throat choking him to death.

"When we're ready to go home," he observed as he stepped to the ground in the court of the Mission Inn, "we're going to take off that thing you call the throttle and I'm going to hold it in my hand. We've traveled faster than we can, and I'm the same as wishing for a burro and a pair of nine-inch waterproofed boots! I don't know how to spell it, but I want to go—G-O, go, slower—S-L-O-er, slower. As much slower as you went faster—see? We've got years of time!"

Mike was angry, and Billy spoke soothingly as he raised the hood and felt of the valve tappets.

"But you like the boat, don't you, Mullen?"

"I love it! I think so much of it that I don't want to have it slide out from under me again. I'm for our little automobile strong, as long as she stays on four wheels and quits this aëryplaning. She's too high-spirited, Billy, me son—cut down on her feed a little, can't you?"

"I might mix a little water with the gasoline," Billy suggested, laughing.

"Would that slow her up?"

"It would do all that, Mullen."

"Then you try it—a teaspoonful of gasoline to a quart of water. Let her gargle her throat with that and I'll not be needing to take out life insurance."

Billy Duffy explained his joke and promised to cut down his average. Showing that he had a wise head and that he had not forgotten the ambition that was still parboiling in the back of his brain, the driver straightway made ten miles an hour his maximum speed and used his low gear so much that the high became rusty. The ruse worked. A few days later Mike Mullen cried truculently:

"Say, Billy, what's the matter with this ferryboat? Has it got rheumatism or did you forget to wind it last night when you went to bed? Get along—get along! If you don't somebody'll come up from behind and run over you with a milk wagon! Let's be going!"

And in another week Mullen was complaining because they could not make fifty-five miles on the turns, and was inventing new phrases with which to express his opinion of boards of trustees in the country towns who not only passed speed ordinances but hired motor-cycle men to enforce them. He became a convert to fast going. He was speed-mad. Characteristically he swung the whole way—there was no pace too fast, and forty miles an hour gave him the itch to take the wheel and step out at seventy.

At the end of a month he would snarl if anyone passed the little Western, and those days on which their runabout went out ahead in a brush with some mogul of the road he would give Billy a handful of gold and make himself a nuisance in bars and hotel lobbies telling about it.

Billy's next move was to take Mullen to an automobile race match at Ascot Park, obtaining him a seat immediately above the pits, so that he could there watch the heart of the contest—holding his breath as pit men and car crews worked against time to restore panting racers to strength enough to go on.

The virus took; and at the psychological moment, with the stage all set, a few days later Billy handed his patron a sporting edition of a big daily, with its pink pages so turned that the first thing to catch the eye was an announcement of the plans for the Los Angeles to Phœnix road race, then seven weeks distant.

Mike read it slowly, perforce, because his education had been restricted—but his eyes shone and his cheeks reddened. When he finished he reached for his hat and coat.

"You'd likely be knowing where it is they go to break into this race, now, wouldn't you, Billy?" he asked.

Billy knew, all right.

For a man of his type and bank account, Mike Mullen was unusually temperate; but occasionally he varied the monotony of existence by looking too long on the cup that raises life to the *n*th power and causes a man to forget his limitations.

A week before the Phœnix race he so indulged himself. Very groggily, then, he found his way to the garage where Billy Duffy was putting the last touches on the little Western for her final tryout over the seven-hundred-mile course. His first announcement caused the driver to drop a jack on his foot and to kick a can of cylinder oil over into the pit.

"I'm bringin' a bit o' news, Billy, me boy!" he cried gleefully, his brogue blurring speech, as it always did when he was stimulated. "Goin' to drive race wid ye fer glory of Ould Erin—huroor!"

Billy nursed his injured foot.

"How do you mean, Mike?"

"How d' I mean? Mean what I'm sayin'—faith! Goin' to be Billy Duffy's mech'nishan. It's a gran' one I'd be makin'!"

Billy took his patron's arm.

"All right, Mike," he said goodhumoredly. "You run along to the hotel now and put a wet towel on your head and in the morning you'll change your mind."

"Won't change mind. Haven't got 'ny mind to change. Sure, it's born without a mind I was. Jus' got ideas, me boy."

"You're full of 'em, Mike," Billy soothed. "Come on—I'll go with you. We'll talk it over on the way."

They did not talk it over on the way, for Mike's legs failed at the garage door, and he had to be ignobly transported in a common taxicab and helped to his room by a sleepy hotel porter. Billy assisted in the ceremonies at the bedside and then turned in, never doubting but that Mullen's brain would clear of the crazy notion by morning; but, for once, Billy misjudged Mike Mullen. Somebody had suggested the idea to him and it had taken firm root. He was going. The fact that he did not know a carburetor from an air valve did not trouble him at all. He said he had unbounded confidence in Billy Duffy.

Billy groaned; but argument and protest were of no avail. Mike Mullen was determined. He had not yet driven at as high a speed as he wanted to make. He saw all the glamour of the race and none of its dangers, its miseries, its strain and its physical torture for the crews. He was thrilled with the thought that they together might drive first into the narrow aisle between cheering thousands in Phœnix, their car and themselves covered with mud and dust, their faces drawn and grimy, their hands and knees shaking—but the coveted honor of winning theirs. Mike Mullen unquestionably had sporting blood in his veins, and Billy Duffy said bitterly that it nourished his streak of obstinacy.

Mike was officially registered with the American Automobile Association as a mechanician after some delicate manipulation of the rules, and the thing was settled.

Billy hoped against hope that Mullen would become reasonable at the last moment; and, with that in mind, he persuaded his owner to let the shop mechanic who had been slated to ride in the mechanician's seat act in the capacity of assistant while the little Western went over the course in the final workout.

So Mike was left behind and the car was given a tremendous test and came back for its concluding preparation with the crew discreetly silent as to the actual running time they made. Billy appealed at the eleventh hour to Mike Mullen, whispering to him glowing promises of success if only the trained mechanician could make the race with him.

"If you'll leave me alone, Mike," Billy said, almost tearfully, "and let this boy Forest ride, we'll come awful close to first money. It isn't that you lack nerve or that I don't want you—and you know it! It's just that—in an emergency—Forest would be worth ten of you! Can't you see it?"

Mike glared.

"Me boy, I've ridden that little old gasoline coop of ours all over this country, and I've helped you change tires and swab out the engine room and feed her her regular ration of gasoline and crude oil, and I can do anything you want done. You can do the rest, can't you? Don't let's argue about it—I'm going through with you?"

So Billy abandoned half his rosy dreams of winning and resigned himself to his fate. To be entered with a good car was something. It would put the whole burden of the trial on himself; but if he could stand up under it, and nothing serious happened on the road, and Mike kept sober and hung on ——

The race started at daylight from the edge of Los Angeles, with twenty entries. The little Western had drawn seventeenth position and all the favorites were ahead of it. On the first sixty miles of boulevard Billy was content to hold his place. The cars had been started two minutes apart, which meant that the first one away was more than thirty minutes in the lead of Number Seventeen.

Three cars in difficulty were passed on the boulevards, and the Western went roaring through San Bernardino one hour and one minute from the starting line. Four of the big cars had beaten that time by quite a little, but the road where the smaller machine would have the advantage was all ahead. In sand, on downgrades, in broken country and on the turns, Billy knew he could best the moguls. The car he most feared was a little battleship-gray veteran of several road races; but its pilot had not served an apprenticeship as a desert stage driver!

Sure of his engine and himself, and intoxicated with the sense of power under him, Billy forgot his amateur mechanician on the good roads, and did not think of him, except

(Continued on Page 76)

Billy Duffy Had Taken the One Chance in a Million—and Had Hurdled the Wreck!

THE ELIXIR

By MARIE MANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

"Life is Such a Ripping Game, and if You're Beaten Bide Your Time for the Next Chance"

ON NO other ground than that of regarding him as an alien could Doctor Stephen Lang account for that intangible something that got between him and his efforts to establish an understanding with the neighborhood. Racially he was one of them; their forefathers and his were buried in the little Revolutionary churchyard on the hillside; he and half the old families were related. Yet his consulting rooms remained persistently empty and there was always the intangible something.

His determination to work among them, after several years spent in student and hospital work in Europe, had been inspired by the most unselfish zeal. He remembered his boyhood summers passed at the old family place and how neglected these kinsfolk of his had been in times of illness; how inadequate had been such medical aid as they could get. He recalled their slavery to patent medicine; their aversion to fresh air; their lack of enlightenment on many matters of simple hygiene.

Even as a boy Lang had been impressed with the chronic invalidism that everywhere confronted him in this beautiful country. He had been a sensitive child, more conscious of human wretchedness than are children commonly. His father, the Judge, who had served three terms in Congress, called him Don Quixote and The Crusader.

The neighbors said he took after his mother, who had looked like a saint in an old cathedral window, and had died when her son was five years old. He was quite boy enough, however, to have on hand the average number of fights and feuds; but, after he had washed his battered countenance at the pump, he always made up his mind to be a doctor; that was the real business of life with Stephen—building up, not demolishing.

"Well, Don Quixote," his father had said, "so you intend to settle here and show 'em how to live? They don't want to know. Even though you were to get the best medical education possible and, for purely humanitarian reasons, drive over these freezing hills in winter and take a couple of bushels of potatoes as a fee—even then they'd nail down their windows and dope themselves with patent medicine."

"I mean to do it some day, and I shan't feel like a Don Quixote either. They are our own people and they need education."

"Well, thank heaven," the old Judge had said, "that I can leave you enough to be independent."

How often Stephen recalled this conversation as he sat waiting for patients in his office that never lost the new look! Incidentally he, too, thanked heaven that he was not dependent on his practice. His father had left him well off—"rich as Croesus" was the rural verdict; and this, together with a grim determination to carry through whatever he undertook, kept him going, even after he had lost his first high enthusiasms.

In the few emergency cases in which he had had a chance to demonstrate his skill he had done well; but, apparently, when the community required something less impersonal than patent medicine they preferred old Doctor Tilford who, in addition to administering good, strong doses that made a patient feel he was getting his money's worth, could with equal facility pull a tooth or take a hand at veterinary work.

After a year of patient inaction Doctor Lang was ready to admit his failure. His point of view was beginning to shift from high-plane Quixotism to the sternly practical; he decided to go to New York and make a fresh start.

Toward the end of December he had packed the bulk of his effects, and late one evening he was sitting in his dismantled study, feeling rather than seeing the winter snow fold in that remote stretch of hill country that had been so inhospitable to him. The hush of the soft falling seemed to have a pulse in it as the world was enveloped fold on fold in a ghostly stillness, on which no sound intruded but the elfin tapping of the flakes on the pane.

A prolonged whirring buzz sounded through the quiet house—the night bell had rung for the first time in Stephen Lang's long waiting! There was something sinister in the way the echo ran along the empty bookshelves and grazed the cases of surgical appliances, packed and corded for shipment. Lang switched the electric light on the porch and swung open the hall door; before him stood Doctor Tilford!

The visitor winked the snow from his eyelashes and stamped his feet; steam poured from his big, rolling body in clouds. Lang ushered him into the study, where the stripped shelves and corded boxes told their own story.

"So you've discovered what you were up against?" said Tilford, looking round. "If ever brains and skill were wasted on a down-at-heel community like this, they're yours. I'm wasted on 'em too; but I can't get away. I'm too much in arrears with eggs, potatoes and hams. Two dozen eggs to the visit, and long waiting at that!"

"I thought you were their pampered darling." Lang laughed.

"Their pampered nothing! If they break a leg or the stork comes, or if there's a sudden seizure and they can't get into communication with their own dear, long-distance, family practitioner, Doctor Pelky, I'm reluctantly called in by them."

"I don't seem to recall the name of Pelky."

"You wouldn't unless you were a post-office inspector. He has an interstate bedside manner; prescribes by mail. But, that his grateful patients may have some idea of his benevolent aspect, he sends a crayon portrait of himself, with a gold frame thrown in, on receipt of twelve of his bottle wrappers. Pelky over the parlor organ is pretty prevalent about here; but he ought to make his twenty-wrapper bonus a tombstone."

"Now I remember him like a brother—weeping-willow whiskers; bald; cable watch-chain, and a far-flung shirt-front! When I met him so constantly over the parlor organs I took him for a favorite evangelist."

"Oh, no; he's a genius—or, rather, genius advertises in his name. The original Doctor Pelky has been dead twenty years."

"What's the name of the specific?"

"That's the beauty of it—it hasn't any name. They write for what they call a pain chart—and they fill it out. The present Pelky claims on receipt of this to call in a staff of forty doctors in consultation. He sends, round each bottle, a woodcut of the forty, sitting. It's an impressive sight—grave, thoughtful men, inclined to baldness and whiskers; it's got hold of their imaginations, back here in the hills—the forty sitting on their symptoms. His claim is a special prescription put up for each patient."

"The pain chart is a new one on me."

"It's simple enough—a diagram of the human figure, on which they draw maps of their pains and aches. It gives them something to think about; and real interests are at a premium here, especially in the winter. Imagine the pleasure of whiling away an evening in making up your mind whether the pain in your liver is round or triangular! Then, after you've come to a decision and drawn your map, there is still the delightful task of marking it with the degree of your sufferings."

"Well, I'll be ——. No wonder my office chairs stayed new! What's his prescription?"

"Anything from twelve to thirty per cent of alcohol—usually morphia; sometimes cocaine, acetanilide, heroin, according to taste.

"I've never been able to get my hands on one of those bottles; but, even if he does comply with the law and mark the list of death-dealing drugs, it would be all the same to them. Their beloved Pelky had mixed it; the apocryphal forty had sat on their symptoms—they'd take anything! I came to-night to see you about a girl that, among them, they've nearly finished. Her name is Dorothea Norton; she lives with her grandparents, the deaf old couple in the tumble-down farmhouse where the road turns off into stones and desolation."

"I remember that quaint little girl and that old Norton house; it had the reputation of being haunted when I was a boy."

"You remember the story? The child's mother eloped with a cello-playing Russian who came down from Boston; the old house, with the Lombardy poplars round it, and the distinction of having had two men hang themselves in the barn were enough to make any girl run away and marry a man with a name that sounded like an exploding firecracker. He abused her shockingly and she came home to die, bringing her baby with her. The old couple changed the child's name back to Norton—it's not respectable to have such a foreign-sounding name here; but their fostering care came to an end with that."

"And are they giving Pelky remedies to little Dorothea?"

"That's the question—poor little thing! When she was only nine or ten those old vampires would give her coffee, and keep her up night after night to play cards with them, if Lyddy Tucker, who is that strange extension to some New England households—the guide, philosopher and hired girl—wanted to go to bed. That child was the apple of my eye; our friendship began when she was seven. . . . I'd been over to Wantoosic Falls on an all-night case; and when I came in next morning my old housekeeper said with a twinkle: 'Patient waiting in the office—been there since seven o'clock.' While I was getting a clean collar on I could hear that prospective patient being admonished, and you'd think the Puritans had come back.

"'I know it hurts; but crying and whimpering don't make it any better. Brace up! Brace up! Have some character! That's the only thing't counts. They'd 'a' killed you last night if I hadn't hid you in my cupboard and muffled your crying in my flannel petticoat.' At this point my curiosity got the better of me and I hustled in to see what patient of mine would have been killed the night before but for a timely flannel petticoat.

"There sat the quaintest little figure I ever hope to see! Old Phœbe Norton had dressed the child in some of her own left-overs; and there she stood curtaying, in pantalets and slippers, with crossed ankle straps over white stockings, and ringlets and short sleeves, and goodness knows what vanities of the early fifties. In her arms she held a black-and-tan terrier, which struggled and whined; and, between the grown-up social amenities to which I was treated, she counseled him to have character and bear his sufferings nobly.

"I had to excuse myself and rush from the room and have my laugh out. When I got back she handed out the history of the case. Lafayette—that was the black-and-tan's name—while basking in the second-story window, made a quick turn and landed in the dooryard, with a broken leg. Knowing that the old Nortons would have put him out of his pain immediately, this little mother had sat up with him all night, muffling his head in a flannel petticoat when his sufferings threatened to rouse the household.

"Shortly after daybreak she had set out with Lafayette in her arms, and carried him all the six miles to my office! I can't tell you the impression that child made on me. She was the one youngster of all the world I coveted for my own. She sat there, with her strongly marked little Cossack face, high cheekbones, eyebrows with a curve like a swallow's wing, character and personality written in every line, and talking as though she were forty.

"'Of course I know you're a busy man, Doctor Tilford; but this is no child's foolishness. I expect to pay for Lafayette's case and I've come quite prepared.' With that she hauled out from those stiffly starched, billowing petticoats the funniest little bank you ever saw—an old

bank with a hip roof; they must have brought it over in the Mayflower. She opened this and displayed, with pride, sixty-four cents, evidently the savings of her lifetime.

"'I want,' she said, 'that Lafayette should be made as comfortable as possible!'

"Of course I set Lafayette's leg and charged her three cents for doing it. She wouldn't have taken a thank-you job. Then, just as I was about to invite her to breakfast and offer to drive her and the patient over home after office hours, she said: 'Doctor, I hate to talk about the family, but my Grammar 'n' Granper would drown Lafayette if he couldn't catch rats for his board. They—they don't feel the way I do about things—they're so sensible. Now I can't be sensible when I love anyone. As you see, I am very well off, and I want to make arrangements to have Lafayette cared for till he's able to go back to his duties.'

"Well, I called in my housekeeper and she agreed to nurse Lafayette; and then I drove the little girl home, and caught the devil, along with her, from old Phœbe, who said she'd whip her right after the dinner dishes were washed. I tried to beg the poor little thing off; but 'twas no good, and the young martyr bides her time and says to me: 'It's nothing; I just hold my breath and count by tens till they're through—besides, I've saved Lafayette!'

"At forty-five I was the youngest friend that child ever had. I don't believe she'd ever spoken, much less played, with a kid of her own age; and there she was wearing out the funny old clothes Phœbe had worn when she was a child, about fifty years ago. One day I said to her: 'How'd you happen to call that dog of yours Lafayette?'

"'Oh,' she said, 'that great Frenchman did so much for us, and we were perfect strangers to him! And see how few children have been named for him. Well, I've done my best anyhow!'

"When she was about ten or eleven I noticed a change in her—she was droopy; she'd go to sleep as we drove along, with her head on my shoulder. Those old wretches had been in the habit of giving her coffee, strong coffee, to keep her awake until half-past ten or eleven, so they could have their game of cards. Of course I blustered out and told them what I thought of it. Then they shut down on her driving with me; but I used to go to see her and lend her books. She was full of plans for educating herself, but the old people thought it was all nonsense. I offered to pay her tuition myself, having no family to provide for; but they carried on as though I were aiming to send her to destruction.

"After a while the heart went right out of the girl, with first one disappointment and another. She wanted to take up music when they refused to let her go to college, but they wouldn't hear of that. Her father's music had made enough trouble in the family! Finally she gave up, resigned herself to the grayness and deadness that eat the heart out of most of them. I haven't been to see her for years. She begged me not to come—said it made things harder."

"How old is she now?" asked Lang.

"She must be about nineteen. I heard the other day they'd been dosing her with Pelky nostrums for over a year; and she's a wreck! Well, I couldn't jog round the same old rut with that kind of crime going on—I want your help. I want to give her a chance. But I'm helpless alone."

"But, as you see, I've made all my arrangements to go away."

"Don't go until you see Dorothea—she's so well worth while. Until lately she was in the habit of going with those old vampires every Sunday to the Congregational Church. An impression there would be most casual, I know. I can't explain my feeling that you're the Perseus of the situation."

"Thanks; but a Pelky Andromeda doesn't appeal to me."

Stephen Lang's glance rested on the face of the old doctor, the kindly old face russeted from buffeting the driving snow arrows on many a long winter night and the blistering heat of summer-parched roads. That old face, of the color and rotundity of a winter apple, now presented the paradox of an apple displaying a mask of human suffering; but the look of those ruddy surfaces, puckered in their strained wretchedness, was compelling.

"Oh, hang it! I'll stay over Sunday and have a look at her."

The group of worshipers assembled in the First Congregational Church the following Sunday was not inspiring. The light came mercilessly through unwashed and unshaded windows; the church was bare and shabby; it had never realized its ideal of a red carpet and red cushions—now the dream of three successive pastors.

The faces turned toward the minister, in his shiny black coat, were largely inanimate. Their chief characteristic was impassivity. Lang found the general dullness of aspect difficult to reconcile with even the common lot of marrying, bearing and losing. The best of them had gone away; and the stone walls that surrounded their abandoned acres rose, an endless chain of monuments to their hapless task of wresting a living from these bleak hillsides.

No wonder nostrums, with varying percentages of alcohol and drugs, were in demand. The stuff made them forget, for the moment, the imperishable dreariness of their environment. They were too respectable to drink openly. Pelky, with his pain charts and tonics, supplied the family entrance for their outwardly unconscious tippling.

Lang had had no difficulty in identifying the Norton family group. He waited for them to settle in the middle aisle, then took his place at the side, in one of the small pews facing them.

"'Of Course I Know You're a Busy Man, Doctor Tilford; But This is No Child's Foolishness'"

The bent body of the old grandfather was worn smooth and fine, like an old coin that requires a second glance to reveal its identity. Nothing seemed left of him but an angry mop of hair, which lost itself in a bristle of white beard. His wife was the sleeker of the two—more inclined to baldness. Each was fussy and bristling; each carried an old-fashioned ear trumpet of the cornucopia pattern. Lyddy Tucker—the guide, philosopher and hired girl—continually appeased one or the other of them, as though they had been fretful children.

And between them sat the girl, Dorothea—small, pale, flowerlike; the slightest exertion—the removal of her furs, the picking up of a hymnal from the bookrack—seemed too much for her failing strength. She seemed to Lang like an incarnation of the frozen solitude of all their winters—the living, sentient part of her locked below glacial surfaces.

Lang, regarding her, could discover no vestige of the gallant young spirit who had taken the sunrise journey on foot with Lafayette in her arms. There seemed about her the fatal acquiescence of old age; her youth seemed to have spent itself beating against the inevitable.

The minister gave his text in a quavering falsetto. He was a pathetic old man, whose Sunday soaping and shaving but accentuated the hobnailed toil of the rest of the week; for he, too, fought the inhospitable soil—teased, cajoled, pampered it into yielding the bit more that helped to keep body and soul less loosely knit together.

Dorothea, with head tilted backward, was not listening. A quivering band of light from the unshaded window touched the still face into a more camellialike whiteness. The delicate upward slant of the features that Nature had fashioned joyously, eagerly, like the petals of a flower held up to the sun, drooped from some inward blight.

There was, to Stephen Lang, something horrible about the deathly patience of that young face; murderous revolt would have been preferable. Never had he seen that look of dumb waiting on anything but the faces of the very old in almshouses and public institutions, where the great release is all that is left.

The outrage of it roused all Lang's fighting instincts; the young Crusader, that his father used alternately to laugh at and delight in, was again in the saddle, spurring forward gallantly, while the sense of his helplessness only sharpened his interest. His desire to help these people, that had already robbed him of a precious year, was rekindled in this girl's behalf. The bitterness of his defeat would be redeemed by this one rescue.

Among that dull, sordid meeting-house group she stood out sweet and white, like arbutus breaking through a bleak and frozen hillside. He understood now all that old Tilford had tried to convey—the richness of her nature; her high hopes, which had died of starvation; her struggle and defeat—it was all in the little still face on which the band of light from the unshaded window played fitfully.

And Stephen—The Crusader—whose skill and muscles and money were ever at the beck of the unfortunate, found in her an answer to his defeat. The congregation had risen for the final hymn. He took a wild step toward Dorothea; then, realizing that they were young people, sentenced to convention, he fell back.

The gods were on his side, however. At the church door Lyddy Tucker, as spokesman for the Nortons, waylaid him. "Grammar 'n' Granper wants I should invite you to dinner; they heard you was going away and they'd admire to show you some attention. Your granper was their second cousin and he stood up with them when they was married."

Lang perfectly understood the eleventh-hour civility and smiled dryly. As a local failure they had no interest in him; but, though a failure, with New York for the goal, he might have prospects to talk about—and they lived by talk—their ear trumpets were always hungry. Nevertheless, he devoutly grasped the chance to minister to their prevailing weakness.

Dorothea, fluttering about the house like a pale moth, seemed barely conscious of his presence. He tried to talk with her; to stir her interest; to make her angry; to flatter her vanity—anything to get a human response; but, beyond the little perfunctory greeting on his entrance, she took no further notice of him. The hard-headed New England side of Doctor Lang, which was to be reckoned with quite as positively as the medieval knight-errant, was now thrust aside, cajoled, browbeaten by the flimsiest sophistries.

With perfect seriousness he assured himself that his interest in the girl was purely psychological and scientific. He reminded himself that he had once heard her father play in Warsaw—a half-mad Russian who went about Europe drawing devil's sorceries from a cello. He noted the bent curve of her brows—like a swallow's wing—that Tilford had spoken of. Half Tartar, half Puritan, the wild improbability of the type was its own excuse for the interest it had created. Again Nature was proficient in working her world-old delusion.

He noticed how the little face, which had been modeled so boldly, seemed to be slipping, slipping away like a snow image melting in the sun, until the dark eyes were the only fixed points in the general vagueness. It was meant to be a fighting face—a face of character, force, passion. What had they done to her to bring about such a transformation?

A week had gone by since that first glimpse of Dorothea in the church, a week spent in one long desire to be with her and yet appear, to that strange household of which she was a member, as though his interest in her were casual and neighborly. Now and then he got from her a little ghostly talk, flitting shadows of what a happy normal girl might think and say. Dorothea's plight gripped his imagination; the iniquity of it seemed to him like those hoary old sins the early Christians defined as "crying to heaven for vengeance." Life was such a wonderful thing; it was to be lived—not dreamed through in drugged torpor in this melancholy old place, where the dry rot of age was in the blood.

It was not as though she made any conscious appeal to Lang—he could not recall one thing she had ever done to attract him. Was it, perhaps, this shy reserve or the pathos of her starving youth—that and the old mysterious witchery we call charm? Whatever it was, she had blundered on the chord that makes hearts beat in tune to some vast indwelling rhythm of the universe. The wonder of it made him humble, and the rapture was like a flight into the blue. She seemed to him barely conscious of his presence; and yet this miracle had happened, the miracle of hunger and thirst for her presence—of madness and delight—of tenderness and pity.

Then followed for Stephen a strange time, during which he never knew whether he was happy or wretched. Love was like a web swung between ecstasy and misery. If the forces against him had been of flesh and blood, to meet and measure strength and wits by, he could have borne it; but this muffled fighting of wraiths—the old house with the haunted atmosphere; the strange old deaf couple, and the girl who seemed to slip a little farther from him each day into the world of shadows! And yet the more hopeless it seemed, the harder it drove Stephen to fight for victory.

In Stephen's loving there was no pause; the possibilities of that curiously modeled little face haunted him, waking or sleeping, like the riddle of some forgotten goddess, solved after long centuries. He wanted to kiss these potentialities into life—to know Dorothea the Puritan, and Dorothea the mad Russian's daughter, and Dorothea the thwarted musician; but the soul of her seemed locked below frozen glacial surfaces. Was it drugs they were giving her? Or was it the vampire clutch of age at the throat of youth?

Stephen's crated possessions littered the floor for weeks; he postponed the conquest of New York and sat up, night after night, talking out the case with Tilford. The older doctor stuck firmly by his theory of Pelky and his nostrums as the instruments of Dorothea's undoing. And there was seeming evidence of the truth of this in the sudden flashes of mood he sometimes detected in the girl, whom he would find listless on coming, and on the summons of her grandmother or Lyddy Tucker to the next room she would return with a suggestion of sparkle.

His visits were avowedly social; the old people were glad to see him so long as he supplied their famished ear trumpets with news. He never spoke of Dorothea's declining health. In regard to that they maintained a strict policy of negation; yet Lang felt that, so far as any emotion lay within reach of their age-numbed faculties, their granddaughter's growing weakness was their chief concern.

It required tact and patience for Stephen to broach the subject; but he managed to achieve quite an air of convincing spontaneity one day as he confided to Mrs. Norton that Dorothea stayed in the house too much.

"Let her come out with me and try her hand at some snowballs!"

"What is it? What's he saying?" And Grandpa held up his acquisitive ear trumpet.

The old lady made no attempt to conceal her scorn.

"He wants she should go out and play snowballs with him, Granper. No wonder he never got on!" she concluded, in the ringing whisper of the deaf. And to Stephen: "Dorothea's doctoring with the best in the country, and they don't say anything about fresh air and snowballs."

That settled it. They had handed the girl over to Pelky. The next thing to be found out was the kind of drug she was getting.

The contributory influence to this information was Maria Endicott, Mrs. Norton's sister, who was now reported to be on the very last of her deathbeds. These were Wagnerian and lasted through protracted periods. Her swan songs seemed to be a series of vocal exercises with which she limbered up her voice; but this one was reported to be different. The family had been assembled.

It was late in the afternoon before Stephen got his chance of going to the house, where Dorothea was alone. She was in the kitchen with a piece of sewing crumpled in her hands. A glance at the contracted pupils of her eyes explained her listlessness and in a flash revealed to Stephen the nature of the drug she had been getting in her tonic. Though he had been expecting it, the confirmation of his suspicions left him aghast—that in the name of medicine a girl, young and lovely, should be thrust into the hell of morphinism by the criminal blindness of her own family!

He crashed the fist of one hand into the open palm of the other, took two or three turns about the room, went to the kitchen window and looked at the snowy landscape—white; white everywhere, smothering hills, roads, trees—all the visible world wrapped in its snowy winding sheet. Then he came to the girl, sitting still and listless, with the white desolation for her background.

As an alternative to the outward prospect there was the kitchen, in which the dismal futility of generations seemed to have been embalmed—the rag carpet, faded to a dingy nondescript; the wooden chairs, rubbed paintless by the uprisings and downsittings of multitudes of silent, brooding people. A saucer of canned blueberries and a piece of unbuttered bread stood on the extension table of the sewing machine. It had seemed to Dorothea easier to eat those than to stop to get dinner; but the bread and blueberries had not been easy to eat, and she had forgotten them.

Stephen tried to rouse her interest by talking of things that had happened before this apathy had taken hold of her. He talked of Lafayette—Doctor Tilford had told him what a companionable dog he had been—and about the time she had brought him to have his leg set

Her face, however, did not lose a shade of its impassivity as she answered: "Lafayette's dead."

"That must have been hard on you; one becomes so fond of a dog that's been one's childhood friend."

"He's better off out of his troubles." And Stephen could hardly repress a smile at the quaint turn of her pessimism.

"Wouldn't you like another dog? I know where I can put my hands on a collie, a splendid fellow; just the dog to go walking with you. Let me bring him, won't you?"

Her head was tilted backward, with the same immobility he had noticed in church; her eyes were dull, seemingly unseeing.

"What's the use?" she asked briefly. "He'd die too."

"Of course he will when his time comes, like you and me and all the rest of the world; but meantime let's be jolly. Let's have all the human friends and dog friends and fresh air and sunshine we can—and throw away every drop of medicine."

The heresy of this speech shocked Dorothea into protest:

"Why, I thought you were a doctor!"

"I hope I am; that's why I urge you to throw it away. Didn't you feel different before you began taking that Pelky stuff?"

"Yes, I did. I felt worse; things cut me up more. Now I don't care."

"You don't care, Dorothea, because that stuff you're taking is paralyzing your body and your will. Life is such a glorious thing, such a ripping game, its chances are worth all the struggle; and if you're beaten bide your time for the next chance."

He stopped, aware that, for the first time, his words had driven through those invisible mists by which her consciousness seemed to be perpetually clouded. Her eyes brightened; the languid tilt of the head shifted; she looked at him.

"Not much of the thing you're talking of gets back here—but once I used to feel it."

"There's a whole, great, splendid world of it lying out there!" He indicated the white crest of the hills. "A world of action, of inspiration! Don't you want to go away from this stifling gray fog—out there, with me?"

"Imagine the Pleasure of Making Up Your Mind Whether the Pain in Your Liver is Round or Triangular!"

Dorothea looked up at him, a sudden reality dawning in her face. Into this ghostly world, in which she had flitted a pale shadow among shadows, this—had come. The cup of life had found its way even to her. And with it came, for the first time, something of realization! Why had her life been passing in a dream—a dream within a dream? She brushed her hand across her forehead.

"I've felt that, 'way off here, the doors of everything have been shut on me."

"No! No, Dorothea; it rests with each of us whether the doors close. Only we can close them."

She continued to look up at him; and in the plaintive light of the declining day she seemed to send to him the mute appeal of something doomed.

"Poor little white flower!" said Stephen, and drew her to him.

He felt the beating of her lashes against his cheek, like the flight of a butterfly's wings. And then, from nowhere, there began to beat in his brain the galloping music of the Erl-King—the race with death through the storm. Dorothea, with her cheek against his, also seemed to be listening.

"Is there one of those mechanical musical contrivances upstairs playing? I hear music!"

"Oh, do you hear that? I hear it nearly all the time—the wild galloping; it frightens me. No; we haven't any musical instrument upstairs."

"Come with me now, Dorothea; you've not a moment to lose. Listen! Don't you hear it—the galloping that's gaining on you?"

"There! They've come; the family's here. I guess what we heard were the bells on the cutter! Isn't it awful? I haven't even begun to get supper!"

She Rushed at the Semidormant Old Couple and Shrieked the Terrible Tidings

II

TWO days later Stephen Lang made the astonishing discovery that the Nortons had taken Dorothea West to consult Pelky personally. And, as an expedition made up of "Grammar 'n' Granper," Lyddy Tucker and Dorothea was as representative a Babes-in-the-Woods gathering as it would be possible to muster, he started by the night train to follow them.

As he swung westward he recalled Tilford's parting words:

"My mistake and yours has been that we openly scoffed at the quack. Guile must be fought with guile; trickery with trickery. Pelky represents to them the supreme medical authority. We have openly flouted him; therefore, we're jealous!"

On arriving in the staring, flat-chested Middle Western town, Lang exercised more than ordinary precaution in guarding the object of his errand. The telephone book put him on the track of the two medium-sized rooms in a local business block; and the ground-glass panel of the first of these revealed in black letters the legend: Pelky Remedies.

Where did the forty assemble, advertised on every wrapper to sit in consultation with the deceased Pelky on all cases submitted to him by mail? The two offices could not have held them, nor the massive table, about which

(Continued on Page 33)

A PERMANENT INTRUDER

"'E's Not Worth Much, is 'E?' 'Not Much, Doc,' I Says. 'Just 'Is Weight in Gold, That's All'"

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

THE last thirty miles had been slid over somehow, and the car, sheathed in the mud of five counties, shot between brick gateposts and onto decent footing at last. I went into high gear, for the first time in hours it seemed to me, with a sigh of relief. The mile spin up the graveled drive was a humming flash, and soon I was getting out of my coat in the dusky paneled hall which bisects the house, clean as a knife cut, from front to back.

The man disappeared with my bags after telling me that Mr. and Mrs. Gregory were out on the place somewhere "huntin' mushrooms." I went to the dining room, poured myself a drink of raw Scotch, and then drifted, as one does at Brookfield, to the living room with its big open fire. I was halfway across the room when there came a hoarse rumble from the fireplace that nailed my feet to the floor.

"That-a-boy?" I said cheerfully, and took a step toward the fireplace.

There was another cavernous rumble.

"Now see here," I said with authority. "You stop this nonsense."

A gargoyle head was lifted from the bricks before the fireplace, a pair of bloodshot eyes were rolled in my direction and the rumble ceased. The eyes inspected me lazily and—I was glad to note this—without malice. Presently "Thump, thump" went a clublike tail on the bricks. At the invitation I advanced.

He was an astonishing thing to find in his present surroundings. He was huge, he was a tawny yellow, he had lost an ear. He had been arrived at through the haphazard matings of bull terriers, English bulls, mastiffs and heaven knows what else. Yet here he was, stretched comfortably before the living-room fire at Brookfield, where chickens, pigeons, cats, cattle, horses, and, above all, dogs, show an impeccable line of ancestors who made no steps aside.

He was a mystery, a friendly mystery after that first deep-throated challenge, and my curiosity grew as I examined the unlovely bulk of him. I wondered in what disreputable proceedings he had lost his ear. I wondered why four of his lower front teeth were gone. Most of all I wondered at his serene contentment; at his air of being perfectly at home.

At last I pushed his bullet head aside, pulled his one good ear, gave him a solid thump on the ribs and took my way to the kennels, and Peter, for an explanation.

"Peter," I said, while shaking hands, "why is that"—I hesitated—"bulldog allowed in the living room?"

Peter took his stumpy fingers from mine and grinned.

"You 'ad 'ard work gettin' it out, didn't you?" he said. "Oh, 'e belongs 'ere. 'Aven't you seen the people?"

"No," I replied. "They don't know I've come. He looks like bad medicine. I should think you'd be afraid he'd take hold of one of the setters."

"I was," said Peter thoughtfully—"at first. I put up a 'ell of a row about 'im. 'E come 'ere all along of horchids."

"Orchids!" I repeated. "What have orchids got to do with it?"

Peter indicated a sawhorse.

"'Ave a seat," he invited, and wadded a startling handful of fine cut into his mouth.

"You know," he began, after a necessary pause, "the missus was all for raisin' these 'ere horchids awhile back?"

I nodded.

"Well," said Peter, "we 'ad our troubles till it was over. Whilst we was goin' through this horchid business everything else was forgot. Why, she wouldn't come 'ere once a month, an' my first litters by Dumbbell bein' whelped at the time. I'd go up to the 'ouse after breakfast and I'd say: 'Beggin' your pardon, mem, but Sue Whitstone 'as nine grand ones by the little dog.'

"'Yes,' she'd say; 'that's fine, Peter. I'll come down in a little while—just as soon as I see Jerry.'

"Then she'd start for the green'ouses, an' 'er an' ole Jerry 'ud 'ave their 'eads together the rest of the day.

"For all Jerry's sweatin' an' stewin', though, an' 'er an' 'im readin' books an' such, it seemed like the horchids was too shifty for 'em. Jerry 'as been a good gardener in 'is time, but 'e 'adn't never messed with horchids an' 'e couldn't seem to get the 'ang of 'em somehow.

"Right in the midst of it comes woodcock season, an' I got the missus' Lampton twenty oiled up nice for 'er. The day before the season opened the mister tells me we'll go over to the big 'ollow after cock next mornin'.

"'We'll take Bang and Beau,' 'e says. 'We'll start at five o'clock.'

"'I've been workin' a pair of young Dumbbells on cock,' I says; 'an' while they're not finished yet they 'ave sweet noses on 'em—that Bang sets a 'ot pace for the missus.'

"'She's not going,' 'e says. 'She's too busy to get away.'

"'Well, I 'ardly expected it,' I says. 'She 'asn't looked in this direction for a month.'

"'Try flowers, Peter,' 'e says, grinnin' at me. 'Why don't you plant some nice geraniums along the runways?'

"Me an' the mister 'unted cock alone all that week an' the next. One noon we're 'aving a bite at the 'ickory grove spring.

"'Ow long now,' I says, 'do you think it'll last?'

"'Last?' 'e says. 'Why, ten days more, of course.'

"'I don't mean the season,' I says. 'I mean horchids.'

"'E was just reachin' for a sandwich, but 'e didn't take it. Instead 'e rolls in the leaves.

"'Don't ask me,' 'e says, settin' up with dead leaves in 'is 'air. 'She's sent to Scotland for an expert. 'E'll be 'ere soon, I fancy. Then we'll see some regular horchids. Cheer up, Peter; perhaps she'll let us wear one now and then.'

"Well, it was so. One day 'ere comes a specimin up the drive—it's a long-necked Scotchman with reddish 'air like. 'E 'as a shiny black 'amper in one 'and an' a bundle tied with rope in the other. At 'is 'eels was a yellow-'ided butcher's bull as big as 'e was ugly.

"'Where,' I says to 'im, 'did you find little Buttercup?'

"'Mon,' 'e says; 'will ye tell Missus MacGregor I'm hoom?'

"'I will that,' I says. 'I'll mention both of you to 'er. Stay 'ere till I'm back.'

"I found the missus in a green'ouse. 'Er sleeves was rolled up an' she 'ad loam on 'er 'ands an' face.

"'Mem,' I says, 'your horchid man 'as come with something that'll 'ave to be got off the place in a 'urry.'

"'Bring him 'ere to me, Peter,' she says; an' I done so. But first I 'ad 'im shut 'is dog in a runway.

"When we got to the green'ouse I points inside, an' Scotty an' 'is 'amper an' 'is bundle all goes in. 'E took a look at the missus.

"'Lassie,' 'e says; 'whur's your lady?'

"The missus give me a look out of the corner of her eye.

"'Won't I do?' she says.

"I must say this—Scotty, for all 'is long neck, surprised me. But then, 'e 'ad red 'air. 'E put down 'is 'amper an' 'is bundle.

"'Aye, lass,' 'e says; 'ye'll do, though soap an' watter would na harm ye.' With that 'e steps to the missus an' takes a kiss at 'er. An' whilst the missus turned 'er cheek to 'im, as I'm a livin' man she never moved an inch.

"'Thank you,' she says. 'Now what else can I do for you? I'm Mrs. Gregory.'

"Scotty looked at 'er close. 'Er rings was layin' on the window edge where she'd been diggin', an' the flash of 'em in the sunlight caught 'is eye. It 'it 'im all at once. Man, I'm tellin' you it was 'ard to tell where 'is face stopped and 'is 'air begun. Next 'e grabbed up 'is 'amper an' 'is bundle an' out an' away 'e went. 'E climbed the stone wall at the edge of the south lawn an' 'is coat tails goin' over it was the last we ever saw of 'im. The missus come to the green'ouse door an' watched 'im streak it across the lawn.'

"'E seems to be going, Peter,' she says, an' 'er eyes was dancin' in 'er 'ead.

"'E 'as that appearance, mem,' I says.

"She looked anxious all of a sudden.

"'E'll surely come back, won't 'e?' she says. 'I paid his passage from Aberdeen.'

"'Beggin' your pardon, mem,' I says, 'but just at the wall there 'e didn't strike me, take it all in all, like a person who 'ad 'opes of returning.' Then I remembered something.

"'Oh, Lord!' I says. 'E's went an' left Buttercup.'

"'Buttercup?' says the missus. 'What's Buttercup?'

"'If the horchids,' I says, 'could get on by themselves, mem, whilst you're walkin' down to the kennels,' I says, 'you can see for yourself.'

"She 'adn't nothing to say to that an' we started for the kennels.

"'Peter,' she says all of a sudden, 'I 'aven't treated you very well lately. I'm sorry.'

"'Who am I to complain, mem?' I says.

"'I'm going for woodcock to-morrow,' she says. 'But, Peter,' she says, 'this mustn't get out you know—I'd never 'ear the last of it.'

"We'd got to the runways by now. Buttercup was in Number Four an' I 'eaded for it.

"'Ave no fear of me, mem,' I says. 'But,' I says, stoppin' at the runway gate, 'what's to be done with 'im? 'E'll need a lot of explainin'.'

"Buttercup was settin' on 'is 'unkers, lookin' mournful an' lettin' a kind of low thunder come off 'is chest.

"'"'Eavens, what a brute!' says the missus. 'Where did 'e come from?'

"'"'E belonged,' I says, 'to our late friend from Scotland. 'E don't seem to like the climate 'ere, does 'e?'

"'This is dreadful, Peter,' she says. 'What'll we do with 'im?'

"'Give him away to somebody,' I says, 'for a pet.'

"'But his master may come for him,' she says. 'Then what?'

"'Tell 'im,' I says, 'that somebody kissed 'im and 'e run off.'

"'You're impertinent, Peter!' she says. 'Open that gate!'

"'Yes, mem,' I says, an' put my 'and to the gate latch. With that Buttercup goes plumb crazy. 'E let out a roar 'an 'it the gate like a tornado.

"'Oh, that's the way you feel about it, is it?' I says. Then I went to the carpenter shop and got me a piece of lead pipe about two foot long.

"'What are you going to do, Peter?' says the missus when I'm back.

"'I'm goin' in,' I says, 'an' explain about 'is disposition to 'im.'

"'No, no,' she says. 'Just let 'im alone for a while. Get water to 'im somehow, then drive to town as fast as you can and find 'is master. If you find him, telephone me.'

"I done what she said, but I couldn't find 'ide nor 'air of Scotty until I thought of the junction a mile this side of town. I drove out there, an' the man at the tower told me Scotty 'ad climbed the noon train goin' east when she stopped for water.

"'I suspicioned 'im at the time,' the tower man tells me. 'E 'ad a couple of queer lookin' bundles an' a wild look. What's 'e done?'

"'E's a kissin' bug,' I says, and drove 'ome to tell the missus.

"Well, that left Buttercup on our 'ands. I was for puttin' a charge of shot in 'is ugly 'ead, but the missus wouldn't 'ear of it. She says that Scotty may send for 'im.

"'An' suppose 'e does,' I says. 'Who'll get 'im out of there an' ship 'im?'

"'I thought you were a dog trainer,' says the missus.

"'I am,' I says; 'I'm just that. But I'm no lion tamer. An' then suppose 'e don't send for 'im—will 'e live an' die in a runway?'

"'No,' she says; 'I'm going to 'andle 'im myself. 'E'll be fond of me in a month, Peter.'

"I done all I could to change 'er mind, but she wouldn't listen, an' she tells me not to feed Buttercup nothin' that day.

"The next morning she's 'ere bright an' early with a package of meat. The dog is back in 'is kennel an' all you can see of 'im is 'is green eyes shinin', but you can 'ear 'im easy enough, if you go up to the gate.

"The missus stands by the runway an' begins a conversation with 'im.

"'Then She Sets an' Talks to 'Im, an' After a While 'E Puts 'Is Ugly Mug in 'Er Lap"

"'What's the matter?' says the missus. 'Lonesome?'

"'Gr-r-r-rh!' says Buttercup.

"'Come out an' get acquainted,' says the missus.

"'Gr-r-r-rh!' says Buttercup; an' that's the way it goes.

"'You want 'im out of there, mem?' I says after a while.

"'Yes,' she says. 'I'd like to have 'im come 'ere to the fence.'

"'That can be arranged,' I says. I stepped up to the gate an' rattled the catch, an' 'e come out all right. 'E kep' comin' too, till 'e 'it the gate, an' 'e tried to tear it down when 'e got there.

"The missus flinched back a step or two. I didn't blame 'er neither.

"'Better let me put a charge of shot in 'im an' get it over with, mem,' I says.

"But she looks at me as pleased as Punch.

"'Why, Peter,' she says; 'I wouldn't miss it for anything. Isn't he splendid? It's just what you said it was—lion-taming.'

"She throws the meat over the fence, tells me not to feed the dog, an' goes up to the 'ouse. Anybody could see she was 'aving the time of 'er life.

"She comes every day for a week with meat, or dog cakes, or something, an' puts in an hour with Buttercup; but it never fazed 'im. 'E 'ad the worst disposition on 'im I ever saw. She'd set by the gate an' call 'im a lamb an' such, an' 'im ragin' inside with 'is back like a 'air-brush.

"Despite what she'd told me, she tells the whole business to the mister, an' never warned me neither. So when 'e asks me about Buttercup I horiginates 'ow the horchid man, not likin' the place, 'ad left without 'is dog.

"'Why didn't 'e like it 'ere?' 'e says when I'm done.

"'"E didn't say,' I says. '"E just left 'urriedly.'

"'Is eyes crinkled up the way they do when 'e's tickled.

"'"Urriedly, eh?' 'e says. 'I think that describes it. Talk some more, Peter; I like to 'ear you.'

"'She's told you,' I says. 'An' never let me know.'

"'Well, anyway,' 'e says, 'I think we're through with horchids. But be careful, Peter; lion-taming is all right if it isn't overdone, you understand?'

"I shows 'im the butt of a thirty-eight stickin' out of my 'ip pocket.

"'If the fence should 'appen to bust,' I says, 'we'll lose a lion round 'ere sudden.'

"'Exactly,' 'e says, an' goes over to the cattle barns.

"Well, the lion-tamin' goes on as usual for a week or so more, an' then 'er work begun to tell. 'E got so 'e begun to look for 'er when ten o'clock came, which was the time she always showed up.

"Buttercup give 'er a growl or two just to show 'e 'adn't lost 'is voice, but 'e left the gate alone an' 'e begun to listen to what she 'ad to say.

"One day she 'olds a piece of meat in 'er 'and an' pokes it through the fence. 'E looks at it an' then looks away like 'e 'asn't no interest in meat.

"'Come on!' she says. 'You know you want it.'

"'Gr-r-r-rh!' 'e says, an' took another look at the meat.

"They argued about it for a while, but 'e wouldn't touch it. Next day she done the same thing, an' at last 'e come up careful, grabbed the meat, takes it back in the runway an' drops it.

"'Very good!' she says. 'But never snatch; it's not polite. Aren't you going to eat it?'

"'"E Climbed the Stone Wall an' 'Is Coat Tails Goin' Over It Was the Last We Ever Saw of 'Im"'

"'"E smelled it an' then ate it an' come back for more. I don't think 'e ever growled at 'er after that.

"'When 'e wags 'is tail, Peter, I'm going in,' she says, an' that's what she done. She 'ad fed 'im by 'and for quite a while. Then one morning she was late an' 'e stood at the fence lookin' up the drive toward the 'ouse. After a while 'e give a whine or two, an' all of a sudden 'is tail begun to go. I looked up the drive an' 'ere she come.

"'E stood up on 'is 'ind legs pawin' at the gate when she got there, 'is tail as busy as a bee.

"'Good morning, Big Boy!' she says. An' before ever I knowed what she was at she opened the gate an' stepped in. I 'ollered an' run for it, but she shut it in my face.

"'You stay outside with your fine large revolver,' she says. I didn't know she 'ad noticed the gun till then.

"She goes to feedin' 'im by 'and, a piece at a time. 'E grabbed at the first one, an' I'm tellin' you now she give 'im a slap on the nose.

"'Table manners!' she says, an' 'e took the rest more careful. When 'e'd ate it all she 'ad me get 'er a chair. Then she sets an' talks to 'im, an' after a while 'e puts 'is ugly mug in 'er lap.

"Well, that ended the lion-tamin'. But 'e 'ad to be shut up for fear 'e'd kill a real dog for us, an' the missus took 'im out on leash every day. She'd go way over in the fields with 'im an' let 'im run there, an' I will say 'e minded 'er good.

"I 'ated the sight of 'im at the kennels, moreespecial when dog men came to see my stuff. Chuck Sellers, 'e visited me once, an' I was goin' down the runways with 'im.

"'This,' I says, pointin' to a dog we'd just brought over, 'is the Duke of Kent. We himported 'im for an outcross on the Roderigo blood. 'Andsome, ain't 'e?'

"'Yes,' says Chuck, an' looks over in the next runway where the big mongrel was kep'. 'What are you goin' to do with Count Cesspool?' 'e says. 'Raise little 'ippopotamuses?'

"I got so I 'ated the big slob like a skunk, but the missus wouldn't get rid of 'im. She says that Scotty may send for 'im; but that wasn't it. You see 'e would 'ave bit a leg off any but 'er that monkeyed with 'im, an' she knowed it an' it tickled 'er.

"'E 'ad been on the place three months or so when one day 'ere comes a man from the cattle barns on the run.

"'Get a gun quick an' come on!' 'e 'ollers. 'The Regent is loose.'

"'E meant Cordova Regent. You've 'eard of 'im, I expect—the worst Jersey bull that ever stood on four feet.

"'That's a fine business,' I says. 'Who let 'im loose?'

"'We tried to put another ring in 'is nose an' 'e broke the ropes,' 'e says. '"Urry up!'

"I grabbed an automatic from the kennel gun rack with an 'andful of shells, an' started for the barns. As I went down the runways I banged into an open gate. It was Buttercup's runway, so 'e was out with the missus somewhere, an' I cussed 'im an' run on.

"I run through the dairy 'ouse, thinkin' to go out the back way an' save time. Well, the back door was locked, 'eaven knows why, so I come out again an' went round.

"At the barnyard was the men, some up on sheds, some on the straw stack, an' one or two on the barn. They 'ad clubs an' such, but I didn't see nobody on the ground.

"There was a panel of the barnyard fence tore down, an' the Regent was trottin' across the fields toward a bunch of cows, shakin' 'is big black 'ead an' bellerin'.

"Then something came up out of the 'ollow just ahead of the Regent. It was the missus an' she 'ad her back to 'im, an' then I lost my mind.

(Concluded on Page 86)

THE BUSHER ABROAD

Tokio, Kobe, Naggasak, Schang High, Honk Honk and Vanila

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I Wouldent of Ett Nothing if I Had of Been Starved to Deth

on the Ship bord. Dec. 8.

FRIEND AL: Well old Pal wear threw with japan and now wear on our way to china and we just left kobe a bout 2 hrs. a go and I been laying down takeing a rest for a bout 1 hr. and ½ because I dident get no sleep last night. the 2 ball clubs and the reporters thats a long with us stuck in Yokohama and tokio yest. and played a couple games out to the collige wile the rest of the party come over to Kobe on the Ship bord and I wisht Mcgraw and Callahan had of left me come with the rest of the party and then I would of got a nights rest but insted of that I had to stick a round with the ball players tho I just pitched only the day before yest. and all as I did yest. was watch them play and hit a few fungos and then we had to take the train from tokio to Kobe last night and thats why I dident get no rest because the births on this here japan train wasent never build for no big stropping man like I but was build for little scrimps like Bush of the Detroit club or may be some dorf out of a Muzeem. They was a bout 5 ft. in lenth and may be 1 ft. in breath and I tride to lay in 1 of them and got all cramped up and steve Evans come a long by my birth and says what was the matter and I says I guess Id half to cut my legs off a bout the knees to lay in this here birth and he says You better cut off some thing you dont use. Cut off your head. I guess he ment how could I stand in the box and pitch or run a round the bases when I got a hold of 1 if I dident have no legs. well I give up trying to sleep and got up and set up all night and onct in a wile I took a little nap seting up but a man dont get no real reat when you set up. And all as it took us to get from tokio to Kobe was 14 hrs. and its a bout as far like it is from Chicago to Detroit. Well Al Im glad we dont have these here japan R.R. in the american League or we would be ½ the season going from Boston to st. Louis.

well we finely got to Kobe but 1st. I want to tell you a bout the banquit the night before last night and a bout the games yest. The banquit was gave by americans that live in Yokohama the poor suckers and evry body made speeches and finely I was ast to get up and reslte my pone only Id wrote it in such a hurry that they wasent no lenth to it but pretty good at that and I will coppy it off:

The White Sox and the N. Y. giants
Are going a round the world.
play games in the diffrunt countrys
All a round the world.

We played a game this P. M.
And I pitched for the N. Y. team
but the luck of the base ball game
Broke against me it seems.

I went in there with a sore arm
And couldent raze it a bove my head.
But Mcgraw ast I should pitch.
what more could be said.

Next time I face against the White Sox
I hope I will be in form
And then we will see what hapens
When theys 0 the matter with my arm.

But now we all want to say
Your well come to us is grate
and we will tell the boys how kind you were
In the United States.

Well Al it brot down the Hotel where the banquit was at and it looked for a minut like Id half to get up and say it over but they seen I was all tired out from working 9 inn. with my arm in such shape like that so they left me set down. we got to bed late and it certunly felt fine sleeping in a bed on the dry ground and not no Ocean water under you and sharks atacking the Ship. I over slept my self and wasent up yest. A. M. when the rest of the party left on the Ship bord for Kobe and I had to hussle to get drest in time to go out to the collige and in the A. M. Callahan and Mcgraw picked a team out from all the ball players and played against the japan collige team and they played ball just a bout like all the collige teams I ever seen and I was glad I wasent in there pitching against them or I would of felt like a murder. our club beat them 16 to 8 and it could of been 100 and then we ett our lunch at the collige and in the P. M. the White Sox give the giants an other triming and the score was 12 to 9 and if I couldent win a game with 9 runs behind me I would quite pitching and shin shoes or some thing. But some of these here pitchers havent got nothing but there name and a dress and Hern that pitched for the N. Y. giants says he had a sore arm but where would he get a sore arm when he hadent did nothing for 2 wks. accept sale acrost the Ocean. I guess probily a fish bit his arm hey Al. Some of these here would be a pitchers all ways have a alley buy when they loose a ball game and when they loose a ball game it aint never there falt but its some body else falt or they got a sore arm or a pane in there stumick or some thing.

but I wisht you could of been out there and seen the way the peopl act it and they wasent no seats for them in the bleachers but they set down on mats with there legs under them like a taylor or some thing and they dident holler like a reglar crowd and I guess may be they was dissapointed on acct of me not pitching and the peopl that wasent out there the day before when I pitched was sore but at that I shouldent never ought to of went in there the way my arm was. Well after the game we road a round and seen the sites and had supper and then we catched the train for Kobe like I told you a bout only we could of let the train get 50 miles from the town and then ran after it and catched it.

We got in Kobe at 9 a clock A. M. this morning and most of the boys made a monkey of them self buying Kumonnas to take home to there wife and other junk but Florries all ready got 2 Kumonnas that must be O. K. because she wares them all the wile so I dident buy nothing and I was glad of it after words because just before we was leaveing this P. M. all the ladys in the party was gave a baskit of flowers and I got 1 to and I will ship it to Florrie from china and I guess thats better then Kumonnas.

The rest of the party got to Kobe a bout noon and we joined them on the Ship bord and now wear all to gather again bound tords china. we will still be on the Ship bord yet for 2 more days and I will write you an other letter tommorow and male the both of them this 1 and the 1 I write tommorow to gather.

Your pal. Jack.

on the Ship bord. Dec. 10.

OLD PAL: Well old Pal I dident write you no letter yest. on acct of us landing and I dident know we was going to land any wheres but we land it at a place name Naggasak or some thing in the P. M. and fooled a round til a bout 2 a clock this A. M. and I got in to my birth a bout 3 and now its pretty near noon and I just got threw with my breakfast.

we stoped at this here Naggasak to buy some cole for the Ship because wear libel to run in to some cold weather at china and they say this here place we stoped at it is the fastest coleing station in the world and we stood on the porch a long wile watching them put cole on the Ship bord and they must of been a 1000000 japans men wommen and childern passing cole up the side of the Ship bord and the wommen was the mens wife and there childern and what do you think of a man that would make his wife and childern work a long with him and it would be just like as if I was to make Florrie and little Al help me only of coarse I dont need no help when Im pitching.

Then they was a bunch of pedlers come on the Ship bord and tride to sell us some more junk and some of the boys fell for it but Im going to hold on to my money til theys some thing worth spending for it and not no Turtles shells like the boys was buying today and when you get them what can you do with them and they aint no more use then if I was to throw a spit ball when my fast 1 and my curve is working good. And some of the boys took a ride a round the town but I stuck here on the Ship bord and rest it. dutch Schaefer come in to my birth room last night and we laughed and joked and I rosted him a bout he not knowing that the R. R. was not runing no more from japan to the US and he took my kiding O. K. because I dident make it to raw. And he seen the baskit of flowers in my birth room and ast me what was I going to do with them and I says what do you supose Im going to do with them eat them and he says No I thot may be you was going leave them go to seed and then plow your shirt boozem up and start a garden and I says No Im not going to start no garden but Im going to male them home partial post to my wife from china and Schaefer says she will be glad to get them but you better write a note on the out side of the packige and tell the male carier to water them evry day or 2 on the way over so Schaefer raped up the flowers for me in a packige and left a hole in it so as theys a place to sqirt water on them and wrote on the out side for the male man to water them only of coarse it will be a hole lot of diffrunt male men that handles them before they get to Chicago and Schaefer wrote the note in china japan and englich so as they would all under stand it and may be they wont have time to put no water on them but if they dont Florrie wont care when she gets them because she will see Im thinking a bout her water or no water.

Well Al it looks like I would starve wile wear in china because I wont be able to eat none of there meat because Schaefer says all as they have is chop suys and over here in china they put rats in it and I says Well you wont get me to eat no chop suye with rats in it and Schaefer says Well then you will starve to deth because thats all you will get in the line of meat and did you ever taste rats and I says No and I wont never taste them nether and Schaefer says you dont know what your mising because when a rats been plucked and the rat poson tooken out of there cistern they aint no sweeter meat you can get a hold of accept may be mole stake. But I dont care weather its sweet or saur you wont catch me eating no rat meat and may be seting up my stumick again.

Schaefer and Evans has been lerning me a few words in china and there harder to lern then the japan words and I only lerned a few just enough to get a long with if I hapened to be a lone by my self a way from the rest of the party. When you want to say Wheres the Hotel you say Lie Hung Schang only of coarse that aint the fellow that catchs for the Athaletics and if a man pitched right to him he wouldent hit 1 out of the infield. And when you want to say how do do to 1 of them you say Chink Chink china man and if they ast me what position do I play I say Me velly bushy and that means Im a pitcher and if they ast me what club am I with I say Chi White sockee Tong. And when you want to say good by to 1 of them you say Go belly. Aint them crazy words Al and a man that lerns the hole languige must be a wonder only

of coarse some of them dont never lern nothing else but beggins to talk china when there still babys yet but Im glad little Al wont half to lern to talk by talking china because it must be hard enough for a baby to lern plane englich when your nothing but a baby.

Well Al may be I can eat a little some thing now and Im going to eat all as I can hold before we get to china where I wont be able to eat no meat and for all as I know they put some thing in there potatos to may be gravey made out of parish green or some thing.

Tommorow we will be in Schang High and I will write you what comes off and I will male this here letter Im writeing now a long with the other 1 I all ready wrote from Schang High and the flowers for Florrie.

Your pal. Jack.

on the Ship bord. Dec. 12.

AL: Well Al wear all threw with Schang High and now wear on our way to Honk Honk and we left Schang High last night and was only there 1 day and we get to Honk Honk the next day after tommorow and we stay there 1 day and then wear threw with china for good and I will be glad of it on acct of you cant eat nothing in china with out your takeing a chanct of geting posoned and Im glad we can have the most of our meals on the Ship bord because I wont eat none of that china dope and the rest of them can be suckers if they have a mind.

Well we got in to Wooze Hung yest. A. M. and then we got off of the Umpires of japan and got a bord of the tender boat and road to Schang High and we got there a bout ½ past 10 in the A. M. and they was a comitty to meet us down to the Doc and they was members of the china amature B. B. league and Evans says to me Well you should ought to feel at home a round here and I says Why and he says because theys so many amature ball players and they took us up to the aster House Hotel and we ett our lunch there and then we was geting ready for the game but Mcgraw made the miss take and told Callahan that I was going to pitch and Callahan ast me how did my arm feel and I says it felt grate. It beggin to sprinkle a few drops and Callahan called the game off and I guess you know why Al because if I had of went in there feeling good I would of made them look like a rummy and Callahan portended like he was sorry a bout the rain but if it hadent of rained I bet he would of hired the fire dept. to go out and wet the grounds up so as we couldent play. It shows you Al that Callahan knows how lucky the White Sox was to beat me in tokio and I bet by now Callahans sore he ever lended me to Mcgraw for this trip.

Well when the game was called off we went a round the town site seen and that shows you how much it was raining and if the sun had of been shineing Callahan would of said it was to hot to play or some thing but they wont be excusses for him all the wile and may be tommorow I will be able to get in there and give them a showing up and Im glad that the White Sox is not the reglar White Sox but some out siders a long with them because I would not feel like pitching my best against my own club.

Yest. P. M. we seen the sites as I say and after words they ast us to have some lunch in the Hotel only they call it tifin and thats because there a shamed to call it lunch on acct of the stuff they give you and I was hungery as a bare but I wouldent of ett nothing if I had of been starved to deth and they dident have no meat just sand witchs and cake and that stuff and I thot may be it might be all O. K. but Schaefer says the sand witchs was made from out of poson ivey only it aint as poseń is the kind at home and dont have no affect on some peopl but it pretty near kills other people and Schaefer says he had tride it before and it dident hurt him but it might may be hurt me a little only he did not think it would hurt me much but I wasent going to take no chance. And the cakes was frost it with leather from the china landry soap Schaefer told me. But he says it wasent nothing like the soap at home and why dident I try some and I says No thanks I dont care for no soap and he says I thot so. Then he says Why dont you talk china to some of these peopl and I says a few words to them in china and they just set there and did not say nothing with there mouth open like a fish or some thing. So when we was leaveing I says Go helly and Callahan says you better be care full or some body will stick a knife in to you talking like that way and then I told him what it ment and he had to laugh at hum self because he thot I was insulting them or some thing.

Well Al when we get to Honk Honk we will be threw with the Umpires of japan thats the Ship we been rideing on ever since we left the US and the capt of the Ships going to give us a fair well banquit tommorow night and he should ought to do some thing after us giveing him them tips when we got off of the boat at Yokohama and Evans says wear suposed to give the capt and the rest of the crews some more tips when we say good by to the Ship at Honk Honk but I cant do that on acct of all the money I got is japan money and if the Ship is going back to the US after it leaves us what would the crews do with yen and sen but insted of giveing them some more tips Im going to write an other of my pones to speak at the banquit and before I get threw Al I guess I will be able to write poultry as good is I pitch. Only this time insted of a pone a bout our party or the trip I will pay a complimunt to the capt and the crews of the Ship.

So long old Pal for this time.

your Pal. Jack.

on the Ship bord. Dec. 16.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I guess its a bout time I was writeing you a letter again and I promused I would write 1 evry day but the day after I wrote you the last time we was busy packing up our stuff to get off of the Umpires of Japan and then that night they was the banquit and the next day we was in Honk Honk and we all had to get our self vaxinated and that night we got a bord of this boat the St. Allbums and now wear on our way to Vanila and the Philip Bean ilands and I would of wrote you yest. only I got lonesom thinking a bout Florrie and little Al and just think Al I havent herd nothing from them since we was in Yokohama and then it was 2d. hand it you might say. Some of the boys got some male in Honk Honk but letters has got to be a drest in china hand writeing when you get them there and Florrie dont know nothing a bout that so probily she wrote me a letter there and I dident get it but I will may be get 1 in Vanila. Or they may be dead for all as I know. But any way I sent them some post cards from Honk Honk.

Well Al I will tell you whats been going on since the last time I wrote to you and 1st. comes the banquit that the capt of the Umpires of japan give us and they was the usul speechs and storys and Schaefer and the boys sung a song and then I got up and pulled what Id wrote a bout the capt and the crews and I will coppy it down.

Boys its time to say good by
To the capt and the crewe
of the Umpires of japan
Evry 1 of them a man.

They give us grand treatmunt
Wile we was on the bord of there Ship
And add to the pleasure
Of the grate B. B. trip.

Wear sorry to leave you boys
You done the best you could
And if any miss takes was made.
You was doing the best you could.

A man cant do evry thing.
Thats not to be expected.
And as long as you was trying
what more could be expected.

So by gones is by gones boys
And now that we must part.
We wish you all the luck in the world
Is the wish from the bottom of my heart.

I Bet I Took Off to the Tripeing the Life Fantastic

I Was Pretty Near Rosted to Deth With Them Cloths On

Well Al I thot they wouldent never stop yeling when I got threw and the capt got up out of his seat and thanked me and says he appresiated my pone more then the tip I give him when we got off of the Ship at Yokohama and he was all choked up when he was talking and I guess some of the wommen in the party broke down and cride because I could hear them snuffeling and the banquit broke up after that and we all went to bed to get some sleep and the next morning when we woke up we was at Honk Honk and geting ready to land when some brittich oficers clumb on the bord of the Ship and says we all got to be vaxinated just like we was all kids or some thing and Mcgraw and Callahan made a kick but the oficers says they was small Pox in Honk Honk and did we want to get a hold of it so we all had to get vaxinated and I says I did not feel like pitching the game that P. M. so I thot I would stay on the bord of the Ship but come to find out we couldent stay on the Ship on acct of it leaveing us there so I had to get off and I feel O. K. so far Al and I guess I dident catch no small Pox or nothing because here its been 2 days since we was in Honk Honk and not no marks on me accept the spot where I was vaxinated at.

Well we went to the Hotel and the boys ett there lunch and I did not eat nothing and Callahan says Why not and says You must think Im a rummy or some thing and its bad enough to eat them rats and things when they aint got small Pox on them and he says I wisht you was as care full a bout your pitching as you are a bout evry thing else and I says You will see weather I can pitch or not pitch this P. M. and he shut up. But Mcgraw wouldent leave me pitch the game on acct of them not chargeing no money to get in to the park and besides most of the people out to the game was brittich solders from england and Mcgraw says he would not waist me on people that did not under stand the game and besides that did not pay to get in so I set on the bench and the giants beat the White Sox 7 to 4 and thats the 1st game the giants has win on the trip since we left the US and they was lucky to win this 1 and shouldent never ought to of scored only Scott pitched against them and dident have nothing but his glove.

Well after the game we got on the tender boat and went out and got on this boat the St. Allbums and started for Vanila and when I come to put on my evening dress cloths for supper I found out I dident have no dress shirt and I looked all over the place for it and finely Callahan loned me 1 of his and hes got 2 of them but Id like to know whot be come of mine and if some body run off with it and steve Evans say Dident you make a miss take and leave it in 1 of them landrys at Honk Honk and I says No I did not and he says may be 1 of them brittich oficers seen it and sent it to the pest house thinking it had small pox on acct of the white spots on it but he was just jokeing and ether some cheap stiff copped on to it or else it was stole. I guess I was swareing and cusing a little a bout it and Evans says do you feel bad a bout it and I says Yes why not and he says Well you want to remember that the man that got it feels a hole lot worst. He ment he was probily a shamed of

him self. Callahans shirt is O. K. accept its like mine and hasent got no buttons in the boozem nothing but button holes and the man or who ever was it that took my shirt took a long them little black tax that you get from the landry and I buttoned my own shirt with them and I have not got none of them left to stick in Callahans shirt but my neck ty covers the boozem all most up.

Well Al I certunly put some thing over on the rest of the bunch Al and I bet theyll be sore when they find it out. All the rest of them got there japan money changed to US money at Honk Honk because US money is the reglar money in the Philip Bean hands and now come to find out the japan money is worth 4 times its reglar price in the Philip Bean hands and they will give me $10 00 dollars for what I got and in japan and china it isent only worth $2 and ½. Evans was teling me a bout it tonight and he wanted I should sell him my 5 yens for $8.00 and I told him to go and take a jump in to the Ocean only it aint no Ocean but the china Sea wear rideing threw now. I guess Im a rummy or something hey Al.

Well we get to Vanila tommorow and theys a hole lot of americans there and Megraws promused Im going to pitch and my arm feels grate. I cant hardily wait til we get to Vanila not on acct of me going to pitch but I bet may be theyll surely be a letter for me.

Your old pal. Jack.

on the Ship bord. Dec. 17.

AL: What time do you think it is Al and here I am writeing you a letter at ½ past 6 in the morning and we will be in Vanila in 2 hrs. Well Al weve had some exitemunt on the bord and I been up since 5 and now its to late to go back to bed again so Im writeing you this letter to tell you what come off.

steve Evans come to my room about 5 and awoke me up and says let me in so I got up and let him in and he come in and samed the door and locked it and I says Whats the matter is they bergers on the boat and he says No theys some thing worst then bergers and he was so scurred he couldent say nothing for a while. And then he told me what it was and heres what it was Al. 1 of the night watch men was going by dutch Schaefers birth room a bout ½ past 4 and he herd some thing in there and he tride the door and the door come open and he went in and Schaefer was squeeking like a rat and nawing on the door and when the watch man come in Schaefer squeeked at him and trued to bite him and the watch come runin out and for got to shut the door and Schaefer come out after him and chassed him and the watch men got a way and then Schaefer run to Evans room and done some more squeeking out side of the door and Evans got up and come out and seen who was it and Schaefer made a grab at him like he was going to bite him and Evans got back in his room and locked the door and then hollered threw the key hole and ast Schaefer what was the matter. And Schaefer says they wasent nothing the matter but he must have some cheese. So then Evans come and give me warning and says I should keep my door locked because it was me Schaefer was after and I dident believe it at 1st. but pretty soon sure enough we herd a noise out side of the door and squeeking like a rat and Evans says he would open the door and see if he could catch Schaefer and lock him up and Evans started for the door to unlock it open and I grabbed him and throwed him on to the bed and set on him and pretty soon some body hollered in from out side of the door and says evry thing was O. K. and the Dr. had got a hold of Schaefer and tooken him to his room. So I got off of Evans and opened the door and Joe Farrell come in and says the danger was all over and we ast him what was the matter and he told us what the Dr. says and the Dr. says Schaefer must of got some rat poson from that meat he was eating in Honk Honk but the Dr. give him some anicdotes and he was all O. K. now but if he had went a little longer before the Dr. got a hold of him he would of had a bad atack of what they call rat hiderofobeya and he might of bit some body else and they would of got it and pretty soon every body on the bord of the Ship would of been contajus. You see Al what suckers them fellows was that ett that china dope and may be it was the poson ivey in them sand witchs only of coarse it must of been the chop suy or he wouldent of squeeked like a rat and nawed at them bords. We made up our mind that we wouldent say nothing a bout it to the wommen in the party because what would be the use scarring them now its all over and wommens libel to have histerks when they get scarred and there scarred easy no matter how many big stropping men like I they got on the Ship bord to see that nothing dont hapen to them. And wear not going to say nothing to Schaefer a bout it on acct of the Dr. teling us that he probily never knowed what come off but thot he was in bed all the wile and Evans wanted I should go in and help Schaefer pack his things up but I told him a bout me haveing to write you this letter and besides Schaefer probily got packed up before he went to bed. But it shows you what suckers they was Al eating that chop suy and I wisht I was to your house in Bedford to get my breakfast this A. M. and injoying some of Berthas Pan cakes that they aint no poson ivey or rats in it. Only just sour milk and suggar and butter and what ever else they is in it. We must be geting pretty clost to Vanila and I will half to get my things to gather.

Your pal. Jack.

on the Ship bord. Dec. 19.

OLD PAL: Well wear on the Ocean again after being a round Vanila for 2 days and so much come off that it will take me a long wile to tell you all a bout it but 1st. and 4 most I want to tell you a bout the ball game and probily you will see it in the papers because we got 2 reporters a long with us but they will give me the worst of it like usul and I want you should know the truth. This here Megraw dont know no more a bout manageing a ball club than a rabbit or some thing and he must of had a hole lot of luck to win all them penants only the day before yest. he dident have none of the luck because the White Sox had all of it. You see Al the air in the Philip Bean ilands is all ways muggy and it gets the ball wet and damp and heavy and a man cant brake his curve good and your fast 1 wont hop for you. So Megraw should ought to of picked Faber or Wiltse or this here Hern to pitch because they havent none of them got nothing any way so what diffrunts does it make if the airs muggy but take a man like I and the balls got to feel light in your hands or I cant get no hop on it or brake my curve sharp. I had a nosion to tell Megraw a bout it before the game ever started but I seen what a bunch of americans they was out to the park and I says to my self rather then dissapoint the crowd I will go in there and stall threw the game but I knowed all the wile that I wouldent be no good and not have nothing. But I went in there and I seen right a way that my speed and hook wasent no good on acct of the air so I just slopped them up there slow 1 after slow 1 and of coarse when you give them a slow 1 all the time theyll finely crack 1 on you unlest you mix them up with your curve and fast 1 and I couldent do that on acct of the air and honest Al the ball felt like 1 of these here shots that them college willy boys put in there athaletic meats. But at that they had to have a horse shoe to score off of me and it wasent none of Callahans own men that done nothing but the guys he got off of the other clubs to make the trip and if it had of been the real White Sox I could of shut them out even if the ball had of been heavy is Ping Bodie.

Well Al we went a long neck in neck for 5 inings and then Benz give Larry Doyle a fast 1 right over the middle and Larry busted it inside of 1st base and then Daly has a boot and Slight gets a past ball and we score and I supose evry body thot I would win easy with 1 run because they dident know nothing a bout me not being able to use my fast 1 or hook so in the 7th. Doyle and Merkle booted a couple behind me and put 2 on and they was 2 out and Crawford come up and I looked over to the bench and sined to Megraw should I walk him and Megraw shook his head no so what could I do but stick them over there with out no more on them then little Al when hes takeing a bath only of coarse he dont take no bath but some body gives them to him. So Crawford gets a hold of 1 and busts it to right field and it should ought to of been a single and only 1 run scored but this here Indian Thorp thot he had to kick it all over the park to show the Philip Beans what a foot ball player he is and before the ball come back Crawford was on 3d. base and the other 2 had scored and we was a run behind and thats how it wound up but we could of tide it up in the 9th. when Doolan was on 3d. base and 2 down and my turn to hit and Megraw takes me out and sends up this here left hander Wiltse and he popped up and the game was over and honest Al if I couldent hit what Benz was throwing up there and brake down the fence I would take my uneform off and sell it to a old cloths man or charitty. I been reading a bout this here Megraw and what a grate mgr. and all that ever since I was a ft. high and come to find out he dont know no more a bout manageing then 1 of these here waiters and if you dont give them a $.25 cent tip they get sore and next time you come in to there place there libel to stick parish green in your soup bold.

Then they was an other game yest. besides the 1 the day before yest. and the White Sox win the game yest. to and they played it in the rain because Callahan knowed I had pitched the day before so they wasent no chanct of me pitching again but if theyd been a chanct of me pitching you can bet he would of called the game off on acct of the rain.

Well Al we come in to Vanila the day before yest. in the A. M. and I guess I told you a bout Schaefer haveing that atack and he was all O. K. again when we got off of the Ship bord and I kept a way from him for fear I would may be for get my self and say some thing a bout he being sick. They was a band on the Doc to meet us and when we got off they played the stars and strips and Hale to Columbus and all them tunes and it made a man feel kind a home sick hearing them tunes way over here in a farm country and then we was road all over Vanila from 9 to pretty near Noon and Evans showed me where they bottle up the vanila and its on acct of them makeing so much of it here that this is the reason they named the town Vanila. And he showed me the street where Ad. Dooley won the navey fight from the Philip Beans when america was fighting them the war and the US should ought to of been a shamed to pick on these people Al because there about as big like Bush of the Detroit club and all colered peopl the most of them and cant fight out side of Jack Johnson and this here Jangferd. Then we had our lunch down to the Vanila hotel and it was so hot that the most of us ran a round with out no coats on and just think of that Al in the middle of Dec. and you and Bertha probly ½ froze there in Bedford. But we wont be to hot very long because the day after tomorrow wear going to go acrost the Equater and Evans says wear libel to run in to 50 bellow Zero and he took me in to a store so as I coul I get some heaver cloths for when we go acrost the Equater and when we get up to australia. He says I better get some overshoes and big thick mittons and a blanket and wile I was looking over some of the stuff Evans says he had to go to the Hotel and write a letter so I stuck in the store a lone and I had a blanket and some mittons all picked out and they come to a bout $7 00 dollars but I wanted to get my moneys worth on acct of haveing that japan money that Evans told me was worth 4 times as much in Vanila is it is in japan and china. But when I come to pay the man and give him my 5 yens he told me it would be a bout $5.00 more and come to find out Evans was wrong a bout the japan money being worth more and it may be use to be but not no more so all as I got was the mittons and they come to $2.00 dollars and that left me with 1 of them yens and I traded it to the man for a ½ dollar. It looks like I would half to borry some money off of Callahan or Comiskey before we get off of the boat at australia.

Well Al we went out to the ball pk. in the P. M. and the band went a long and some clubs from the Vanila league was out there in uneform and Schaefer says the diffrunt clubs are all named after some flavor like you get in a soda water fountin on acct of the league is the Vanila league and the teams is called chockaluts and straw burys and cherrys and grape jews. They practiced a round with us a wile and I couldent help from feeling sorry for them and then we was interduced to the Mare of Vanila and the Gens. of the army and navey and then come the game that I all ready told you a bout it and whats a man going to do when you cant make your curve ball brake and your fast 1 is as strate is a string on acct of the air.

That night they was a Grand ball on the Roof garden at the hotel and the gardens up on the top of the Hotel and I bet I took off 10 lbs tripeing the life fantatic and some of the girls we danced with them was pretty swell lookers only I would of traded any 2 of them for Florrie and Violet the girl that was stuck on me in Detroit and she must of went in the sane to marry that left hander Hill

(Continued on Page 73)

Well Al I Was So Sore for a Minut That Its Lucky I Dident Cut Loose and Bust Some Body

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XIII

NORGATE found Selingman in the little drawing-room of the club, reclining in an easy-chair, a small cup of black coffee by his side. He appeared to be exceedingly irate at the performance of his partner in a recent rubber, and he seized upon Norgate as a possibly sympathetic confidant.

"Listen to me for one moment," he begged, "and tell me whether I have not the right to be aggrieved. I go in my own hand no trump. I am a careful declarer. I play here every day when I am in London and they know me well to be a careful declarer. My partner—I do not know his name, I hope I shall never know his name, I hope I shall never see him again—he takes me out. 'Into what?' you ask. Into diamonds! I am regretful, but I recognize, as I believe, a necessity. I ask you, of what do you suppose his hand consists? Down goes my no trump on the table—a good, a very good no trump. He has in his hand the ace, king, queen to five diamonds, the king of clubs guarded, the ace and two little hearts, and he takes me out into diamonds from no trumps with a score at love all. Twopences they had persuaded me to play, too, and it was the rubber game.

"Afterward he said to me: 'You seem annoyed,' and I replied: 'I am annoyed,' and I am. I come in here to drink coffee and cool myself. Presently I will cut into another rubber where that young man is not. Perhaps our friend Mrs. Benedek will be here. You and I and Mrs. Benedek, but not, if we can help it, the lady who smokes the small black cigars. She is very amiable, but I cannot attend to the game while she sits there opposite me. She fascinates me. In Germany sometimes our women smoke cigarettes; but cigars, and in public, never!"

"We'll get a rubber presently, I dare say," Norgate remarked, settling himself in an easy-chair. "How's business?"

"Business is very good," Selingman declared. "It is so good that I must be in London for another week or so before I set off to the provinces. It grows and grows all the time. Soon I must find a manager to take over some of my work here. At my time of life one likes to enjoy oneself. I love to be in London; I do not like these journeys to Newcastle and Liverpool and places a long way off. In London I am happy. You should go into business, young man. It is not well for you to do nothing."

"Do you think I should be useful in the crockery trade?" Norgate asked.

Herr Selingman appeared to take the inquiry quite seriously.

"Why not?" he demanded. "You are well educated, you have address, you have intelligence. Mrs. Benedek has spoken very highly of you. But you —— Oh, no, it would not suit you at all to plunge yourself into commerce, nor would it suit you, I think, to push the affairs of a prosperous German concern. You are very English, Mr. Norgate, is that not so?"

"Not aggressively," Norgate replied. "As a matter of fact, I am rather fed up with my own country just now."

Mr. Selingman sat quite still in his chair. Some signs of a change that came over him occasionally were visible in his face. He was for that moment no longer the huge, overgrown schoolboy bubbling over with the joy of life. His face had resolved itself into sterner lines.

"There are other Englishmen besides you," Selingman said, "who are a little what you call 'fed up' with your country. You have much common sense. You do not believe that yours is the only country in the world. You like sometimes to hear plain speech from one who knows?"

"Without a doubt," Norgate assented.

Mr. Selingman stroked his knee with his fat hand.

"You in England," he continued, "you are too prosperous. Very, very slowly the country is drifting into the hands of the people. A country that is governed entirely by the people goes down, down, down. Your classes are losing their hold and their influence. You have gone from Tory to Whig, from Whig to Liberal, from Liberal to Radical, and soon it will be the Socialists who govern. You know what will come then? Colonies! What do your Radicals care about colonies? Institutions! What do they care about institutions? All you who have inherited money they will bleed. You will become worse than a nation of shopkeepers. You will be an illustration to all the world of the dangers of democracy. So! I go on. I tell you why that comes about. You are in the continent of Europe and you will not do as Europe does. You are a nation outside. You have believed in yourselves and believed in yourselves till you think that you are infallible. Before long will come the revolution. It will be a greater one than the French Revolution."

Norgate smiled.

"Too much common sense about us, I think, Mr. Selingman, for such happenings," he declared. "I grant you that the classes are getting the worst of it so far as regards the government of the country, but I can't quite see the future that you depict."

"Good Englishman!" Herr Selingman murmured approvingly. "That is your proper attitude. You do not see because you will not see. I tell you that the best thing in all the world would be a little blood-letting. You do not like your government. Would it not please you to see it humiliated just a little?"

"In what way?"

"Oh, there are ways," Selingman declared. "A little gentle smack like this" his two hands came together with a crash that echoed through the room—"a little smack from Germany would do the business. People would open their eyes and begin to understand. A Radical government may fill your factories with orders and rob the rich to increase the prosperity of the poor; but it will not keep you a great nation among the others."

Norgate nodded.

"You seem to have studied the question pretty closely," he remarked.

"I study the subject closely," Selingman went on, "because my interests are yours. My profits are made in England. I am German born, but I am English, too, in feeling. To me the two nations are one. We are of the same race. That is why I am sorrowful when I see England slipping back. That is why I should like to see her have just a little lesson."

Selingman paused. Norgate rose to his feet and stood on the hearthrug with his elbow upon the mantelpiece.

"Twice we have come as far as that, Mr. Selingman," he pointed out. "England requires a little lesson. You have something in your mind behind that, something that you are half inclined to say to me, isn't that so? Why not go on?"

"Because I am not sure of you," Selingman confessed frankly. "Because you might misunderstand what I say and we should be friends no longer, and you would say silly things about me and my views. Therefore, I like to keep you for a friend and I go no farther at present. You say that you are a little angry with your country; but you Englishmen are so very prejudiced, so very quick to take offense, so very insular, if I may use the word. I do not know how angry you are with your country. I do not know how big and broad is your mind, whether you would be willing to see her suffer a little for her greater good. Ah, but the lady comes at last!"

Mrs. Benedek was accompanied by a tall, middle-aged man of fair complexion whom Selingman greeted with marked respect. She turned to Norgate.

"Let me present you," she said, "to Prince Edward of Lenemaur—Mr. Francis Norgate."

The two men shook hands.

"Possibly you remember that I played golf with you once at Woking," Norgate reminded the Prince.

"I not only remember it," Prince Edward answered, "but I remember the result. You beat me three up, and we were to have a return match, but you had to leave for Paris on the next day."

"You will be able to have your return match now," Mrs. Benedek observed. "Mr. Norgate is going to be in England for some time. Let us play bridge. I have to leave early to-night—I am dining out—and I should like to make a little money."

They strolled into the bridge room. Selingman hung behind with Norgate.

"Soon," he suggested, "we must finish our talk, is it not so? Dine with me to-night; Mrs. Benedek has deserted me. We will eat in the Milan grillroom. The cooking there is tolerable —— But you shall taste it for yourself."

"Thank you," Norgate assented; "I shall be much pleased."

They played three or four rubbers; then Mrs. Benedek glanced at the clock.

"I must go," she announced. "I am dining at eight o'clock."

"Stay but for one moment," Selingman begged. "We will all take a little mixed vermouth together. I shall tell the excellent Horton how to prepare it. Plenty of lemon-peel and just a dash —— But I shall not give my secret away."

He called the steward and whispered some instructions in his ear. While they were waiting for the result, a man came in with an evening paper in his hand. He looked

"You are surprised—I should not have come here! It was such a foolish impulse!"

across the room to a table beyond that at which Norgate and his friends were playing.

"Heard the news, Monty?" he asked.

"No. What is it?" was the prompt inquiry.

"Poor old Baring——"

The newcomer stopped short. For the first time he had noticed Mrs. Benedek. She half rose from her chair, however, and her eyes were fixed upon him.

"What is it?" she exclaimed. "What has happened?"

There was an awkward silence. Mrs. Benedek snatched the paper from the man's fingers and read the little paragraph. For a moment she was deathly white.

"What is it?" Selingman demanded.

"Freddy Baring," she murmured—"Captain Baring—shot himself in his room at the Admiralty this afternoon! Some one telephoned to him. Five minutes later he was found—dead—a bullet wound through his temple! Give me my chair, please; I think I am going to faint."

XIV

SELINGMAN and Norgate dined together that evening in a corner of the large popular grillroom near the Strand. They were still suffering from the shock of the recent tragedy. They both rather avoided the topic of Baring's sudden death. Selingman made but one direct allusion to it.

"Only yesterday," he remarked, "I said to little Bertha—I have known her so long that I call her always Bertha—that this bureau work was bad for Baring. When I was over last, a few months ago, he was the picture of health. Yesterday he looked wild and worried. He was at work with others, they say, at the Admiralty upon some new invention. Poor fellow!"

Norgate, conscious of a curious callousness which even he himself found inexplicable, made some conventional reply only. Selingman began to talk of other matters.

"Truly," he observed, "a visit to your country is good for the patriotic German. Behold, here in London we are welcomed by a German *maître d'hôtel*, we are waited on by a German waiter, we drink German wine, we eat off what I very well know is German crockery."

"And some day, I suppose," Norgate put in, "we are to be German subjects. Isn't that so?"

Selingman's denial was almost unduly emphatic.

"Never!" he exclaimed. "There is nothing so foolish as the way many of you English seem to regard us Germans as though we were wild beasts of prey. Now it gives me pleasure to talk with a man like yourself, Mr. Norgate. I like to look a little into the future and speculate as to our two countries. Above all things else, this thing I do truly know—the German nation stands for peace. Yet in order that peace shall everywhere prevail, a small war, a humanely conducted war, may sometime in the future, one must believe, take place. It would last but a short time, but it might lead to great changes. I have sometimes thought, my young friend Norgate, that such a war might be the greatest blessing which England could ever experience."

"As a discipline, you mean?" Norgate murmured.

"As a cleansing tonic," Selingman declared. "It would sweep out your Radical government. It would bring the classes back to power. It would kindle in the spirits of your coming generation the spark of that patriotism which is, alas, just now a very feeble flame. What do you think? You agree with me, eh?"

"It is going a long way," Norgate said cautiously, "to approve of a form of discipline so stringent."

"But not too far, oh, believe me, not too far!" Selingman insisted. "If that war should come, it would come solely with the idea of sweeping away this government, which is most distasteful to all German politicians. It would come solely with the idea that with a new form of government here, more solid and lasting terms of friendship could be arranged between Germany and England."

"A very interesting theory," Norgate remarked. "Do you believe in it yourself?"

Selingman paused to give an order to a waiter. His tone suddenly became more serious. He pointed to the menu.

"They have dared," he exclaimed, "to bring us hollandaise sauce with the asparagus! A gastronomic indignity! It is such things as this that would endanger the *entente* between our countries."

"I don't mind hollandaise," Norgate ventured.

"Then of eating you know very little," Herr Selingman pronounced. "There is only one sauce to be served with asparagus, and that is finely drawn butter. I have explained to the *maître d'hôtel*. He will bring us what I desire. Meanwhile, we spoke, I think, of our two countries. You asked me a question. I do indeed believe in the theories I have been advancing."

"But wouldn't a war smash up your crockery business?" Norgate asked.

"For six months, yes! And after that six months, fortunes for all of us, trade such as the world has never known, a settled peace, a real union between two great and friendly countries. I wish England well. I love England. I love my holidays over here, my business trips which are holidays in themselves, and for their sake and for my own sake

"Give Me My Chair, Please; I Think I am Going to Faint"

I say that just a little wrestle, a slap on the cheek from one and a punch on the nose from the other, and we should find ourselves."

"War is a very dangerous conflagration," Norgate remarked. "I cannot think of any experiment more hazardous."

"It is no experiment," Selingman declared, "it is a certainty. All that we do in my country we do by what we call previously ascertained methods. We test the ground in front of us before we plant our feet upon it. We not only look into the future but we stretch out our hands. We make the doubtful places sure. Our turn of mind is scientific. Our road making and our bridge building, our empire making and our diplomacy, they are all fashioned in the same manner. If you could trust us, Mr. Norgate, if you could trust yourself to work for the good of both countries, we could make very good and profitable use of you during the next six months. Would you like to hear more?"

"But I know nothing about crockery!"

"Would you like to hear more?" Selingman repeated.

"I think I should."

"Very well then," Selingman proceeded, "to-morrow we will talk of it. There are some ways in which you might be very useful, useful at the same time to your country and to ours. Your position might be somewhat peculiar, but that you would be prepared for a short time to tolerate."

"Peculiar in what respect?" Norgate asked.

Selingman held his glass up to the light and criticized it for a moment. He set it down empty.

"Peculiar," he explained, "inasmuch as you might seem to be working with Germany, whereas you would really be England's best friend. But let us leave these details until to-morrow. For to-night we have talked enough of serious matters. I have a box at the Gaiety and we must not be late—also a supper party afterward. This is indeed a country for enjoyment. To-morrow we speak of these things again. You have seen our little German lady at the Gaiety? You have heard her sing and watched her dance? Well, to-night you shall meet her."

"Rosa Morgen?" Norgate exclaimed.

Selingman nodded complacently.

"She supe with us," he announced, "she and others. That is why, when they spoke to me of going back for bridge to-night, I pretended that I did not hear. Bridge is very good, but there are other things. To-night I am in a frivolous vein. I have many friends among the young ladies of the Gaiety. You shall see how they will welcome me."

"You seem to have found your way about over here," Norgate remarked as he lit a cigar and waited while his companion paid the bill.

"I am a citizen of the world," Selingman admitted. "I enjoy myself as I go, but I have my eyes always fixed upon the future. I make many friends and I do not lose them. I set my face toward the pleasant places and I keep it in that direction. It is the cult of some to be miserable. It is mine to be happy. The person who does most good in the world is the person who reflects the greatest amount of happiness. Therefore, I am a philanthropist. You shall learn from me, my young friend, how to banish some of that gloom from your face. You shall learn how to find happiness."

They made their way across to the Gaiety, where Selingman was a very conspicuous figure in a gay party in the largest and most conspicuous box. He watched with complacency the delivery of enormous bouquets to the principal artistes, and received their little bows of thanks with spontaneous and unaffected graciousness. Afterward he dragged Norgate round to the stage-door, installed him in a taxi, and handed over to his escort two or three of his guests.

"I intrust you, Mr. Norgate," he declared, "with our one German export more wonderful even than my crockery—Miss Rosa Morgen. Take good care of her and bring her to the Milan. The other young ladies are my honored guests, but they are also Miss Morgen's. She will tell you their names. I have others to look after."

Norgate's last glimpse of Selingman showed him standing on the pavement outside the theater, surrounded by a little group of light-hearted girls and a few young men.

"He is perfectly wonderful, our Mr. Selingman," Miss Morgen murmured as they started off. "Tell me how long you have known him, Mr. Norgate."

"Four days," Norgate replied.

She screamed with laughter.

"It is so like him," she declared. "He makes friends everywhere. A day is sufficient. And he gives such wonderful parties! I do not know why we all like to come, but we do. I suppose that we all get half-a-dozen invitations to supper most nights, but there is not one of us who does not put off everything to sup with Mr. Selingman. He sits in the middle—oh, you shall watch him to-night—and what he says I do not know, but we laugh and then we laugh again, and every one is happy."

"I think he is the most irresistible person," Norgate agreed. "I met him two or three nights ago coming over from Berlin, and he spoke of nothing but crockery and politics. To-night I dine with him and I find a different person."

"He is a perfect dear," one of the other girls exclaimed; "but so curiously inquisitive! I have a great friend, a gunner, whom I brought with me to one of his parties, and he is always asking me questions about him and his work. I absolutely had to worry Dick so as to be able to answer all his questions, didn't I, Rosa?"

Miss Morgen nodded a little guardedly.

"I should not call him really inquisitive," she said. "It is because he likes to seem interested in the subject that interests you."

"I am not at all sure whether that is true," the other young lady objected. "You remember when Ellison Gray was always round with us? Why, I know that Mr. Selingman simply worried Maud's life out of her to get a little model of his aëroplane from him. There was no end of things he wanted to know about cubic feet and dimensions. But he is a dear all the same."

"A perfect dear!" the others echoed.

They drew up outside the Milan. Rosa Morgen turned to their escort.

"We will meet you in the hall in five minutes," she said. "Then we can all go together to find Mr. Selingman."

XV

SELINGMAN'S supper party was in some respects both distinctive and unusual. Norgate, looking round him, thought that he had never in his life been among such a motley assemblage of people. There were eight or nine musical-comedy young ladies; a couple of young soldiers, one of whom he knew slightly, who had arrived as escorts to two of the young ladies; Prince Edward of Lenemaur; a youthful peer who by various misdemeanors had placed himself outside the pale of any save the most Bohemian society; and several other men, whose faces were unfamiliar. They occupied a round table just inside the door of the restaurant, and they sat there till long after the lights were lowered. The conversation all the time was of the most general and frivolous description, and Selingman, as the hour grew later, seemed to grow larger and redder and more joyous. The only hint at any serious conversation came from the musical-comedy star who sat at Norgate's left.

"Do you know our host very well?" she asked Norgate once.

"I am afraid I can't say that I know him well at all," Norgate replied. "I met him in the train coming from Berlin a few nights ago."

"He is the most original person," she declared. "He entertains whenever he has a chance, he makes new friends every hour, he eats and drinks and seems always to be enjoying himself like an overgrown baby. And yet all the time there is such a very serious side to him that one feels he has a purpose in it all."

"Perhaps he has," Norgate ventured.

"Perhaps he has," she agreed, lowering her voice a little. "At least I believe one thing—I believe that he is a good German and yet a great friend of England."

"You don't find the two incompatible then?"

"I do not," the young lady replied firmly. "I do not understand everything, of course, but I am half German and half English, so I can appreciate both sides; and I do believe that Mr. Selingman, if he had not been so immersed in his business, might have been a great politician."

The conversation drifted into other channels. Norgate was obliged to give some attention to the more frivolous young lady on his right. The general exodus to the bar smoking-room only took place long after midnight. Every one was speaking of going on to a supper club to dance, and Norgate quietly slipped away from the party. He took a hurried leave of his host.

"You will excuse me, won't you?" he begged. "I enjoyed my evening tremendously. I'd like you to come and dine with me one night."

"We will meet at the club to-morrow afternoon," Selingman declared. "But why not come on with us now? You are surely not weary? They are taking me to a supper club, these young people. I have engaged myself to dance with Miss Morgen—I who weigh nineteen stone! It will be a thing to see. Come with us."

Norgate excused himself and left the place a moment later. It was a fine night and he walked slowly toward Pall Mall, deep in thought. Outside one of the big clubs on the right-hand side a man descended from a taxicab just as Norgate was passing. They almost ran into each other.

"Norgate, you reprobate!"

"Hebblethwaite!"

The latter passed his arm through the young man's and led him toward the club steps.

"Come in and have a drink," he invited. "I am just up from the House. I do wish you could get some of your military friends to stop worrying us, Norgate. Two hours to-night have been absolutely wasted because they would talk National Service and heckle us about the Territorials."

"I'll come in with you, although heaven knows I don't need anything more to drink!" Norgate replied. "As for the rest, I am all on the side of the hecklers. You ought to know that."

They drew two easy-chairs together in a corner of the great deserted smoking room and Hebblethwaite gave his order.

"Yes," he remarked, "I forgot. You are on the other side, aren't you? I haven't a word to say against the navy, but we spend more money than is necessary upon it, and I stick out for economy whenever I can. As regards the army, however, my theory is that it is useless. It's only a temptation to us to meddle in things that don't concern us. The navy is sufficient to defend these shores if anyone were foolish enough to wish to attack us. If we needed an army at all we should need one ten times the size of our present one, but we don't. Nature has seen to that. Yet to-night, when I was particularly anxious to get on with some important domestic legislation, we had to sit and listen to hours of prosy military talk—the possibilities of this and that. They don't realize, these brain-fogged ex-military men, that we are living in days of common sense. Before many years have passed war will belong to the days of romance."

"For a practical politician, Hebblethwaite," Norgate pronounced, "you have some of the rottenest ideas I ever knew. You know perfectly well that if Germany attacks France we are almost committed to chip in. We couldn't sit still, could we, and see Calais and Boulogne, Dieppe and Ostend, fortified against us?"

"If Germany should attack France!" Hebblethwaite repeated. "You might as well say: 'If Prussia should send an expeditionary force to Cornwall, or the Siamese should declare themselves on the side of the Ulster men!' In politics we must keep to possibilities that are reasonable."

"Take another view of the same case then," Norgate continued. "Supposing Germany should violate Belgium's independence?"

"You silly idiot!" Hebblethwaite exclaimed as he lit a cigar and leaned back in his chair. "The neutrality of Belgium is guaranteed by a treaty actually signed by Germany!"

"Supposing she should break her treaty?" Norgate persisted. "I told you what I heard in the train the other night. It isn't for nothing that that sort of work is going on."

Hebblethwaite shook his head.

"You are incorrigible, Norgate! Germany is one of the powers of Europe undoubtedly possessing a high sense of honor and rectitude of conduct. If any nation possesses a national conscience and an appreciation of national ethics, she does. Germany would be as little likely as any nation in the world to break a treaty."

"Hebblethwaite," Norgate declared solemnly, "if you didn't understand the temperament and character of your constituents better than you do the German temperament and character you would never have set your foot across the threshold of Westminster. The fact of it is you're a domestic politician of the very highest order, but as regards foreign affairs and the greater side of international politics—well, all I can say is, you've as little grasp of them as a local mayor might have."

"Look here, young fellow," Hebblethwaite protested, "do you know that you are talking to a Cabinet minister?"

"To a very possible prime minister," Norgate replied; "but I am going to tell you what I think all the same. I'm fed up with you all. I bring you some certain and sure information, proving conclusively that Germany is maintaining an extraordinary system of espionage over here, and you tell me to mind my own business. I tell you, Hebblethwaite, you and your party are thundering good legislators, but you'll ruin the country before you've finished. I've had enough. It seems to me we thoroughly deserve the shaking up we're going to get.—I am going to turn German spy myself and work for the other side."

"Well, do, if there's anything in it," Hebblethwaite retorted with a grin. "I promise we won't arrest you. You shall hop round the country at your own sweet will, preach Teutonic doctrines, and pave the way for the coming of the conquerors. You'll have to keep away from our arsenals and our flying places, because our Service men are so prejudiced. Short of that you can do what you like."

Norgate finished his cigar in silence; then he threw the end into the fireplace and rose.

"Hebblethwaite," he said, "this is the second time you've treated me like this. I shall not give you another chance. There's just one way I may be of use and I am going to take it on. If I get into trouble about it, it will be your fault; but next time I come and talk with you you'll have to listen to me if I shove the words down your throat. Good night!"

"Good night, Norgate," Hebblethwaite replied pleasantly. "What you want is a week or two's change somewhere to get this anti-Teuton fever out of your veins. I think we'll send you to Tokio and let you have a turn with the geishas in the cherry groves."

"I wouldn't go out for your government anyway," Norgate declared. "I've given you fair warning. I am going in on the other side. I'm fed up with the England you fellows represent."

"Nice breezy sort of chap you are for a pal!" Hebblethwaite grumbled. "Well, get along with you then. Come and look me up when you're in a better humor."

"I shall probably find you in a worse one," Norgate retorted. "Good night!"

It was one o'clock when Norgate let himself into his rooms. To his surprise the electric lights were burning in his sitting room. He entered a little abruptly and stopped short upon the threshold. A slim figure in dark traveling clothes, with veil pushed back, was sitting curled up on his sofa. She stirred a little at his coming, opened her eyes and looked at him.

Selingman Was a Very Conspicuous Figure in the Largest and Most Conspicuous Box

XVI

THROUGHOUT those weeks and months of tangled, lurid sensations, of amazing happenings that were yet to come, Norgate never once forgot that illuminative rush of fierce yet sweet feelings that suddenly thrilled his pulses. He understood in that moment the intolerable depression of the last few days. The very intensity of his feelings kept him silent, kept him unresponsive to her impetuous but unspoken welcome. Her arms dropped to her side, her lips for a moment quivered. Her voice, notwithstanding her efforts to control it, shook a little. She was no longer the brilliant young court beauty of Vienna. She was a tired and disappointed girl.

"You are surprised—I should not have come here! It was such a foolish impulse!"

She started up feverishly, but Norgate's moment of stupefaction had passed. He clasped her hands.

"Forgive me," he begged. "It is really you—Anna!"

His words were almost incoherent, but his tone was convincing. Her fears passed away.

"You don't wonder that I was a little surprised, do you?" he exclaimed. "You were not only the last person whom I was thinking of, but you were certainly the last person I expected to see in London or to welcome here."

"But why?" she asked. "I told you that I came often to this country."

"I remember," Norgate admitted. "Yet I never ventured to hope ——"

"Of course I should not have come here," she interrupted. "It was absurd of me, and at such an hour! And yet I am staying only a few hundred yards away. The temptation to-night was irresistible. I felt as one sometimes does in this queer, enormous city—lonely. I telephoned, and your servant, who answered me, said that you were expected back at any moment. Then I came myself."

"You cannot imagine that I am not glad to see you," he said earnestly.

"I want to believe that you are glad," she answered. "I have been restless ever since you left. Tell me at once: What did the people in Downing Street say to you?"

"I am practically shelved," he told her bitterly. "In twelve months' time, perhaps, I may be offered something in America or Asia—countries where diplomacy languishes. In a word, your mighty autocrat has spoken the word and I am sacrificed."

She moved toward the window.

"I am stifled!" she exclaimed. "Open it wide, please."

(Continued on Page 61)

Paying for the Privilege in the National Guard

By C. B. BLETHEN

Captain Coast Artillery Corps, National Guard of Washington

Recording Shots—Fort Hamilton, New York

Firing Big Disappearing Guns, Boston Harbor

WHY should not a National Guardsman be as well understood as a policeman or a mail carrier? He is fully as much an essential part of our curious hit-or-miss, hope-we-are-right, bluff-and-hope-we-make-good form of civilization. Right here first appears one of the great difficulties we of the Guard encounter when we try to secure a gleam of comprehension of our work, whether it be from statesman, business man or best friend—the fact that your policeman and fireman are paid.

The average American has more than a kindly feeling for the "copper." That feeling becomes a respectful affection in the case of the fireman. Would that we could keep on up the scale of appreciation as we come to the Guardsman—who must pay to serve the community!

Why and what is this aloofness regarding a body of men who give so much and so willingly to their country—and who are so essential to a people utterly heedless of the ordinary principles of insurance? I have groped for months for adequate answers to these and similar questions. What feeble gleams of light there are come to me across the wastes of popular ignorance.

I have found that it comes with a shock to the average business man that the Guardsman resents the popular misunderstanding of his work and of his position in the country's affairs. And the first is followed by other shocks—that the Guardsman contributes, without reward, time and labor in unstinted quantities in order that the dignity of his state may be upheld; that he actually contributes money to the support of the military branch of the United States Government; and, most astoundingly, that he has the nerve to want reimbursement for the expenses he is obliged to incur as a servant of the people!

Let us take the case of my friend Smith, as he told it to me:

I had served for three years in the National Guard and, after being out of the service for some time, I decided to reënlist. So I went to the Adjutant General of the state and asked him for a commission.

"Mr. Smith, I am about to organize two new Coast Artillery Companies," said the general, after a long series of questions about my business and personal affairs. "Additional reserves for our coast defenses are imperative. Now I could let you recruit a company and then select its officers by competitive examination, you taking your chance with the rest; or you can enlist in one of the present organizations and leave the details to me. Do you think, if you have the opportunity, you can raise and command a company?"

"Oh, yes!" said I, quite casually.

I wonder whether I shall ever again assent so readily to a proposition involving unknown elements! I would not have said "Yes" so quickly then or now to a business proposition. What I did not realize was that I was going into a new business—one with which my brief military experience had no more fitted me to cope than the reading of newspapers fits a man to manage one.

I knew the work was necessary; if we came to grips with a foreign Power I preferred to lead rather than enlist and follow; I knew that many of the higher officers of a new volunteer army must be taken from the ranks of the Guard officers. A taste for military work, long dormant, had wakened.

So, one night in May, 1913, I enlisted in the Mounted Scouts, a picked body of men attached to the headquarters of the Third Regiment, National Guard of the sovereign State of Montanevada. Within a week I was made a sergeant. In June, passing the necessary examination, I was commissioned a lieutenant of infantry, with orders to attend the summer instruction camps of both mobile troops and coast artillery.

Then came the first lesson in what it really means to accept a commission in the National Guard. A militia officer of my acquaintance took me—and a copy of the uniform regulations of the United States Army, to which all militia bodies conform—to the local uniform tailor. I was measured for one field-service—O.-D., or olive-drab—uniform, and my order was taken for cap and campaign hat to match. I was told to go and buy leather putties and tan shoes of the army pattern for the field kit; but that the tailor would take my order for and supply me with O.-D. gloves, officer's cord for my hat, a saber, a fair leather belt and slings therefor, and a service knot of leather for the hilt of the saber. I was told that I could order O.-D. flannel shirts of the army pattern from my own haberdasher, or I could draw the army-made article from the state arsenal for a dollar and a half. A whistle and an army pistol, with holster and extra magazines, I was told, would be furnished me by the United States Government.

Four Hundred Dollars for Uniforms

AFTER I had listened to an adequate description of the dire punishment meted out to the officer who should wear a white shirt and collar with the campaign hat, or a flannel shirt with the O.-D. cap, I was requested to decide about my O.-D. overcoat. I could have one made for fifty dollars or I could draw one from Government supplies for fifteen dollars. I drew one and have it yet—also a real one; so I lost an unnecessary fifteen dollars there. This overcoat, I was told, could be worn with any uniform I could get it over, rain or shine, in the field, garrison, or on parade.

Thereafter in quick succession I was introduced to dress uniform—what the layman knows as the ordinary army blue—full-dress uniform, and social evening dress, including the circus-tentlike cape that goes with the latter. The first two, I learned, were required—the dress for evening or semiformal wear in garrison and ordinary armory wear for drills and instruction; the full-dress, a mass of gilt and brass buttons, much like the civilian evening dress in cut, and intended for social evening affairs of a formal nature, though not required, was suggested. To wear with some or all of the three uniforms, the tailor would take my order for the dress cap, the dress belt and slings and saber knot.

Before I knew it I had contracted for four hundred dollars' worth of uniforms and equipment. Of course the state pays each officer seventy-five dollars a year as uniform allowance; so in five or six years I should have my money back, provided I do not wear out or lose anything—also, provided uniform regulations do not change. Regular Army officers say: "Do not worry about that—the regulations do not change very frequently—not more often than every thirty months!" And I was to learn later that there are many items of camp and field equipment, supposed to be furnished by the state, which it is wiser to purchase and care for myself.

At the armory on instruction nights friendly officers gave me preliminary lessons in military courtesy. I was taught when and—the regulations having changed since my day—how to salute; on which side of a senior officer to walk or stand; how to approach a senior and how to receive a junior; when to talk and when—most of the time—to keep still. In odd hours I crammed on the Infantry Drill Regulations and Field-Service Regulations. I polished up on the Manual of Arms and submitted myself to private rooky drill at the hands of a good drill sergeant.

In July I went to the Infantry Camp of Instruction. Here my military education, little of which could have been gleaned from books, progressed apace. For instance, I learned how to pass the colors—that is, the American flag and the regimental banner—when displayed at headquarters or carried in ceremonies. And I learned how to dispose of garbage, keep flies out of a company kitchen, and run a company mess inside the ration allowance.

Later I went to the Coast Artillery Instruction Camp, held at one of the forts that crouch at the edge of the North Pacific, ever alert to spring into terrible action at the approach of an enemy. Here I had my introduction to the big guns, those terrific monsters of modern warfare on whose efficiency Uncle Sam relies so much. I had a noisy welcome—but of such things more later.

During the autumn, at the hands of other friendly officers and by direction of the Adjutant General, I had a great deal of necessary militia knowledge instilled into me. In October I was told to prepare for examination for promotion; and, passing, on December thirty-first I was commissioned Captain of Coast Artillery. Orders were issued the same day directing Captain John Henry Smith, C. A. C., forthwith to recruit and enlist a company, such company later, by approval of the governor, to be mustered into the service of the state as Tenth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, National Guard of Montanevada.

Three or four days later quarters in the local armory were assigned to the yet unorganized company, and the hard work of preparation began. There was practically no furniture available and no state funds on hand to purchase it; yet furniture for the men's clubroom, for the orderly room, for the officers' quarters, with floor coverings for all those rooms—to say nothing of the men's locker room and the quartermaster room—must be had and put in place at once.

Just two thousand dollars' worth of such necessaries, counting in the pool table for the men, I purchased at once. Later, when money is made available, which will be before the publication of this article, the adjutant general will buy these things from me on behalf of the state—except, of course, the pool table.

On my insistence that Tenth Company should be full size—that is, should have one hundred and four men and three officers—before the summer instruction camp was visited, all the necessary supplies for such a company were issued to me at once; and I immediately became accountable for from fifteen to eighteen thousand dollars' worth of state and Government property.

All this property was largely perishable: rust ruins rifles; moths will get uniforms if the decay that follows leaving soiled clothing on locker or shelf for any length of time does not; leather trappings and shoes improperly kept become a total loss in a brief space of time. To care for these things, to keep the company quarters in shape and to provide clerical help and manual labor when needed, my state would allow me twenty-five dollars a month. For the responsibility for all this property, nothing.

In the words of the old topical song, "That's gratitude!" For experience has taught us all that if reports, returns, correspondence, files, company books and records are kept up, and such things as soap, towels, and so on, supplied—in other words, the bare necessities of company life—and the property in the quartermaster sergeant's storeroom cared for, we were in for an expense of not less than thirty-five dollars a month; usually more.

In theory one should be able to find a quartermaster sergeant and a first sergeant—each reliable, honest, a good soldier and a natural executive—for twenty-five dollars a month apiece. A company clerk should be had for three dollars a month. Then, allowing a couple of dollars for supplies, the company should have about ten dollars left each month to invest in automobiles and suburban real estate. What a farce! Tenth Company's stenographic work alone has cost twenty dollars a month!

Recruiting by Newspaper Publicity

TO GET back on the main track again, the first day of the year 1914 found me a captain of artillery, without a company, but under orders to get one. So I went to the other company commanders on my station and found out how each had raised his company. Some had taken months to the job; others, very brief periods. The average company seems to have a paper strength of about sixty-five men and a Government inspection strength of almost as many. The methods of recruiting used were as various as the officers, except that each had secured what publicity he could from local papers at the time of organizing.

From the beginning I was anxious to make a record. Older in years than most newly fledged captains, and years ahead of most in experience, I realized that I should be conspicuous because of my business connections and long participation in semipublic affairs, and, therefore, the focus of all National Guard eyes. My blunders would be magnified, of course, but my successes generously applauded by the fine body of men who officered the militia.

Practice With Big Coast Defense Gun at Fortress Monroe

I felt that publicity, and lots of it, was vitally necessary. Fortunately I was able to secure the generous assistance of one local newspaper in particular, which actually gave me display advertising space in addition to news announcements of the projected company. During the first week of the year this newspaper published one half-page and one whole-page advertisement announcing the formation of the new artillery organization, and setting forth the inducements that seemed to me most likely to attract the right kind of men. In preparing these announcements due regard was had for my ability to carry out my promises.

The second Tuesday in January was set for the first recruiting night. Laced into my tight, new dress uniform, and as nervous as the proverbial author of a new play, I walked into the room provided for the purpose at the armory a full half hour ahead of the time set—and found twenty-five men, mostly young, waiting for me.

Directly after the publication of the first advertisement one splendid young fellow, a Harvard graduate, had come to me at the office and applied for enlistment. He had stated his case frankly. He was a submanager in a large corporation and had held a commission in another Coast state. He wanted a commission if he could make it. He knew he must face a competitive examination, but was perfectly willing to take his chance. Meantime he wanted to help me in any way he could. So, with his assistance, I began the examination of the applicants, who by eight o'clock had increased in number to about forty.

We at once realized that the best thing to do was to take practically all applicants who looked at all likely, answered a few fundamental questions satisfactorily, and were able to get through the medical examination. Out of the forty applicants we accepted twenty-two men that first night. Medical examination later disposed of some of these, but not many.

Then came the question of outfitting the men we had accepted. This problem was up before the second recruiting night came round, and it was a hard one; for fitting men to two sets of uniforms, shoes, two hats, overcoats, and providing them with belts, haversacks, blankets, shelter halves—service tents—canteens, first-aid packets, arms and lockers, is no light job. The most unexpected quarter furnished the solution of the matter, however, and our difficulties vanished.

On the very first recruiting night I had been very much interested in a healthy young German, named Stromberg, who sat round and watched the work very closely. Good-natured, inclined to lounge, very much overweight and addicted to prodigious use of big black cigars, he impressed me as having a tremendous amount of latent force and determination. When questioned he admitted having served with the Signal Corps at least two—or part of two—tricks, this word being vernacular for a three-year period of enlistment.

He had held various noncommissioned positions and had repeatedly gone up for examination for commission. As his intelligence was obviously far above the average I insisted on knowing why he had not passed. In Stromberg's own opinion he had passed, but each time had been thrown out under the probable-efficiency section of the examining board's powers.

"Too fat," he confessed frankly; "but, for de life off me, I gand't see why I aind't goot enough for officer if I be goot enough for brivate!" And he laughed the great guffaw, characteristic of the man.

Discovering that the most of "Stormy's" dialect was put on, and that his lounging attitude, in itself extremely disrespectful on the part of an old soldier in the presence of an officer in uniform, was the result of his feeling of resentment toward the Guard in general, because of his own hard experience, I took him in hand. Obvious it was, of course, that he would not have been hanging round if he had not been interested. With this much to work on I asked him flat-footed to join and leave the matter of probable efficiency at the time of examination for commission to me.

Officering the New Company

ONE condition I made—that he must take my word for it if he was fairly beaten in examination, and serve as an enlisted man until another opportunity to obtain a commission should arise. Almost without consideration he walked over to the table and signed up. I made him acting first sergeant at once, and he went out, signed up and brought in another "two-enlisted man," who had been assistant quartermaster in another organization. The latter I made acting quartermaster sergeant; and these two men took on themselves, with the utmost efficiency, the job of outfitting the recruits. Right here let me pause to offer a prayer that I may always make so good a choice of executives.

To make this part of the story as brief as possible our recruiting was tremendously successful. Thirty-four days from the date of my commission as captain, Tenth Company, with fifty-two men and one officer, was mustered into the service of the state and of the Federal Government.

The work of recruiting went right along. We went to public-service corporations and big commercial enterprises, and secured permission to talk to clerks, electricians, bookkeepers, submanagers, cashiers, telephone experts, newspaper reporters and editors. We grafted more advertising from our big newspaper. In print and conversation we talked the advantages of having summer vacations in the state instruction camps "at the expense

(Continued on Page 31)

Practice by Regulars at Fort Totten, Long Island

Squadron A, of the New York National Guard, in Summer Camp

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 10, 1915

The Mexican Case

EVER since the refusal to recognize Huerta, the only probable alternative to the course actually pursued by the United States has been war of a decidedly more serious sort than that with Spain in 1898. This is the point that critics of the President's Mexican policy usually gloss over. Possibly the refusal to recognize Huerta was a mistake. Certainly none of his would-be successors seems to equal him in ability.

Irrespective of that question, the highest interest of the United States has consisted in avoiding war by every tolerable means, and that interest the President has unflinchingly pursued.

For two years the situation there has been irritating in a high degree; in fact, beginning badly it has pretty steadily grown worse—sliding down into mere chaotic welter. To point that out and to imply that it brands the President's policy with failure is easy enough; but there is no probability that the President could have improved the situation except by military conquest of the country; and there has never been a time when the object was worth the price.

To put the case fairly, criticism of the President's course should be accompanied by frank acknowledgment that the only probable alternative to that course was war on the largest scale since 1865. Put in that way, we have not the least doubt that an overwhelming majority of citizens would uphold the President.

War with Mexico is not merely a question of defeating certain bands of revolutionary troops. The question of setting up and continuing a government sufficiently powerful to maintain order throughout the country is implied; and that, again, probably implies a more or less benevolent military despotism, with a considerable standing army at its command.

In short, the probable alternative to the President's course has been not only war but Uncle Sam in the rôle of Diaz.

Our Own Court Circle

PRESIDENT WILSON'S antitrust proposals produced gooseflesh and shivers among business men from one end of the country to the other. No legislative proposals in recent times have been more bitterly or widely opposed. Reviewing them, a gentleman who then held an important post under the President, and has since been advanced to a still more important one, spoke as follows:

"In his message to Congress the President set forth his plan for the constructive development of the law in so wonderful a way and in such an inimitable manner and so forcefully, that it immediately challenged the admiration and support of the whole business community of the nation. There was hardly a dissent."

Mr. Taft's satellites, it may be recalled, assured him that the seeming opposition to his course respecting the tariff was all manufactured in a few magazine and newspaper offices. Probably he believed it until the votes were counted. That always goes on at Washington.

A president, like a king or anyone else who has many favors to dispense, is to be told what he wishes to hear. Perhaps Roosevelt was less fooled than any other president of recent times, because he mixed more with many sorts of people and knew the real public better. Probably Lincoln was the least fooled of all the presidents. Trying lawsuits over a country circuit and sitting in the evenings in the offices of country hotels, where he met all comers on a level footing, gave him an education of which his genius peculiarly fitted him to take advantage.

Harun-al-Rashid's picturesque habit of putting on a sack coat, sneaking out of the palace by the kitchen door, and mixing up with people of all sorts, was not a bad political precedent for a ruler.

The Virtue of Slang

THE middle-aged lady said the hotel was awfully nice, and the view of the bay, with surf breaking over a rocky headland, was awfully pretty. Her daughter described the hotel as plush and the view as swell. The daughter was, of course, using better language than the mother, because her words were more appropriate to the meaning she wished to convey. Except the speech of enraged deck hands, the most awful language going is that used by ladylike persons who constantly hitch the adverbial form of "awe" to such words as good, sweet and pretty.

Slang is an improvement on that. If one must describe an infant as awfully cute or yummy, the latter is preferable. The adverb appears to be a too complicated part of speech for everyday use anyway. We may say a thing is good or bad; but if we wish to strengthen the adjective we must make an unmannerly allusion to its future state, which is forbidden in the presence of ladies, or else lug in some word that is absurdly inappropriate. For example, if we are writing of an underdone pie we may say it is excessively bad; but if we are speaking of it we must say terribly bad or punk. The latter is the better term.

Anybody can verify the fact that the best language in a smoking compartment, on a hotel veranda or a boat's deck is apt to be that which leans heavily on slang. In comparison with other things done daily to the English tongue, patching it with slang is a kind of virtue.

The Victims

ABOUT four-fifths of the territory of Poland has been ravaged and blasted by the troops of one side or the other, according to Sienkiewicz, the Polish author. Some fifteen thousand villages have been burned or damaged and the inhabitants have fled to the forests, where they die from cold and hunger by the thousand. A million head of horses, two million head of cattle, and even the peasants' chickens, have been taken by the invaders. Grain, meat and milk have all gone to feed the armies. Four hundred thousand workmen have lost their means of subsistence.

In short, it is Belgium all over again; but even worse. The Polish people had no more to do with the war than the inhabitants of Siam. The game of statecraft let it loose on them with cheerful unconcern. That is what war really is—crushing workmen and their wives and children.

Government Insurance

THE Government War Risk Bureau, to about the end of February, had written insurance on vessels and cargoes to the amount of fifty-five million dollars, and nearly all its net receipts were then wiped out by the sinking of the ships Evelyn and Carib, whose hulls and cargoes it had insured; but that is far from constituting a reason for discontinuing the bureau. Undoubtedly the bureau has been a benefit to American commerce, for it supplied the necessary article of war-risk insurance at a time when private agencies seemed unwilling or unable to do it—which is the right time for the Government to step in.

In a little over six months of war two hundred and thirty-five merchant ships—more than half of them British—were destroyed. The chairman of the Liverpool and London War Risk Association reported that ships and cargoes valued at twenty-seven million dollars, entered in that association, had been lost. This shows the vital necessity of war-risk insurance, for shipping cannot continue under such conditions unless the loss is borne collectively by means of insurance.

There must be insurance or goods will not move. If other agencies will not or cannot supply it adequately the Government should.

Railroad Fatalities

IN FIVE years over thirty thousand persons, who were neither passengers nor railroad employees, were killed in railroad accidents. Almost all were struck by trains while walking along the tracks or crossing them; and in nearly every case the victim's carelessness either caused or contributed to the accident.

Casualties of this sort now run steadily about six thousand a year, or nearly equal to the total number of deaths from wounds and diseases during the Spanish-American War. A majority of the victims are trespassers on railroad property—that is, they are using the tracks as a public highway in the usual American fashion of taking the shortest cut, regardless of consequences. Many of them are youths. The statistical bureau of a trunk railroad reports that in a decade thirty-three thousand persons under twenty-one years of age were killed while trespassing on railroad tracks.

Two years ago an interstate commerce commissioner said that in twenty years eighty-six thousand trespassers had been killed and ninety-five thousand injured, a majority of those injured being crippled for life—for a locomotive deals no gentle blows.

Elevation of railroad tracks in cities has done much to prevent accidents at crossings and trespassing; but in the total account growth of population and of the railroad systems overcomes that factor, so that fatalities to nonpassengers and nonemployees have increased materially in twenty years.

Many country road crossings are unsafe, view of the tracks being obscured by bushes or embankments. That should be remedied. But, above all, people should learn to keep off railroad tracks except when it is necessary to cross them. That a railroad right of way is always dangerous ought to be impressed on children.

The Subjection of Women

IT IS forty-six years since Mill published his famous essay, and in that time there have been very important changes in the legal status of women in England. It is now possible for a woman who is not rich to obtain legal separation from a husband who amuses himself by beating her. It was not possible in 1869. Seventeen years after that date an act was passed to enable a deserted wife to compel her husband to contribute to the support of herself and children.

On marriage a woman's property and earnings no longer become, *ipso facto*, the property and income of her husband, as when Mill wrote. If the husband takes the wife's property from her by personal violence he now can be compelled to make restitution and be punished for the assault. It is no longer the husband alone who has legal rights over the children. It is no longer true that, on the husband's death, the wife is not the guardian of their minor children unless he has by will specifically made her so.

There have been important changes. The change to which Mill's argument was largely addressed—namely, conferring the franchise on women equally with men—is still some distance in the future; but equality conferred on women in other respects must bring that nearer. No doubt fifty years ago conservative persons held the opinion that giving a wife separation from the husband who beat her must tend powerfully to subvert civilization.

Some Statecraft

THE greatest mistake Germany ever committed, in Bernhardi's opinion, was "that a final settling of accounts with France was not effected at a time when the state of international affairs was favorable and success might confidently have been expected"—referring apparently to the Morocco affair. What he means by settling accounts is that "France must be so completely crushed that she can never again cross our path."

And England's greatest error in modern times, according to the same author—indeed, an "unpardonable blunder"—was her "supineness when she refused her assistance to the Southern States in the American War of Secession, and thus allowed a power to arise which already, though barely fifty years have elapsed, threatens England's own position as a World Power."

In short, the prosperity of France is a loss to Germany and the prosperity of the United States a loss to England. Possibly an Iroquois chief might be impressed by that, but we should blush for an American grammar-school pupil who does not at once see that it is nonsense.

War atrophies the human brain. It is impossible for a man to think war and think sense at the same time.

A War Incident

GERMANY has by far the best-managed system of state railroads in Europe—the only state-owned system, in fact, that is fairly comparable in efficiency with the privately owned roads of the United States and England. Prussia has been in the railroad business for many years and during that time has built up a staff of state transportation officials who stand at the top of their class.

The war, however, devolved immense burdens on Germany's railroads. They are a vital factor in her military strength. To operate them at the highest possible efficiency is as important as to get capable leadership for the troops in the field. So the Kaiser selected Herr Ballin, whose experience has been in the management of a privately owned steamship line, and put him in supreme charge of the railroads—indicating that even Germany's excellent state management does not, in the opinion of the Emperor, quite strike twelve.

Benevolent Foundations and Efficient Philanthropy

By JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

THE subject of combination in charitable work has been something of a hobby with me for many years. If a combination to do business is effective in saving waste and in getting better results, why is not combination far more important in philanthropic work?

The General Education Board is interesting as an example of an organization formed for the purpose of working out, in an orderly and rather scientific way, the problem of helping to stimulate and improve education in all parts of the country. What this organization may eventually accomplish, of course, no one can tell; but surely under its present board of directors it will go very far. Here again I feel that I may speak frankly and express my personal faith in its success, since I am not a member of the board and have never attended a meeting, and the work is all done by others.

There are some other and larger plans thought out on careful and broad lines, which I have been studying for many years, and we can see that they are growing into definite shape. It is good to know that there are always unselfish men, of the best caliber, to help in every large philanthropic enterprise. One of the most satisfactory and stimulating pieces of good fortune that has come to me is the evidence that so many busy people are willing to turn aside from their work in fields of pressing labor, and to give their best thoughts and energies without compensation to the work of human uplift. Doctors, clergymen, lawyers, as well as many high-grade men of affairs, are devoting their best and most unselfish efforts to some of the plans that we are all trying to work out. Fortunately my children have been as earnest as I, and much more diligent, in carefully and intelligently carrying out the work already begun, and agree with me that at least the same energy and thought should be expended in the proper and effective use of money when acquired as were exerted in the earning of it.

The General Education Board has made, or is making, a careful study of the location, aims, work, resources, administration and educational value, present and prospective, of the institutions of higher learning in the United States. The board makes its contributions, averaging something like two million dollars a year, on the most careful comparative study of needs and opportunities throughout the country. Its records are open to all.

Many benefactors of education are availing themselves of these disinterested inquiries, and it is hoped that more will do so.

Wasted Benefactions

A LARGE number of individuals are contributing to the support of educational institutions in our country. To help an inefficient, ill-located, unnecessary school is a waste. I am told by those who have given most careful study to this problem that it is highly probable that enough money has been squandered on unwise educational projects to have built up a national system of higher education adequate to our needs, if the money had been properly directed to that end. Many of the good people who bestow their beneficence on education may well give more thought to investigating the character of the enterprises that they are importuned to help, and this study ought to take into account the kind of people who are responsible for their management, their location, and the facilities supplied by other institutions round about.

A thorough examination such as this is generally quite impossible for an individual, and he either declines to give from lack of accurate knowledge, or he may give without due consideration. If, however, this work of inquiry is done, and well done, by the General Education Board, through officers of intelligence, skill and sympathy, trained to the work, important and needed service is rendered. The walls of sectarian exclusiveness are fast disappearing, as they should, and the best people are standing shoulder to shoulder as they attack the great problems of general uplift.

Just here it occurs to me to testify to the fact that the Roman Catholic Church, as I have observed in my experience, has advanced a long way in this direction. I have been surprised to learn how far a given sum of money has gone in the hands of priests and nuns, and how really effective is their use of it. I fully appreciate the splendid service done by other workers in the field, but I have seen the organization of the Roman Church secure better results with a given sum of money than other church organizations are accustomed to secure from the same expenditure. I speak of this merely to point the value of the principle of organization, in which I believe so heartily. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the centuries of experience which the Church of Rome has gone through to perfect a great power of organization.

Studying these problems has been a source of the greatest interest to me. My assistants, quite distinct from any board, have an organization of sufficient size to investigate the many requests that come to us. This is done from the office of our committee in New York. For an individual to attempt to keep any close watch of single cases would be impossible. I am called upon to explain this fact many times. To read the hundreds of letters daily received at our office would be beyond the power of any one man, and surely, if the many good people who write would only reflect a little, they must realize that it is impossible for me personally to consider their applications. The plan that we have worked out, and I hope improved upon year after year, has been the result of experience, and I refer to it now only as one contribution to a general subject which is of such great moment to earnest people. This must be my excuse for speaking so frankly.

Local Support for Local Charities

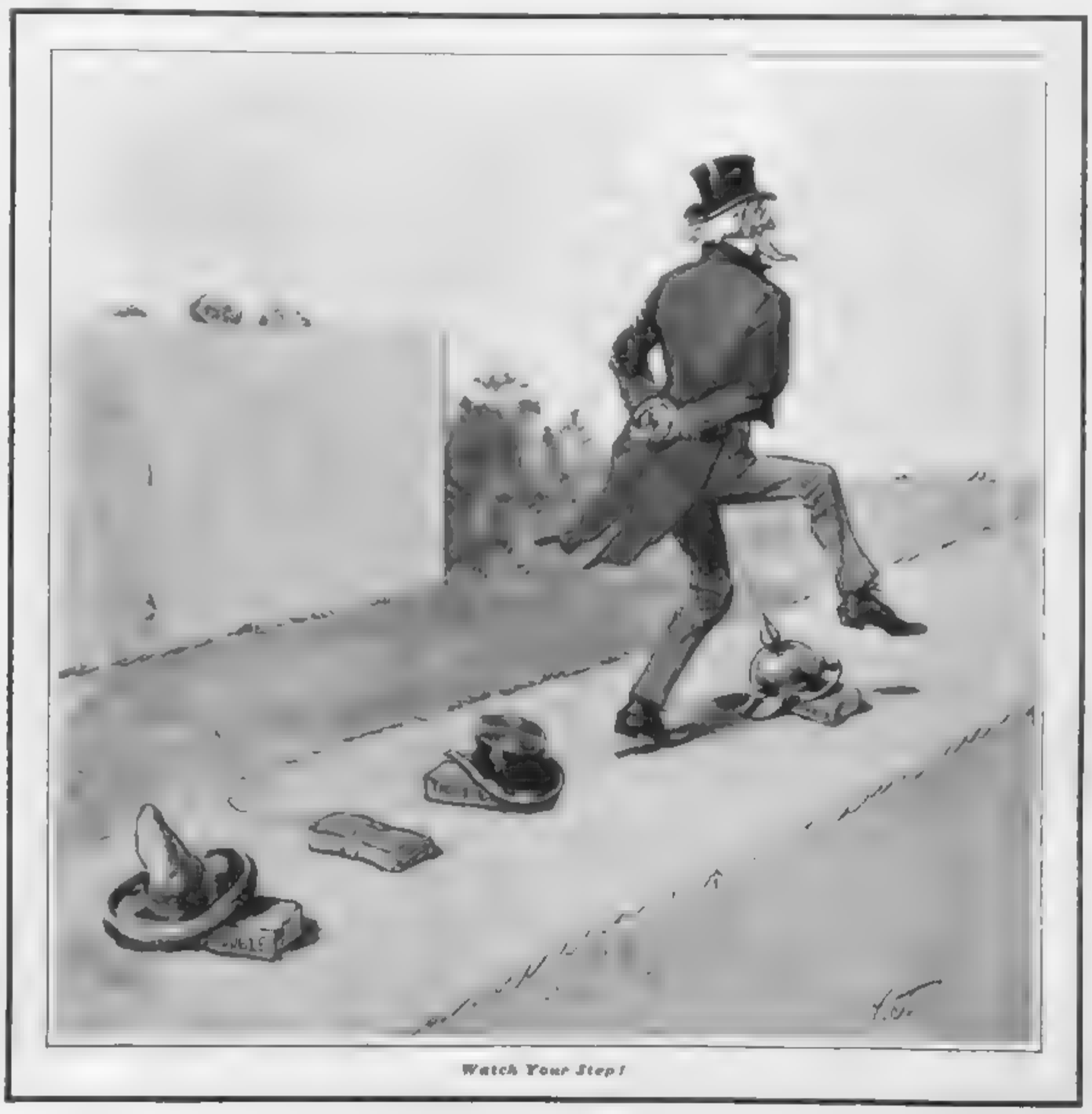
THE reading, assorting and investigating of the hundreds of letters of appeal that are received daily at my office are attended to by a department organized for this purpose. The task is not so difficult as at first it might seem. The letters are, to be sure, of great variety, from all sorts of people in every condition of life, and, indeed, from all parts of the world. Four-fifths of these letters are, however, requests for money for personal use, with no other title to consideration than that the writer would be gratified to have it.

There remain numbers of requests which all must recognize as worthy of notice. These may be divided, roughly, as follows:

First come the claims of local charities. The town or city in which one lives has a definite appeal to all its citizens, and all good neighbors will wish to coöperate with friends and fellow-townsmen. But these local charities—hospitals and the like—ought not to make appeal outside the local communities which they serve. The burden should be carried by the people who are on the spot, and who are, or should be, most familiar with local needs.

Then come the national and international claims. These properly appeal especially to men of large means throughout the country, whose wealth admits of their doing something more than assist in caring for the local charities. There are many great national and international philanthropic and Christian organizations that cover the whole field of world-wide charity; and, though people of reputed wealth all receive appeals from individual workers throughout the world for personal assistance, the prudent and thoughtful giver will, more and more, choose those great and responsible organizations as the medium for his gifts and for the distribution of his funds to distant fields. This has been my custom, and the experience of every day serves only to confirm its wisdom.

The great value of dealing with an organization that knows all the facts, and can best decide just where the help can be applied to the best advantage, has impressed itself upon me through the results of long years of experience. For example, one is asked to give in a certain field of missionary work a sum, for a definite purpose—let us say, a hospital. To comply with this request will take, say, ten thousand dollars. It seems wise and natural to give this amount. The missionary who wants this money is working under the direction of a strong and capable religious denomination.



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Suppose the request is referred to the manager of the board of this denomination, and it transpires that there are many good reasons why a new hospital is not badly needed at this point, and that by a little good management the need of this missionary can be met by another hospital in its neighborhood, whereas another missionary in another place has no such possibility for any hospital facilities whatever. There is no question but that the money should be spent in the place last named. These conditions the managers of all the mission stations know, although perhaps the one who is giving the money never heard of them; and in my judgment he is wise in not acting until he has consulted these men of larger information.

It is interesting to follow the mental processes that some excellent souls go through to cloud their consciences when they consider what their duty actually is. For instance, one man says: "I do not believe in giving money to street beggars." I agree with him, I do not believe in the practice either; but that is not a reason why one should be exempt from doing something to help the situation represented by the street beggar. The fact that one does not yield to the importunities of such people is exactly the reason one should join and uphold the charity organization societies of one's own locality, which deal justly and humanely with this class, separating the worthy from the unworthy.

Another says: "I don't give to such and such a board, because I have read that of the money given only half or less actually gets to the person needing help." This is often not a true statement of fact, as proved again and again; and even if it were true in part, it does not relieve the possible giver from the duty of helping to make the organization more efficient. By no possible chance is it a valid excuse for closing up one's pocketbook and dismissing the whole subject from one's mind.

Surely it is wise to be careful not to duplicate effort and not to inaugurate new charities in fields already covered, but rather to strengthen and perfect those already at work. There is a great deal of rivalry and a vast amount of duplication, and one of the most difficult things in giving is to ascertain when the field is fully covered. Many people simply consider whether the institution to which they are giving is thoughtfully and well managed, without stopping to discover whether the field is not already occupied by others; and for this reason one ought not to investigate a single institution by itself, but always in its relation to all similar institutions in the territory. Here is a case in point:

Money for Needless Charities

A number of enthusiastic people had a plan for founding an orphan asylum which was to be conducted by one of our strongest religious denominations. The raising of the necessary funds was begun, and among the people who were asked to subscribe was a man who always made it a practice to study the situation carefully before committing himself to a contribution. He asked one of the promoters of the new institution how many beds the present asylums serving this community provided, how efficient they were, where located, and what particular class of institution was lacking in the community.

To none of these questions were answers forthcoming, so he had this information gathered on his own account, with the purpose of helping to make the new plan effective. His studies revealed the fact that the city where the new asylum was to be built was so well provided with such institutions that there were already vastly more beds for children than there were applicants to fill them, and that the field was well and fully covered. These facts being presented to the organizers of the enterprise, it was shown that no real need for such an institution existed.

I wish I might add that the scheme was abandoned. It was not. Such charities seldom are when once the sympathies of the worthy people, however misinformed, are heartily enlisted.

It may be urged that doing the work in this systematic and apparently cold-blooded way leaves out of consideration, to a large extent, the merits of individual cases. My contention is that the organization of work in combination should not and does not stifle the work of individuals, but strengthens and stimulates it. The orderly combination of philanthropic effort is growing daily, and at the same time the spirit of broad philanthropy never was so general as it is now.

The giver who works out these problems for himself will, no doubt, find many critics. So many people see the pressing needs of everyday life that possibly they fail to realize those that are, if less obvious, of an even larger significance—for instance, the great claims of higher education. Ignorance is the source of a large part of the poverty and a vast amount of the crime in the world, hence the need of education. If we assist the highest forms of education, in whatever field, we secure the widest influence in enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge; for all the new facts discovered or set in motion become the universal heritage. I think we cannot overestimate the importance of this matter. The mere fact that most of the great achievements in science, medicine, art and literature are the flower of the higher education is sufficient. Some great writer will one day show how these things have ministered to the wants of all the people, educated and uneducated, high and low, rich and poor, and made life more what we all wish it to be.

The best philanthropy is constantly in search of the finalities—a search for cause, an attempt to cure evils at their source. My interest in the University of Chicago has been enhanced by the fact that, though it has comprehensively considered the other features of a collegiate course, it has given so much attention to research.

Why Interviews Avail Nothing

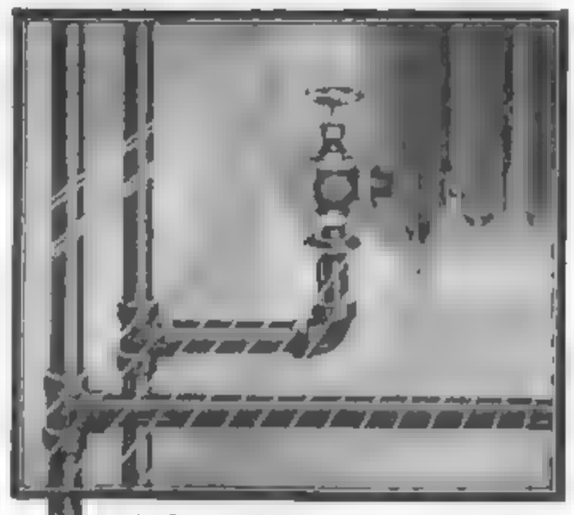
The method of procedure in this case has been substantially the same as with all other contributions. The presentation of the needs of the university has been made in writing by the officers of the university, whose special duty it is to prepare its budget and superintend its finances. A committee of the trustees, with the president, have annually conferred, at a fixed time, with our Department of Benevolence as to the university's needs. Their conclusions have generally been entirely unanimous, and I have found no occasion hitherto seriously to depart from their recommendations. There have been no personal interviews and no personal solicitations. It has been a pleasure to me to make these contributions, but that pleasure has arisen out of the fact that the university is located in a great center of empire; that it has rooted itself in the affections and interest of the people among whom it is located; that it is doing a great and needed work; in fine, that it has been able to attract and to justify the contributions of its patrons, East and West. It is not personal interviews and impassioned appeals, but sound and justifying worth, that should attract and secure the funds of philanthropy.

The people who in great numbers are constantly importuning me for personal interviews in behalf of favorite causes err in supposing that an interview, even were it possible, is the best way, or even a good way, of securing what they want. Our practice has been uniformly to request applicants to state their cases tersely, but nevertheless as fully as they think necessary, in writing. Their application is carefully considered by very competent people chosen for this purpose. If, therefore, personal interviews are found desirable by our assistants, they are invited from our office.

Written presentations form the necessary basis of investigation, of consultation, of the comparison of views between the different members of our staff, and of the final presentation to me. It is impossible to conduct this department of our work in any other way. The rule requiring written presentation, as against the interview method, is enforced and adhered to; not, as the applicant sometimes supposes, as a cold rebuff to him, but in order to secure for his cause, if it be a good one, the careful consideration that is its due—a consideration that cannot be given in a mere verbal interview.

It is easy to do harm in giving money. To give to institutions that should be supported by others is not the best philanthropy. Such giving only serves to dry up the natural springs of charity.

It is highly important that every charitable institution shall have at all times the largest possible number of current contributors. This means that the institution shall constantly be making its appeals. But if these constant appeals are to be successful, the institution is forced to do excellent work and meet real and manifest needs.



Take Thought of the Pipe in Your House or Building

You investigate carefully before buying your boiler; your radiators; your bathroom fixtures.

But do you ever consider the *pipe* that connects them?

Yet the pipe is more important than the fixtures. Its slightest failure suspends their usefulness and impairs the value of the building itself.

Never pass a plan until you have settled the pipe problem by insisting upon the use of

BYERS

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED

PIPE

Byers is honest, lasting, old-fashioned pipe, rolled and welded from 100% genuine wrought iron, produced by slow and careful hand puddling—the method that has been tried and proven in the Byers mills for fifty years.

The experience of these fifty years has shown conclusively that it is *only* by these careful and conservative methods that pipe of the Byers superlative quality can be produced.

Byers Pipe is the kind your grandfather used—the same strong, rust-defying pipe that you find in old buildings, or taken up from streets, *almost as good as new after twenty*, thirty or more years of splendid service.

Byers Pipe is made by a concern that has never made anything save wrought-iron pipe—of the highest quality—for half a century. Every process in its making is controlled by Byers. Its standard has never altered.

Byers Pipe gives positive assurance of permanency, of economy; of the elimination of breakdowns and repairs. It is the kind of pipe you install and forget.

Write for Byers Book on Pipe—it is the voice of authority on the pipe question.

A·M·BYERS COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

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			Rochester
		New Orleans	
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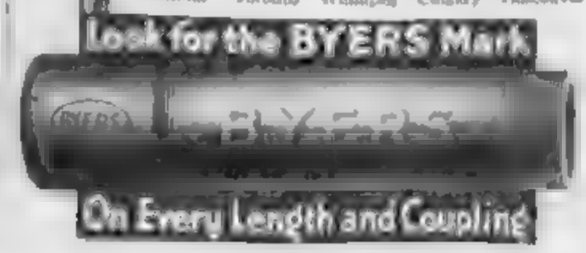

Moreover, the interest of many people affords the best assurance of wise economy and unselfish management, as well as of continued support.

We frequently make our gifts conditional on the giving of others, not because we wish to force people to do their duty, but because we wish in this way to root the institution in the affections of as many people as possible, who as contributors become personally concerned, and thereafter may be counted on to give to the institution their watchful interest and cooperation. Conditional gifts are often criticized, and sometimes, it may be, by people who have not thought the matter out fully.

Criticism that is deliberate, sober and fair is always valuable, and it should be welcomed by all who desire progress. I have had at least my full share of adverse criticism, but I can truly say that it has not embittered me or left me with any harsh feeling against a living soul. Nor do I wish to be critical of those whose conscientious judgment, frankly expressed, differs from my own. No matter how noisy the pessimists may be, we know that the world is getting better steadily and rapidly, and that is a good thing to remember in our moments of depression or humiliation.

To return to the subject of the Benevolent Trusts, which is a name for corporations that will manage the business side of benefactions; the idea needs, and to be successful must have, the help of men who have been trained along practical lines. The best men of business should be attracted by its possibilities for good. When it is eventually worked out, as it will be in some form, and probably in a better one than we can now forecast, how worthy it will be of the efforts of our ablest men!

We shall have the best charities supported generously and adequately, managed with scientific efficiency by the ablest men, who will gladly be held strictly accountable to the donors of the money, not only for the correct financing of the funds, but for the intelligent and effective use of every penny. To-day the whole machinery of benevolence is conducted upon more or less haphazard principles. Good men and women are wearing out their lives to raise money to sustain institutions that are conducted by more or less unskilled methods. This is a tremendous waste of our best material.

We cannot afford to have great souls who are capable of doing the most effective work slaving to raise the money. That should be a business man's task, and he should be supreme in managing the machinery of the expenses. The teachers, the workers and the inspired leaders of the people should be relieved of these pressing and belittling money cares. They have more than enough to do in tilling their tremendous and never fully occupied field, and they should be free from any care that might in any wise divert them from that work.

Honor in Business

When these Benevolent Trusts come into active being, such organizations on broad lines will be sure to attract the brains of the best men we have in our commercial affairs, as great business opportunities attract them now. Our successful business men as a class – and the exceptions only prove the truth of the assertion—have a high standard of honor. I have sometimes been tempted to say that our clergymen could gain by knowing the essentials of business life better. Their closer association with men of affairs would, I think, benefit both classes.

People who have had much to do with ministers, and those who hold confidential positions in our churches, have at times had surprising experiences in meeting what is sometimes practiced in the way of ecclesiastical business, because these good men have had so little of business training in the workaday world.

The whole system of proper relations, whether it be in commerce or in the church or in the sciences, rests on honor. Able business men seek to confine their dealings to people who tell the truth and keep their promises; and the representatives of the church, who are often prone to attack business men as a type of what is selfish and mean, have some great lessons to learn, and they will gladly learn them as these two types of workers grow closer together.

The Benevolent Trusts, when they come, will raise these standards; they will look the facts in the face; they will applaud and sustain the effective workers and institutions; and they will uplift the intelligent standard of good work in helping all the people chiefly to help themselves. There are already signs that these combinations are coming, and coming quickly, and in the directorates of these trusts you will eventually find the flower of our American manhood: the men who not only know how to make money, but accept the great responsibility of administering it wisely.

A few years ago, on the occasion of the decennial anniversary of the University of Chicago, I was attending a university dinner, and having been asked to speak I had jotted down a few notes. When the time arrived to stand up and face these guests—men of worth and position—my notes meant nothing to me. As I thought of the latent power for good that rested with these rich and influential people I was greatly affected. I threw down my notes and started to plead for my Benevolent-Trust Plan.

Responsibility of Administrators

"You men," I said, "are always looking forward to do something for good causes. I know how very busy you are. You work in a treadmill from which you see no escape. I can easily understand that you feel that it is beyond your present power carefully to study the needs of humanity, and that you wait to give until you have considered many things and decided upon some course of action. Now why not do with what you can afford to give to others as you do with what you want to keep for yourself and your children—put it into a trust? You would not place a fortune for your children in the hands of an inexperienced person, no matter how good he might be. Let us be as careful with the money we would spend for the benefit of others as if we were laying it aside for our own family's future use. Directors carry on these affairs in your behalf. Let us erect a foundation, a trust, and engage directors who will make it a life work to manage, with our personal coöperation, this business of benevolence properly and effectively. And I beg of you, attend to it now. Don't wait."

I confess I felt most strongly on the subject, and I feel so now.

The sole motive underlying the various foundations that I have established has been the desire to devote a portion of my fortune to the service of my fellow men. The Rockefeller Foundation was a development into impersonal form of my own personal plans of giving followed for many years.

Though I desired to have the directors of the Foundation free to use the funds as they might see fit, in making my last gift I reserved the right to designate during my lifetime the specific objects to which two million dollars of the income should be given annually, my purpose being in this way to provide for the various philanthropies, more or less personal to myself, and related to the places of my residence, to which I have been a contributor in the past. Under the terms of the clause of my letter of gift reserving this right, it is stipulated that the objects must be within the corporate purposes of the Foundation, and my designations are subject to review by the board as to that feature.

I regard the right to amend or rescind the respective charters of the several foundations, which inheres in the legislative bodies which granted them, an entirely sufficient guaranty against serious abuse of the funds.

Furthermore, I have such confidence in democracy that I believe it can better be left to the people and their representatives to remedy evils when there is some tangible reason for believing they are impending, rather than to restrict the power for service in anticipation of purely hypothetical dangers.

As to publicity for the acts of benevolent foundations, I think it would be desirable that the public should know and that reports should be made.

I have no fear that such foundations are likely to exercise any undue influence on education, nor have I ever heard of any persons or institutions altering their convictions or their teachings as a result of gifts from our foundations.

It is a great power to be able to give money. It may be equally virtuous or commendable to withhold it. A great responsibility rests upon the administrators. But I have a great deal of confidence in the trustees, as well as in the American people and their good common sense. In that lies our security.

Plan Now the Way You Want Things this Summer

How spick and span things will look when the folks in your neighborhood trim their lawns, fix the broken cementing and put in needed new steps or porch pillars! New paint, green grass, green leaves and shady awnings make a picture.

A man's standing in his community is often based on the "front" his house puts up. If you have been wanting to brighten up your place but have been unable to see how you could swing the expense, let us ask, "Have you ever thought of Acme-izing?"

ACME QUALITY
Paints and Finishes

are the finest quality of paints, enamels, stains and varnishes, prepared in such a way that the work is done easily and quickly and results are a delight.

There's an Acme Quality Finish for every surface—Acme Quality Veranda Floor Paint, Acme Quality Porch Furniture Enamel, Acme Quality Varno-Lac for refinishing floors and varnished woodwork of all kinds. Write for our practical books, "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide." These books tell you just what Acme Quality Finish to use, how much to use, the brushes needed. Sent free on request, together with name of nearest Acme dealer.

Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

Keep always on hand at least a can each of **Acme Quality Varnotile**, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture. **Acme Quality White Enamel** for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; **Acme Black Iron Enamel** for ranges, stove pipes and other metal or wood surface. These will cover many of the "touching-up" jobs. Put up in containers of ¼-pint and up, with friction-top, replaceable covers which are easy to open and close and keep the contents in usable condition.

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Correct Style
without ignoring economy

In this day and generation style is *demanded* in men's clothing. If a suit is to appeal to men of the more particular class, it *must* have style.

So we start with style as the fundamental element in Styleplus—style which is faultlessly accurate and correct in every detail, giving the clothes snap, youth, personality.

And then we build in the big, extra *plus* values which distinguish these clothes from all others and make them so attractive to thousands and thousands of men of all ages and all occupations.

The plus value of *quality!* Nothing but all-wool fabrics of fine texture and new patterns go into Styleplus. Skilled handworkmanship is utilized. The result is splendid wear—*guaranteed.*

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over."

The plus value of *economy!* What you get in a Styleplus suit for $17 is what you have been accustomed to see in $20 to $25 suits. Every suit of Styleplus saves you $3 to $8.

Style, quality, price—all unite to make Styleplus absolutely unique—your very best "buy" in a suit of clothes.

This suit is our *specialty.* We concentrate upon it a colossal scientific organization. Our method is new and hence this new value at the new price, $17.

Try Styleplus and be the gainer by $3 to $8! One leading clothier in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus Clothes Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there should not be a Styleplus Store in your town, please write us, and we will refer you to one nearby.

Write for our book: "Style for $17"

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., INC.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

THE ELIXIR

(Continued from Page 17)

they were accustomed to group themselves—in the picture—while they made their forty-physician-power diagnosis.

Stephen had walked, without knocking, into the room labeled Pelky Remedies, and found an office of average size filled to overflowing by four desks, four chairs, a table, and a red-headed office boy. The room beyond, into which he also went with the assurance of a process server, revealed a series of card-indexing catalogues and perhaps eight girls, answering letters and analyzing specimens—these were the world-famous chemists of which the wrappers spoke.

He wanted to absorb the atmosphere of the place, and decided that the easiest way of accomplishing this would be to pander to the office boy's sense of humor by inquiring for the deceased doctor.

"Where is Doctor Pelky?"

"Out."

"I shall wait for him to come in."

The urchin said nothing and wheeled his face away; but the very shock of hair on the back of his head seemed to be grinning. When the youthful custodian had enjoyed his joke to the fullest he relapsed into the literature beloved of his class.

The telephone bell rang twice, at an interval of half an hour apart; and again Lang caught the boy's repressed grin as he answered: "No'm; he ain't come in yet." And in answer to a second question: "No'm; I couldn't say when he will be in." Stephen felt that in all probability the inquiry came from one of the Norton party.

Later two heavy mail sacks were brought from the post office by a man who looked as though he might be the janitor of the building.

"Is that all?" the office boy asked.

"Ain't it enough?" the other grunted contemptuously.

On the departure of the janitor the office boy again took up his tale of murder, horror and sudden death. Nothing happened for about an hour; then a businesslike-looking woman of about thirty-five came in, removed the hatpin from her hat, restabbed it, and threw the hat on a roll-top desk with the air of being in her natural habitat.

Lang repeated his inquiries for Doctor Pelky, and was told by the businesslike young woman that he was out of town. He settled himself with a deliberation meant to be irritating.

"I should like to see Doctor Pelky, of course; but one of his forty assistants will do as well."

At that she gave him a second glance of appraisal. His general air of cosmopolitanism had its effect; her accent was distinctly conciliatory as she answered:

"They are all out of town."

"Attending a medical congress, I presume?"

"They are daily in consultation."

"I will trouble you for the address of their consulting rooms, please."

"It is never given to the public."

"It would be practically impossible to give it, would it not?"

She was evidently an old hand at such situations. She merely resumed her letter opening and did not reply. A check, money or a post-office order was in nearly every envelope. She stacked the loot under a paperweight, and Stephen noticed that she marked the various letters one, two and three.

Some one began to knock on the outer door, tentatively at first, then more boldly, as no attention was paid to it. Lang sat like a rock, awaiting developments, which presently came with the opening of the door and the thrusting in of Lyddy Tucker's head, her Sunday bonnet on awry.

"Hain't he come in yet?"

"Doctor Pelky is out of town. It's impossible to say when he will return."

"Well, ain't any of them forty doctors handy? I want a bottle of med'cine, the wust way, made up for some one."

"Doctor Pelky's assistants are away too," the young woman said coldly.

"Well, I guess her med'cine can be renewed, can't it?"

"Not in Doctor Pelky's absence."

"But she needs it pretty bad!"

"I have no authority to renew a physician's prescription," said the fake at the desk.

Lyddy's perceptions, dulled by the demands of the last forty-eight hours, rallied to a slow recognition of Stephen Lang.

"Law me, suz! You here!" The old rancor was missing from her voice.

"Like you, Miss Tucker, I've been disappointed in not meeting Doctor Pelky or any of his forty assistants. As you see, they are all missing. Let me walk home with you."

"I thought you didn't believe in doctoring with Doctor Pelky—or p'raps you're just follering after Dorothea?"

"I've changed my mind about Doctor Pelky."

"Indeed! What do you think about him now?"

"That he's one of the world's geniuses; more brilliant, perhaps, as a captain of industry than as a physician. The founder of a new school of medicine, he needs no commendation from me."

Lyddy swallowed this without a contraction.

"Well, I wa'n't s' friendly to Doctor Pelky myself at fust. It used to rile me to have Grammar pay two dollars a bottle for med'cine; but when I was s' run down, three years ago, they got me a tonic—well, two tablespoons o' that 'bout made me over. I went to my spring cleaning like it was a church sociable; and as for kindling, I didn't think any more o' twirling th' ax 'n if it was my umbrella."

Lang made a mental note to the effect that the tonic was probably cocaine, but said nothing. It was incredible that this hard-headed old woman should have gone to the Pelky offices repeatedly for the past forty-eight hours, and have been put off with one flimsy excuse after another, without suspecting the utter chicanery of the whole system! Yet the continued absence of the deceased healer and his forty apocryphal assistants, and the woman in charge with the cautious, defensive manner of one whose mission is the evasion of the law, never roused her suspicion.

It was time for Stephen's finest Italian handicraft, and yet he was maddeningly conscious of not having the slightest inspiration. Plainly it was up to him to start the fuse; but, in the face of all she had been willing to accept, he did not see how he was going to apply the match to her bombproof credulity. Her faith in Pelky and his nostrums amounted to an obsession—a mania.

And yet he knew Lyddy's type well enough to realize that if he could once rouse her suspicions, make her feel they had been at her pocketbook, the late Pelky and his posthumous enterprises would be confronted with a fury alongside of which the proverbial woman scorned would be an amiable acquaintance.

He reviewed the masses of damning evidence these innocents had swallowed since the beginning of their Western hegira. He recalled the magnificence of the Pelky establishment as depicted in the handbills—the imposing building with the sloping lawns, fountains playing, prancing steeds and gorgeous motors congested about its doors. He contrasted this pictorial display with the two modest rooms in the office building. Something in his inner consciousness whispered, "Fountains"—again the word occurred to him, and again. Finally he took the subconscious tip.

"Lyddy, somehow this place doesn't look familiar to me without the lawns and the fountains; I got so used to them in the pictures that came round my bottles. What do you think has happened to them?"

Lyddy opened her mouth; then snapped it like a duck defrauded of an expected morsel.

"That's so! Where in the name o' the nation are them fountains? And the lawns, too, and the high-steppin' horses, and the automobyles all crowdin' up in front o' the ten-story building that said Pelky Remedies on every floor?"

Stephen dropped his voice:

"It looks to me as though some one had been robbing Doctor Pelky of a good many things. First, we can't find him or his forty assistants; then we learn that his fountains and his lawns have gone too; and nothing seems to be left of the ten-story building but two rather small rooms."

"D'you think that cranky woman at the desk's had anything to do with it—undoo influoence, or anything like that?"

"I doubt whether she could have pocketed the lawns and the fountains; but"—he dropped his voice to the confidential pitch in which scandal was discussed at home—"but there is some mystery here that ought to be looked into."

"I want to know!" Lyddy said hungrily.

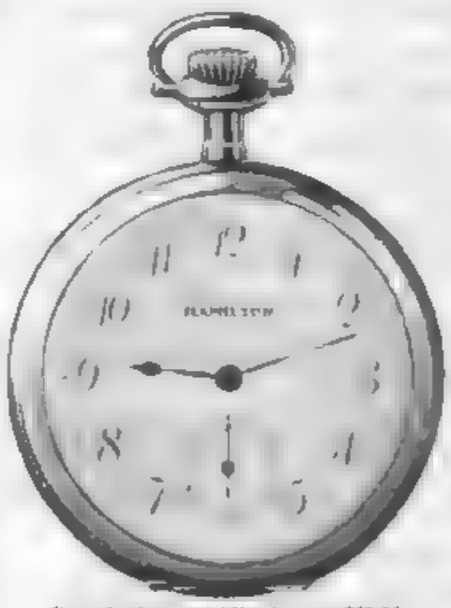
Lang abruptly changed his tack.

THIS is the man who never goes anywhere, or does anything, or meets any people who do. If owning no watch at all is a handicap, how much do you help matters by carrying one that is usually wrong?

The more things you do, the better watch you need. The better watch you have, the more things you will be able to do.

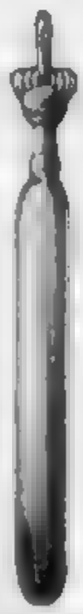
Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"



Hamilton Watches are made for men who make minutes count.

Ask your jeweler what is his most accurate watch and his reply will be "The Hamilton."



Beautiful thin-model Hamiltons at $28.00, $40.00, $55.00, $80.00, $110.00, $150.00

There are thirty models of the Hamilton Watch. Every one has Hamilton accuracy and Hamilton durability. They range in price from $12.25 for movement alone (in Canada $12.50) up to the superb Hamilton masterpiece at $150.00.

Write for Hamilton Watch Book

"The Timekeeper"

It pictures and describes the various Hamilton models and gives interesting watch information.

Hamilton Watch Company
Dept. J
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Conductor F. M. Kenney of the Southwest Limited, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. One of thousands who carry the Hamilton Watch.

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One Guarantee
back of every
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A guaranteed 8-day auto clock for $5
Choice of two mountings, flush or dash
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An efficient shock destroyer at $15 per pair
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Always dependable and economical
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Write for booklets

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The "Step-Lively" Signal $5

This hand-operated Long Horn gets its message across surely, effectively, instantly.

It puts ginger into the step of the slow-moving pedestrian.

It warns the heedless of their danger.

It clears a way for the car in crowded traffic, for it makes itself heard above every other noise.

Guaranteed for All Time

Backed by the strongest guarantee ever placed on a mechanical horn. "If any part of Model 'J' Long Horn ever proves defective, we will do more than repair or replace that part; we will give you a new horn."

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J-M (Mezger) Soot-Proof SPARK PLUG

Hot, Sizzling Sparks That Fire the Mixture Every Time

Most ignition troubles can be avoided by using the proper plugs. Fourteen years of consistent, satisfaction-giving service are behind the J-M (Mezger) Plug—proof that J-M (Mezger) Soot-Proof construction is *right*.

This construction means a clean plug at the sparking point, and a plug that stays clean and will not short-circuit.

Look for the letters "J-M" on the porcelain. Sizes for all cars and motorcycles.

Price 75 cents each. ***Booklet on request***

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

294 Madison Avenue, New York

47 Branches Service Stations in All Large Cities

"Do you expect to go back to the Pelky offices this afternoon?"

"I dunno what we'll do if Dorothea ain't able to git any more of her tonic. She's teetotally c'llapsed 'thout it, turning and twisting like she's possessed. I told that lady at the desk about her symptoms the fust time I come over; but she said then just what she said now—that she could not renew her med'cine here. 'Git her home,' she sez to me this morning, 'an' I'll send her her med'cine fast enough; but I can't give it to you here.' 'Land sakes!' I sez to her. 'If you could only see that girl you'd think she was fitter for her coffin than travelin'.'"

No; of course they would not renew her medicine here—not if Dorothea died for lack of the drug the habit of which they had fastened on her. They did not dare to hand it out here, without a physician's prescription; but back East, where they could depend on the hearty coöperation of their dupes, that was another matter. Yet Lang kept in check the white-hot anger that threatened to send pelting from him all the bitter truth.

"Let her nose it out herself!" had been Tilford's parting injunction. "Let her surmise—a mountain of confronting facts has not yet convinced her; but if she can sleuth and ferret, the way she does at the sewing circle, Pelky's backbone is broken."

They had come now to the Eagle House, where the Norton party was stopping. Stephen knew, from what Lyddy had said, that Dorothea must be desperately in need of medical aid; and that it was as dangerous as it was cruel to allow her to continue in her present state.

"You must make Mr. and Mrs. Norton understand that people in the state in which you describe Dorothea sometimes die; and that if this were to happen the law would hold all of us accountable. The Pelky Company has refused to renew her medicine; we can't get hold of one of their doctors. We must now do the best we can and call in some one else."

"Grammar'n' Granper'll never consent!"

"But we may all be held on a charge of manslaughter!"

The word was like a cold shower to Lyddy; she hurried through the door without another word.

When Stephen Lang returned, with a keen-faced young man whom he introduced as Doctor Forbes, there was thinly suppressed indignation on the part of the Nortons, but no open hostility. The threat of the law had been enough; they felt themselves on alien territory, and they had their native New England dread of scandal. Let this meddlesome young man do what he would now—they would bide their time.

Afterward, in recalling the events of that frantic day, which seemed to reel itself off in a series of cinematograph scenes—half real, half nightmare—the one impression Lang always tried to blot from his brain was the state in which he found Dorothea on his return with Doctor Forbes. She was past the stage of substituting another drug for the one that had been sapping her life and will. She had arrived at the phase of the addiction where morphia must be fought with morphia in ever-lessening quantities and in the hands of a conscientious physician.

And, though he had known the truth about her and suspected it before he knew, yet the sight of this pale, flowerlike girl, writhing in the clutch of its horror, unmanned him and gave him a feeling of guilty participation in her plight. Weeks ago, when he had first known, why had he not acted—taken any steps—invoked the law—applied force—proclaimed the outrage of it from the housetops! The fear of disturbing outward decency was his New England heritage as it had been theirs—and this was the result.

Dorothea was like a marionette strung on wire—a marionette that suffered; and, while the sweat of anguish poured, she prayed broken prayers of such abjectness that none but God should have heard.

"How much is she in the habit of getting?" the strange doctor asked as he turned back her sleeve. "Huh! There isn't a mark."

"I don't know how much she's been in the habit of taking. As I told you, the family have been giving her a Pelky tonic."

"Please let me see the bottle from which this young lady has been getting her medicine."

His tone was admirably casual, considering his eagerness for a sight of one of those especially prepared bottles for which he had been looking for years.

"We threw it out after we gave Dorothea her last dose," calmly announced Lyddy, with no conception of the blow she was dealing.

The face of the local doctor paled and sharpened with disappointment; then he made ready his hypodermic needle and temporarily released Dorothea from her suffering.

The girl was sleeping like the princess in the fairy tale who slept for a hundred years, and the family nerves relaxed. The old grandparents put aside their ear trumpets—a signal that they had cut communication with the world. Lang had, by prearrangement with Forbes, beat a hasty retreat. This would give Lyddy her chance, of which she lost not a moment in availing herself.

The yeast of doubt—germinated by those missing fountains, lawns, office buildings, forty assistants and, lastly, the prolonged absence of the great Pelky himself—was raising questions in the mind of the grim old spinster. Stephen had warned Forbes to be niggardly of facts.

"The less you tell, the more she'll ferret out for herself. Our mistake has been that we did not adopt the old reliable sewing-circle method of innuendo long ago."

"How long have you lived in this town, Doctor Forbes?" asked Lyddy.

"Born here, Miss Tucker."

"Then perhaps you can tell me what's happened to them lawns and fountains, them forty doctors, and that ten-story building that said Pelky Remedies on every floor?"

"Indeed—and where did you see fountains, lawns, forty physicians and Doctor Pelky?"

"I seen 'em on his med'cine wrappers."

"Ever see a picture of Cinderella and Jack the Giant Killer?"

"What's that got to do with what I'm askin' you?"

"Do you feel that a bookstore selling fairy tales is bound to present Cinderella and Jack on application?"

"Now don't you get smart with me! I want to know what's happened to them lawns and fountains."

"Your question embarrasses me, Miss Tucker. As a native of this town, there are some things I'd rather not discuss."

"Don't see why you're so p'rtic'lar 'bout discussin' lawns 'n' fountains. 'Tain't 's if they was folks and had a character to lose."

"No; but this town might lose something. There's such a thing as civic pride, you know."

"If you're so touchy about the lawns and fountains, p'r'aps you can tell me where Doctor Pelky is."

"Indeed I cannot, Miss Tucker."

"Know him by sight?"

"No."

"Ever see him?"

"No."

"See here; ain't you got one drop o' human blood?"

"I hope so—lots of it."

"Then tell me something about Doctor Pelky."

"Well, he's been dead twenty-three years, for one thing."

"'Tain't three weeks since I had a personal letter from him."

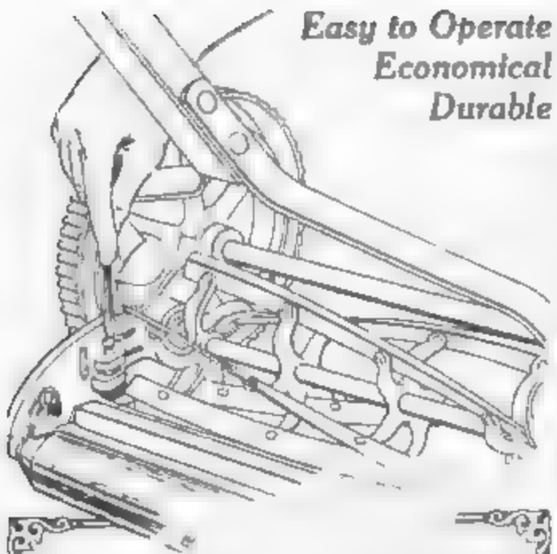
"I don't doubt it—but I must ask you to excuse me; office hours are due."

"If you're s' close-mouthed, p'r'aps others in this town'll have a little consideration for a woman who's doctored away a fortune on a man that never was—never was since I've been spending my money on him!" She rushed at the semidormant old couple and, grasping Mrs. Norton's ear trumpet, shrieked the terrible tidings: "There ain't no Doctor Pelky—ain't been one for twenty-three years." Then she hurried out to seek information from less reticent sources.

The people of the town never took very seriously the trials of the various cases of The People versus The Pelky Remedies Company. The People—whatever aggregation of the apparently feeble-minded that term might embrace—seemed so willing to swallow nostrums and poisons that the town had grown to regard philosophically the fake patent-medicine bureau as a medium for the elimination of the unfit.

Yet the case of The People versus Pelky was again occupying the attention of the courts. The old questions of misbranding and of guaranteed cures were again being threshed out, with, in all probability, the usual verdict of acquittal from lack of evidence.

Such was the state of affairs when Lyddy Tucker, in a voice that would have done credit to Gabriel on the Day of Wrath,



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shrieked into Mrs. Norton's ear trumpet the frightful tidings that there was no Pelky! Then Lyddy flung herself on the little town, seeking fresh information to devour.

There was enough of it to satisfy even her voracious appetite. She got it at the drug store—the plain English as well as the scientific fact. It was to be had, with some heart-rending details, at the bakery, whither Lyddy went to sample the alien doughnut. Strangers had come to the town before in quest of Doctor Pelky, they told her—frightfully poor wretches—who had spent all but their last dollar paying for cancer cures in monthly installments; and when the remedy had failed utterly they had come to plead personally with the man who had advertised he could cure any case of cancer.

She learned that the controlling interest in the Drug Company was held by a family which lived like royalty. The advertising of the concern was in charge of a New York bureau; the much-lauded laboratories were a single loft in an old warehouse on the riverbank; and the office rooms Lyddy had visited were the mail-order department. The letters signed by Pelky—and stating his deep "concern for Miss Tucker's sufferings"—were of a stock pattern, printed in facsimile typewriting, with the name of the victim inserted.

Lyddy had a package of these letters with her—they had been among her most cherished possessions; but when the legal moment, contrived by Lang and his conspirators, arrived, she handed them up to the state's attorneys, along with her own especially prepared tonic, which she had brought West with her.

When she was called as a witness by the state the courtroom was packed to see and hear the sharp-tongued old woman from the great patent-medicine belt, who could not be deflected from her point by any amount of word juggling. From the sequence of questions it became evident that the Pelky Company was trying to prove that Lyddy had been treated by them for drug habits.

And their failure to label the prescriptions, as the law demanded, was the old dodge of keeping from the victim the amount of the drug he or she was receiving. This allegedly humane motive, though constituting a violation of the law, might be relied on to secure an acquittal more readily than the wholesale vending of deadly drugs in unlabeled prescriptions.

"When you wrote the company stating your symptoms you told the cause of them, did you not?"

"No, sir; I thought I was hiring a doctor to diagnose for me—forty-one of 'em, in fact."

"Confine yourself to answering questions, please. Then you didn't state what you were in the habit of taking—merely how it made you feel?"

"I wan't in the habit of taking anything." Counsel smiling incredulously.

"Not in the habit of taking any little white pellets?"

"Pelky dope comes liquid."

"Yes or no—were you in the habit of taking pellets?"

"No."

"What! Never took medicine in your life?" Up went the eyebrows of the lawyer in dramatic incredulity.

"Spring 'n' fall we taken sulphur 'n' molasses; colds—flaxseed tea; sore throat—gargled with salt 'n' vinegar."

Counsel then took another tack.

"Where are you in the habit of buying your family medicines?"

"Pelky Remedies Company."

"What! Never bought medicines at the neighboring drug store?"

"Wan't none—nearest apothecary was to Lee, twelve miles distant; easier to buy here."

"Easier to buy drugs out here than in your own neighboring towns?"

"You certainly made drug-tradin' mighty pleasant. Besides, we got reduced rates for taking eight bottles a month."

"You are excused."

Much to the disappointment of the spectators, Lyddy was forced to sit down; but the point was brought out later by the state's attorney, in his re-direct examination, that four dollars was saved by buying a dozen bottles of especially prepared medicines at once, the ordinary price being twenty-four dollars a dozen.

Stephen Lang was then called. He stated that the effects of the Pelky medicine on Dorothea Norton, as he had observed them, were identical with those produced by morphia. Lang, after some cross-examination,

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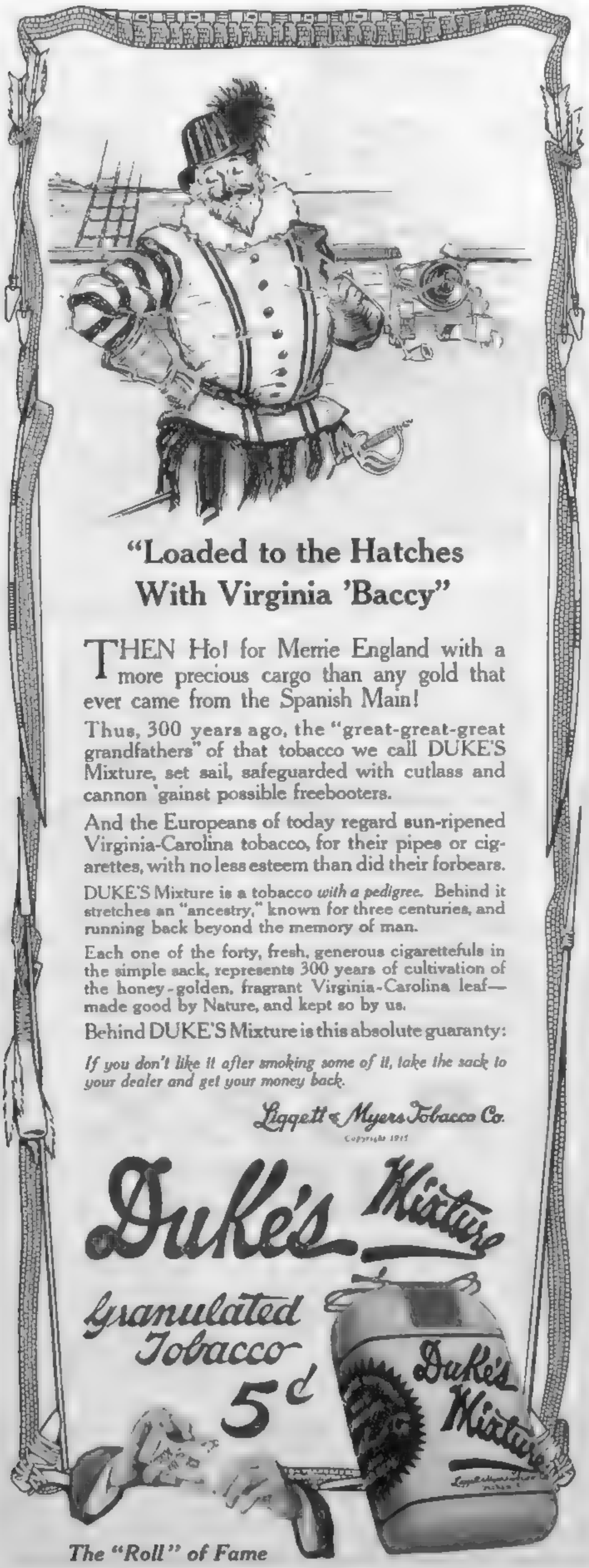
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was followed by Doctor Forbes, who testified to finding Miss Norton in a state of collapse following the refusal of the Pelky bureau to renew the medicine they had been furnishing by mail. The patient, who was now too ill to appear as a witness, was still under his care; he was treating her as a morphine addict. This was the gist of the testimony fought for and fought against by plaintiff and defendant.

The patent-medicine people were wholly unprepared for the landslide of testimony against them. Through it all, Lyddy, like a whiplash, dominated the trial; the drama of justice became a pale background for her compelling personality. She regarded herself as a divinely appointed instrument for the undoing of the Pelky menace and left no stone unturned to bring the company to justice.

The now famous Pelky letters had not yet been put in evidence. There were also about half a dozen witnesses from Massachusetts, secured through the influence of Miss Tucker, yet to be called when an adjournment was granted at five o'clock on that particular afternoon.

Next morning counsel for the defense was on hand promptly; but the seats occupied by the Pelky witnesses the day before, it was noticed, were empty. Their attorneys consulted anxiously as time lapsed and they did not appear. The jury assembled; His Honor took his place under the red canopy. The first witness for the defense was called—called in the courtroom, through the corridors, and among the group of loungers on the steps; but there was no response. And presently from mouth to mouth the news flew—the Pelkyites had made a get-away!

The two office rooms in the business block where Lyddy had first encountered Stephen showed evidences of a hasty ransacking. A pile of ashes in the unused fireplace, with the blackened edges of envelopes protruding, showed that the defendants had burned their bridges—the letters that poured in by every mail. Checks and money orders were gone, but there was little chance of the absconding company's being able to cash them. The capable young woman whom Stephen had interviewed had not left a trace of herself behind. She had not even returned to her lodgings to pack a handbag; nor had she bought a ticket at the railroad station. Presumably she had gone by trolley to a neighboring town and vanished.

The laboratory had gone dry; there was not a drop of anything in the three mixing vats, which had contained remedies numbers one, two and three—not a drug or a drop of alcohol; the furnace and the laboratory sink had done their work thoroughly.

The long, jolting night train that pulled out of Phœnixville kept reiterating to the sharpened sensibilities of Stephen Lang the words: "Personally conducted—personally conducted—home!" Then, over and over again, the same absurdity was repeated with each revolution of the wheels.

He admitted, with a wry smile, his rôle of Thomas Cook to the now sophisticated disciples of the apocryphal Pelky as they rumbled back East, shorn of illusion, of happy talk about symptoms and favorite patent-medicine restoratives. They had eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge; and the pangs of that indulgence still clung as they sat huddled and sour-faced.

Curled in a corner, opposite Stephen, Dorothea slept. The shaking lamps threw grotesque shadows on the elfin figure, hardly larger than a child's. Stephen studied every detail of that calm little face as a general pores over a map of the enemy's country before battle.

There was plenty of character in the brows, with their bent swallow-wing curves; in the abrupt little nose, with its sensitive nostrils; in the cleft chin that curved upward from the long throat, like the rounding calyx of a flower. And yet the soul of her seemed buried beneath deadening surfaces, from which she struggled upward or fell back as the craving for the drug was dominant or abeyant.

Stephen knew the hideous punctuality of the enemy's advance or recoil—knew it, all too well, from his hospital studies in Paris; had seen the victims swept down like defenseless pedestrians before cavalry. How few regained a foothold he knew too. Would she?

Their only hope lay in her fighting capacity; and the thought that sustained him now was, strangely enough, the doubt he knew to exist in the girl's own mind. They were always so sure, these poor wrecked things; so confident when the devil's needle had worked its sorcery; so craven and abject when the magic left them stranded. Dorothea was a variant; she knew the slimness of her fighting chance, even with the magic working in her veins.

It was notched deeply in his memory, their talk earlier in the day. Doctor Forbes, whose patient she had been, pronounced her well enough to travel; and Stephen was to be in charge of the case for the homeward journey. Mrs. Norton had accepted him with the sour grace of one forced to admit a delusion. Plainly she had expected an I-told-you-so triumph—for which she was fully armed—on Stephen's part; the absence of it was disconcerting. She had fussed about, gathering up things for the journey; then as suddenly left them alone.

For a moment the miracle of the girl's presence made Stephen forget every other consideration—the horror between them; the dark pool, full of clutching, deadly peril, that she must cross alone—forget everything but the sweet loveliness she looked at that moment. There was a fantastic quality about her—a something not of earth, but of the four winds, the sky, the great swept spaces—that gave a sort of flying quality to her beauty, like that of some empyreal spirit one might grasp for a moment between flights.

"Dorothea, don't you know that every moment which keeps you from me is a robber? We've had enough of winter, you and I, and snow and the feel of ghostly houses. We'll steal a little summer from the South and walk through fields of rhododendrons, and smell the pines in the forest. We'll put by treasure for chimney-corner days when we'll be too old to cheat the winter any more. I want to be your Saint George, dearest, and fight this dragon for you with all my strength and all my mind. And you'll wake up some day, dear love, and it will be gone in the night, like a bad dream."

She stood looking up at Stephen as though her eyes could never take their fill. She did not speak, but he could see her breast heave under her thin blouse. Yet she was calmer than he, with that sweet composure so essentially her own.

"When I try to save you from this generous madness, dear, I know it's the real me speaking—not that wrecked thing I am sometimes. That evil spirit in me wants to yield, wants to go and hang about your neck like a stone—but the real me would die first!"

"Dear, it's not as though you knew what it was they were giving you."

"No; but the wreck of me is the same. When I told you I felt as though all the doors had shut on me I didn't know that, even through pity, anyone could care enough to want me; but you did, Stephen, and that's enough for me to live on while I fight this thing."

"But it breaks my heart to think of you struggling alone in that gray old house, with the snow falling and that stifled feeling within! Your people mean well, but they don't understand. My love is big enough to take the chance, dear ——"

"Don't make it harder! If there's enough of me left to fight and win I'll come then and ask you to take me; but you're not going to see the horror."

"Dorothea! Dorothea ——"

But she would not let him go on.

"You must go to New York and take up your work. I'm going back to the old house—but Doctor Tilford will help."

Wistful and unhappy, she lifted her dark eyes to his, seeming to implore him to spare her the pain of more refusals; but the man in him would not yield. If she loved him how could she stand there and beg him to go? Why did she not want him as he wanted her?

"If you knew the emptiness of life without you!"

"And do you think I don't know?"

He gathered her to him, and for a moment he felt the soft yielding of her body; but the surrender was but for a second. He felt the sweet wild honey of her kiss on his lips—and she had slipped away from him.

Stephen Lang stared at the place where she had stood and felt himself a brute, not to be in tune with her high resolve. Yet if she had yielded, would he have loved so much? There was something about her—that vital thing which they had heaped with chains and bruised yet had not killed—that made him love her as a man loves but once.

He knew now, as he watched her sleep with the untroubled serenity of a child, that her decision was final; and that he

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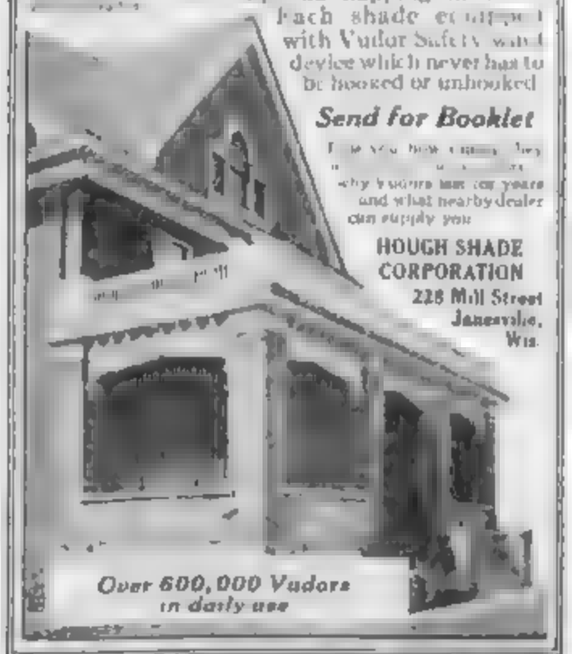

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must go to New York and work and wait. He would not again try to disturb that soft stoicism that was as much a part of her as her sweet quaintness. He would take her back, turn her over to Tilford, without another word; then—thank God for work!

In the long siege that awaited Dorothea in the old gray house with the sentinel Lombardy poplars, the one person on whom Dorothea could rest, as with the droop of tired wings, was her childhood's friend, Doctor Tilford. He came as casually as though he had left the day before, his worn old russeted face more puckered, the frost on his bushy eyebrows whiter. He greeted old Phœbe with his usual hearty ironies—old jokes, put by in camphor in the years of his absence; but he made no comment on the deposed Pelky or the absence of his portrait over the parlor organ.

He would order his patient to bundle up and make the rounds with him in his cutter. "Grammar" would cast up her eyes to Lyddy Tucker at the mad innovation, but say nothing. Lyddy, too, was all at sea about these newfangled theories of fresh air and hardly any medicine; but she had found the things she had sworn by were all wrong, and her pride as a neighborly dispenser of medical advice was humbled.

Doctor Tilford had told the Nortons to call him on the telephone when the periods of distress were on Dorothea; but when he was too far away to get there, then Lyddy Tucker had instructions what to do—Dorothea must never take any medicines or even know where they were kept.

The drug would make its demand with dreadful punctuality; the devil's dance of twitching limbs and intolerable restlessness would announce its approach; and her old friend, laboring to stay the mad craving, would feel himself as helpless as one who tries to stay the tide with a shell.

"You'll do what you can, won't you?" Dorothea asked, and reached out for the big old hand, calloused from holding the reins year in and year out. "You won't give me the morphine unless you have to?"

"Of course I won't. We've got lots of tricks up our sleeve besides that. Now take this and we'll make believe we are both young again, as we used to be when you and Lafayette went driving with me—don't you remember? You were an impatient little thing, all for soaring and trying your wings! 'Let's drive to the Mountains of the Moon,' you said to me one day: 'they must make you feel so cool and far off like that bird you read about to me the other day'—I'd been reading you Bryant's Waterfowl remember?"

She crushed his hand to her cheek; she knew, whenever he talked like that, he was trying to tide her over those terrible moments when the enemy was trampling her into an inert thing, in whom every aspiration was dead but craving.

"It hurts! It hurts!" she moaned, and got up; the marionette twitching shook her as a storm shakes dry leaves. The old doctor turned his head away to shut out the sight of her struggle. Dorothea bit her lips white to keep back the scream; then she began to count the windowpanes—there were three across and four down. "Twelve—twelve. Oh, I must have peace; Daddy Tilford, give it to me!"

The doctor applied his stethoscope to her heart.

"Heart's lots better than it was yesterday." And he unfolded his great sheet-like handkerchief and wiped her face, which shone with sweat.

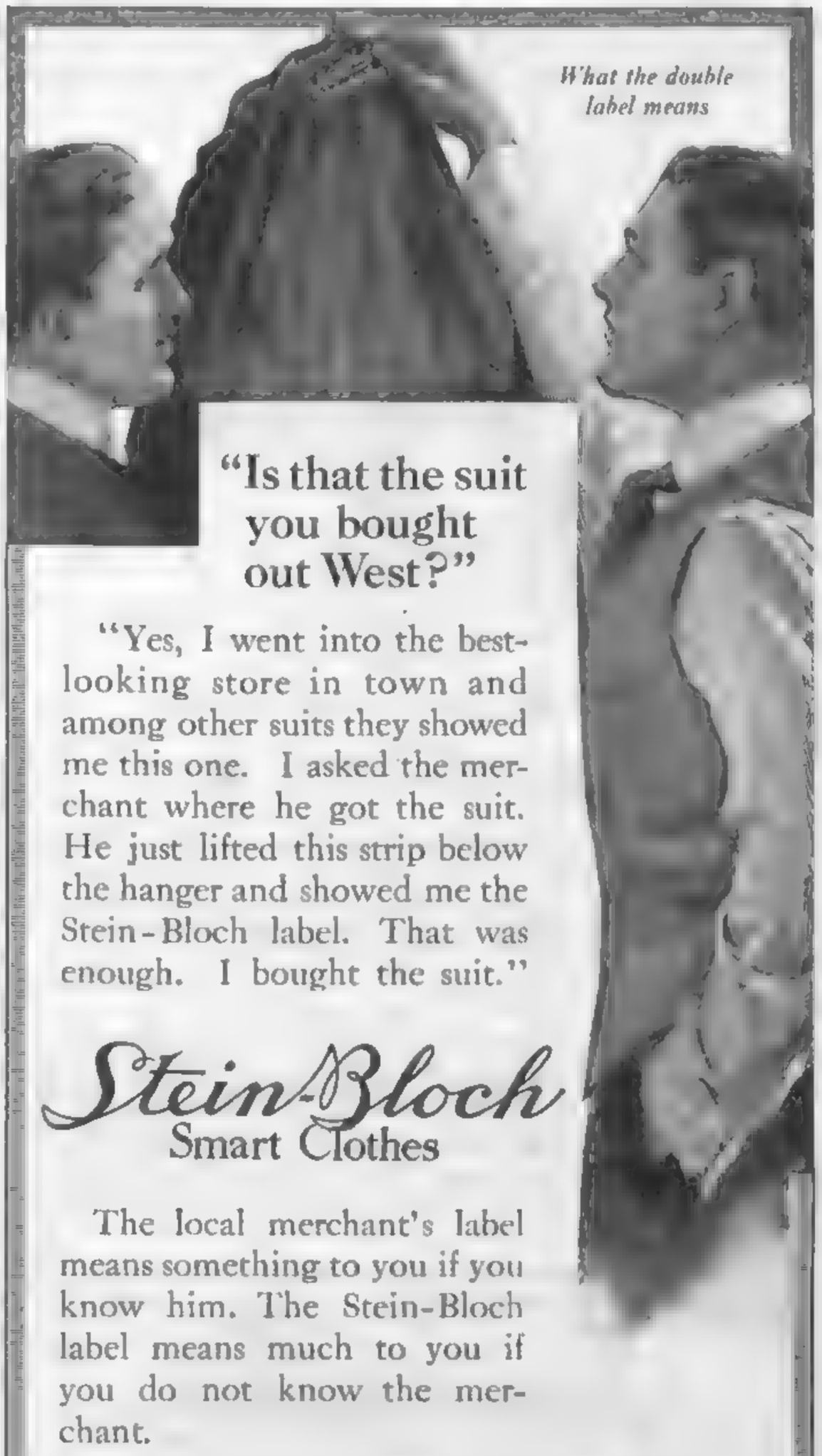
Her delicate brows were knotted like twine; she was wrung and damp, like a rag. Again he mopped her face and gave her a swallow of something choking and amber-colored. The twitching began to subside and she lay still, a mere shell of the gallant little spirit he had known. The demon clutch was loosening its grip; her eyes fluttered toward the clock.

"It's past the time," she said feebly.

"Yes," her friend said; "half an hour to the good and you've not had a trace of it."

"Thank God!" Her voice was husky and spent; but presently he noticed the deep breathing—she slept like an exhausted child.

There were days, though, when, struggle as they would, the fight went against them; and Tilford, in despair, had to resort to the needle. The conflict was like scaling a mountain sheathed in ice—sometimes two steps forward and one back; sometimes a discouraging slip of many steps backward, and the mountain climber with no physical strength to boast of and the handicap of the long, unsuspected indulgence.



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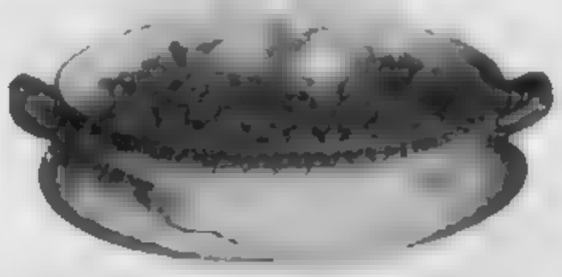
Van Camp's are nutty, mealy, whole. The baked-in sauce gives them matchless relish. But the different after-effects are what win most folks from old-time beans to Van Camp's.

Please try them. If you fail to find them as we say, your grocer will return your money.



The little spark of divinity was there, however—the faint glow that will develop into the tiny flame if frail human effort will feed it unceasingly. And Dorothea fought and prayed, and followed the routine the doctor prescribed, as a devotee her religious ceremonial.

In all the weary climbing and falling she never spoke the name of Stephen; and her old friend, who was in constant communication with him, respected her silence. He knew her well enough to realize that, if her cure were not complete, Stephen would be to her as one dead; but he did not know she prayed wordless prayers unceasingly that she might never sink to the weakness of calling him unless she was made clean.

Little did her old friend dream of her temptation when the fiber of her will was broken with the craving for the drug. She burned every scrap of paper she could find, so that the temptation might find her unprepared. And she shut her ears to her lover's last words—that a sign from her would bring him as quickly as wheels could fly!

The loneliness struck deeper as the spring began to wake in those winter-numbed hills; and white fleeces sailed high across the blue; and birds sang their liquid mating songs; and the smell of blooming things—white locusts and winy hedgeroses—came warm from the moist earth.

Like those who fight in the dim twilight of the trenches, she had lost all count of time; and, conscious of her own wounds, she had forgotten that perhaps the hold of the enemy might be weakening. Her old friend generally contrived to be with her in the afternoon, when the struggle was sharpest; but now, with a discouraging sinking of the heart, she realized that he had not been to see her for a week.

At first she thought it had been because of some desperately ill patient whom he could not leave, and she had fought it out with grim old Lyddy Tucker, who gave her a spoonful of something that had no taste at all; then made her a cup of black coffee. When the restlessness came on her she would run out into the fields and dance wildly, the way she used to dance when she was a child; but there was no joy now in those wild steps and measures.

It was a substitute for the intolerable restlessness that goaded her, however, and when she had danced until her strength was spent she would spread a rug and sleep on the sweet, fragrant grass. She felt dull and inert, as though she had fallen into the sea and the waves had pounded her to insensibility. A brooding loneliness took possession of her, and she began to doubt whether she would ever be well.

The days were getting warmer. Even Dorothea, so sensitive to cold, no longer felt chilly; and she would sit for hours watching the wind sweep over the field of rye, mowing it down like a fairy army. Then the tasseled heads would rear themselves and again would come the conquering wind. Watching, she hardly knew whether she were awake or dreaming.

Then Doctor Tilford came back as suddenly as he had gone. He looked her over sharply, pinched the faint pink blossoming in her cheeks, and said:

"I'm proud of you, my dear! You're wonderfully better; but I've got to go away for a couple of weeks, and I'm going to turn you over to a new doctor while I'm gone."

"Must anyone else know? I dread going over all those horrible symptoms with a stranger."

"But this one is a very tactful person. I've brought him over." He swung his arm in huge beckoning circles toward some one in the buggy. "Miss Norton, let me introduce you to Doctor ——"

"Stephen!"

As well command the grass to stay its ripening as try to stop the current of her heart toward his.

"Oh, I'm happy!" Then she remembered and turned bewildered to her old friend. "But he wasn't to come until I am better."

Tilford blinked back the tears.

"Dearest child, you're well! Not a whiff of that accursed stuff have you had in weeks." He put her hand in Lang's. "God bless you both!"

Then he turned, climbed into his muddy old buggy and drove down the lane.

Scientific Bakers

BREAD chemists in every country are experimenting at top speed to find the best way to make war-bread out of wheat flour mixed with substitutes such as potato meal. They are due to discover some good recipes for making light, dainty loaves of bread out of almost any kind of grain, with mixtures of chestnuts and potatoes. One recipe, in fact, already has been announced that makes it possible to use inferior wheat in making fine, light loaves, and which may be adapted to make light bread from corn.

Wheat flour has several advantages, the greatest being that wheat loaves are light, due to the large cells of air scattered all through them. On the other hand, the disadvantage of most grains and even of some kinds of wheat—to say nothing of potato meal—is that the bread comes out of the oven comparatively heavy and stodgy. So the problem is to put air cells in the substitute breads. Since Germany decreed a war-bread made of flour mixed with a certain proportion of potato meal, the United States Department of Agriculture has tested out all the different ways of baking bread from wheat, rye, buckwheat, bran, corn, gluten, peas, potatoes, rice, cotton seed and chestnuts. It was found that, no matter how carefully mixing and baking were conducted, the larger the proportion of potato meal and other substitutes that were tried with wheat, the heavier and soggier was the bread. So baking methods do not solve the problem.

Dr. E. Frankland Armstrong, a British chemist who is an authority on foodstuffs, has discovered that pure phosphoric acid, sprinkled in tiny quantities on dough, will make light bread out of naturally heavy flours. In his opinion the acid is harmless, but the pure-food experts have not yet passed on that question. If they refuse to admit that the method is harmless Doctor Armstrong promises to find a substitute for the acid which will satisfy them.

The immediate value of his discovery is to make it possible to use inferior wheats in bread. Wheat flour that will make light loaves is called strong wheat, and wheat flour that gives heavy loaves is termed weak. In some parts of the world it is apparently impossible to grow strong wheat. Wheat grown in the British Isles, for instance, is generally weak, and will make good bread only when mixed with strong wheat from America or Russia.

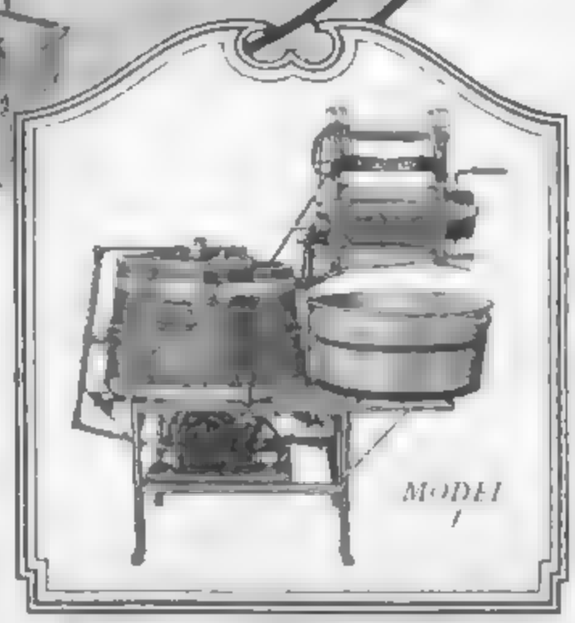
Doctor Armstrong's investigations have shown that it is the gluten, amounting to a tenth of the volume of flour, which makes bread light. In the course of fermenting and baking, the gluten entangles air in cavities, which swell during the operation and produce the air cells of light loaves. He further discovered that phosphates seem to control the ability of the gluten to form the cavities. As proof of this, he sprayed pure phosphoric acid on some weak wheat dough and baked it into light, large, well-aërated loaves. A practical baker then found he could do the trick successfully.

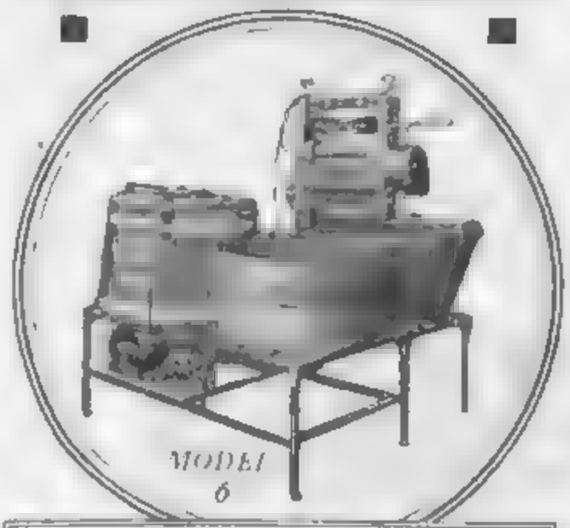
In the same way he has succeeded in making light bread from a mixture of wheat flour and cornstarch. Doctors believe corn to be as nutritious as wheat; and consequently Doctor Armstrong hopes to develop his process so that he can make out of corn a bread as light as the best wheat bread.

Another British chemist is tackling the problem on a different line, with some success. He suggests filling the adulterated dough with air, pumping it in by a machine. Loaves that he has made in this manner are light, though the taste is not the same as in the regular manner of baking.

In German chemical laboratories the same problem is being attacked, with the special purpose of developing a flour composed of from one-third to one-half potato meal into the making of light loaves.

As wheat is the great food of modern times, one of the incidental results of the European war is quite likely to be a modification of the staple food of the world.





Model 2—Automatic Electric Washer
Model 4—Automatic Electric (short bench)
Model 6—Automatic Electric (long bench)

Easy Wash Days!

MADAM, think of the comfort in having the entire family washing finished in a short hour or two. Imagine the pleasure of having the clothes out on the line drying early in the morning! Isn't that just the sort of washday you would like to have? You can make washday a short day if you have in your home an

AutoMatic Washer

There is an *Automatic* Washer for every need at a price every family can afford to pay. The *Automatic* Washer is built in two distinct types—The *Automatic* Electric Washer and The *Automatic* Power Washer. There are three different models of each type. The *Automatic* Electric Washer and the *Automatic* Power Washer are identical except in the manner in which they are driven. The Power Washer is equipped with a pulley and is driven by gas engine or other power; the Electric Washer is equipped with a motor and is driven by electricity from an ordinary electric light socket.

Some Reasons Why You Should Buy an Automatic

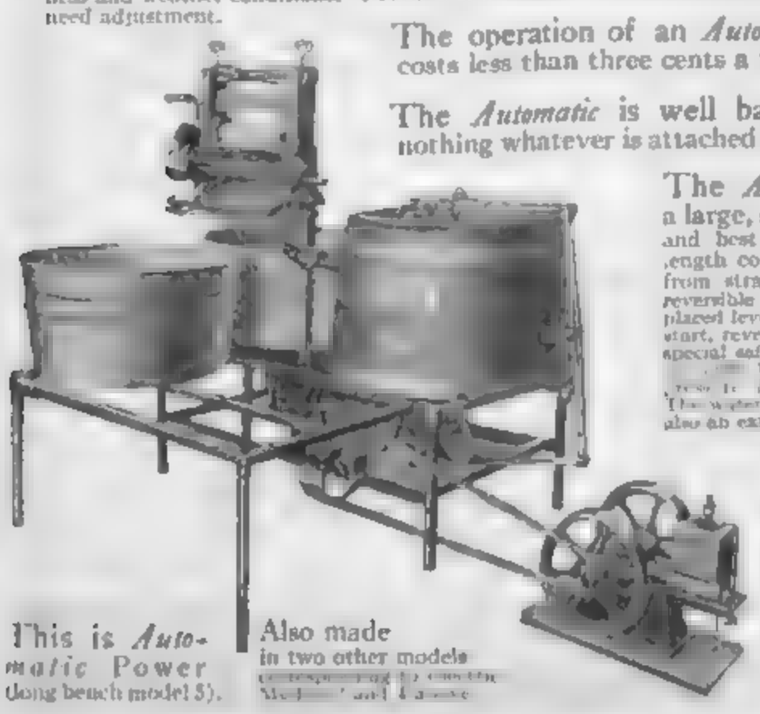
The *Automatic* will wash and wring at the same time or do either alone. All the gearing on an *Automatic* is readily accessible, so that any minor adjustment may be easily made. Every *Automatic* tub is made of carefully selected and inspected kiln-dried cypress—the "wood eternal." Every *Automatic* tub is well built and well finished—carefully sanded, stained and varnished. With thick, wide hoops—evenly driven and fastened with keepers so they cannot loosen

Every metal working part of an *Automatic* is carefully machined to insure absolute accuracy and smooth running. All *Automatic* parts are interchangeable; they fit perfectly. The castings used are largely malleable and are smooth and fine. All of the rapidly running gears are machine-cut from blanks—not cast or stamped out. This insures smooth, easy and noiseless operation.

The motor on the *Automatic* Electric Washer is amply strong and guaranteed to handle both washer and wringer. The motor is so situated that no water can get to it and, being enclosed, is kept free from dampness and weather conditions. Power is transmitted directly—there is no belt to slip or stretch and need adjustment.

The operation of an *Automatic* Electric Washer costs less than three cents a washing for current.

The *Automatic* is well balanced and braced—nothing whatever is attached to the bottom of the tub.



This is *Automatic* Power (long bench model 5).

Also made in two other models

The *Automatic* Wringer has a large, strong, hard maple frame and best quality rolls. It has extra length coil springs to protect the rolls from strain. The swinging wringer is reversible and controlled by a conveniently placed lever. A mere touch is sufficient to start, reverse or stop the wringer, and a special safety release makes it possible to [illegible] of all pressure and letting [illegible] instantly. The wringer board extends over the tub and there is also an extra board or apron

All *Automatic* Washers have a bottom outlet galvanized, with brass faucet, so that the tub is easily drained without tilting

These are only some of the special features to be found on the *Automatic*. We haven't room here to tell the whole *Automatic* story. Write and ask [illegible] for the Automatic Book That Tells the Whole Story and Other [illegible]

The *Automatic* makes play of washday, actually saves you at least $100 a year. Easily and quickly, it does the biggest or smallest washing with no effort on your part. Just place the clothes, soap and hot water in the *Automatic*, move a lever and the washing begins. Again and again the cleansing floods of snow-white suds are forced through and through every thread of the cloth, taking out all the dirt, leaving the fabric unharmed. In just a few minutes the tubful is washed ready to run through the self-working reversible wringer.

An *Automatic* soon saves its cost in your own and a laundress' time and in saving clothes. An *Automatic* washes the heaviest blankets or the finest laces spotlessly clean without injury to either; the most delicate and expensive garments as well as old-fashioned back-breaking woodboard and tub. An *Automatic* does everything but hang out the clothes.

The soundness of the basic mechanical principle of the *Automatic* is proved by the fact that it has never been changed. Designed right in the very beginning, it is as equally right today. With the aim to keep the *Automatic* extremely simple in design, every improvement and refinement that has been added from time to time has had first to prove its absolute necessity or its extreme usefulness. The result is a machine of few parts—simple to operate—immensely practical and substantial in every detail. Over 24,000 *Automatic* Washers are in constant use in all parts of the United States. Some of these have been in use for the past seven years and continue to give the same splendid service they did when first purchased.

Send for This Book

Whether or not you intend to buy an *Automatic* Washer, write today for our interesting booklet, "Why Mrs. Jones Bought an *Automatic* Washer." You will be interested in this fully illustrated *Automatic* story, and if there is anything you wish to know about the *Automatic*, we shall be only too glad to tell you. On request we shall be pleased to send you the name of the *Automatic* dealer in your city. The attached coupon will bring the information you want cheerfully, quickly. Clip it now and send it to us.

Our Guarantee

We guarantee the *Automatic* Washer and Wringer for five years for regular family use, and any part of either washer or wringer showing defect within that time will be replaced free of charge.

You can buy an *Automatic* Washer from a dealer in your own city and pay no more for it than you would if you bought it directly from the factory. Your dealer and we both guarantee that the price is right and the washer itself is right. We make no claim for the *Automatic* that thousands of satisfied users cannot approve. If you wish to be freed from washday work and worry, if you want to save time, money and strength—then you owe it to yourself to investigate the genuine merits of the *Automatic*.

TO DEALERS:

We want to secure good dealers wherever we have no present representation. We feel certain that good dealers will want to represent the *Automatic* line once they have investigated its merits. The *Automatic* offers any dealer a complete line of washers in any type for family use. Rightly priced and backed with a responsible five-year guarantee, the *Automatic* will prove a quick selling, satisfactory line to handle. Write for our special dealer proposition *now*.

Automatic Electric Washer Company, Inc.
Newton, Iowa, U. S. A.

Automatic Electric Washer Co., Inc.
Newton, Iowa, U. S. A.

Send me free your new book No. 500, "Why Mrs. Jones Bought an *Automatic* Electric Washer."

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"Tuxedo is there with the right kind of smoke, always cool under fire, and has perfect control—no bite or sting, but a mild, fragrant pipe tobacco that just suits my taste. Tuxedo for me, always."

Richard Rudolph

"Whenever I see Tuxedo in the box I like to get on the receiving end. Give me a pipeful of this big league tobacco and I get my joy-innings. When Tuxedo gets going good there's no tobacco can touch it."

Harry Gowdy

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Star Pitcher
Boston Nationals

HARRY GOWDY
Star Catcher
Boston Nationals

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This pair of cool, heady, determined young Americans represents all that is fine, sound and good in our national pastime. Because they are clean-living athletes of the highest type they went through the grueling National League race and the swift, amazing four-game World's Series, through tight pinch after pinch, without either of them giving way to a "case of nerves." Their nerves are right—and are kept right—by their sensible habits. They both smoke mild, refreshing Tuxedo—helpful to both body and mind.

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We Give You This Fine Leather Tobacco Pouch

Every smoker appreciates a leather tobacco pouch. This handy, serviceable, Tuxedo Draw-Pouch is made of fine, soft, flexible tan leather, with a draw-string and snap that close pouch tight and keep tobacco from spilling.

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we will mail you prepaid, anywhere in U.S., a 10c tin of TUXEDO and this handsome Leather Draw-Pouch. We gladly make this offer to get you to try TUXEDO. Address

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Illustration one third of actual size.

Your job in this life may not be outguessing some batter or base-runner; but it's a dollar to a hole in a doughnut that you'll do better by your job and by yourself if you keep your body and brain up to the keen-mark all the time.

Tuxedo is a boon companion to the well-poised man. Tuxedo is mild. It won't bite your tongue, nor dry your throat, nor upset your nerves. Its rich mellowness brings you true tobacco comfort.

If you are a cigar smoker or a pipe smoker, try Tuxedo for *a week*. That week's experience will convince you that Tuxedo is the best smoke for busy Americans.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch 5c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket . . . 10c
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The High Cost of Bluffing

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

HE WAS an Irish poet—the sort of man who looks the part, writes spiritual verse, makes beautiful speeches, and at the same time demands and gets good prices for his verbal wares; likewise he had the kind of practical head that after verse making is over can put itself saliently into agricultural and manufacturing problems.

"How did I like America?" he said in reply to a fellow Irishman, one of the sort who looks on all Americans as brothers largely because some sixteen millions of them have a strong infusion of Hibernian blood. "I'd have loved America as a man loves the sweetheart of his old age if it wasn't that the country is so devil-ridden."

"Devil-ridden? That's a queer name entirely to put on America!"

"America is ridden by twin devils—Waste and Show."

Ask the opinion of foreigners of all classes who come over here to enjoy the privileges and prosperity of this free country. The Italian from Piedmont, who has farmed his master's land for almost nothing a week, and at last has got his ticket to America, hires out here as a laborer; and after he can understand the language he listens to the hard-luck stories of the farmers—the land is worn out; it will not pay; the market is bad; the middleman eats up the farmers' profits.

He looks at the land with wide, brown eyes, and he sees great unplowed patches in the fence corners, rank with weeds. He sees evidences of neglect in granary and barnyard. By and by he accumulates enough money to buy three acres; all his fence corners are planted and his vegetables are set up to his very doorstep.

His three acres increase some day to forty, and no one ever hears him talk of a poor market; he finds his own market in private houses here and there within wagon reach, just as he found spare inches of earth for his crops. Nothing in his past life or in the habits of his country has taught him to waste.

Careless Waste on Every Hand

It may be that his children are corrupted after a time by the twin devils. Maria Annunciata, his daughter, starts in school at eight, wearing red flannel underclothes, and a shawl over her head. At sixteen she is working, carefully escorted to and from the factory by a brother, and handing over her pay envelope to her father every Saturday night. At eighteen she is refusing to wear the still good suit she had last year, because it is out of style; and she is demanding money for a new dress and a silk petticoat, on pain of taking herself and her pay envelope out of the home. Waste and show have put their gilded claws into her little heart and brain.

A German emigrant girl is picked up from an emigrants' home on First Street by a lady in Scarsdale, whose cook demands a helper. The girl comes from a land where the slogan is not only "*Hoch der Kaiser!*" but also *hoch* domestic economy and resourcefulness. After her first meal in her new home she collects from the vegetable dishes about a cupful of string beans, three baked potatoes, several square inches of untouched beef, a heap of lettuce leaves—which she proceeds to rewash—and a portion of fruit jelly. It is her intention to put them in the new marvel of an ice box.

The vegetables and meat she would use for a savory soup; the lettuce leaves could appear in a mixed salad or at least garnish a dish; the jelly could be used for the servants' dinner next day. But the cook contemptuously throws the salvage into the garbage pail, all except the meat that joins the two sides of a sandwich for a policeman with whom she often passes the time of day. She informs the little German girl that in a house like this there is no time to be picking up scraps, and that nice American people will not stand to be fed on them. The twin American devils are thus presented to the young foreigner in distinguished disguise.

The middle-class French widow comes over to teach her language in a girls' school in New York, the pupils also being middle-class, with a truly democratic hope of soaring to the class above. She is horrified at what she sees of extravagance and of conspicuous dressing among her charges.

Mademoiselle A tears the thumb of her glove. Does she mend it? Does she even give it away? *Ah, ciel!* No! She throws it into the wastebasket.

Mademoiselle B wants some exercise paper. Does she buy it by the box of five hundred sheets? No! She buys it by the thin expensive pad.

Mademoiselle C wants to get a message promptly to a beloved friend uptown, whom she cannot reach by telephone. Does she send a special-delivery letter? *Mon Dieu!* She sends a day message costing three times as much!

Mademoiselle D is going with the chaperon on a shopping round. Does she dress as a young girl of sixteen should?

She does not.

She wears a perishable dress fit for a débutante, which will have to go to the cleaner when she returns, and a perishable hat, and white kid gloves; and her clothes advertise her father's ability to pay whatever the cost of her waste and show may be.

Where Slender Salaries Go

The Englishwoman of rank visits New York. At a matinée she sees a box party of prettily dressed women; and when she says something which shows her hostess that she thinks the woman who is giving the box party has as much money as beauty, the hostess informs her that, on the contrary, the woman's husband is a lawyer making perhaps three thousand a year. She sees another woman running her own little electric car and learns that her husband has four thousand a year.

She sees young couples in two-dollar seats at the theater, and is told that it is quite possible that the young man may be a clerk getting twelve hundred a year, and the young woman may be a stenographer at half that. She sees other young couples dining in restaurants where, at the cheapest, they could not escape under a dollar and a half each, and is informed that they, too, may belong to the twelve-hundred-dollar class.

The Englishwoman thinks it is all extraordinary. In her opinion the wife of a lawyer with a small income ought to be willing to sit in the gallery and to buy her clothes at bargain sales. The wife of a four-thousand-dollars-a-year man ought to patronize the street cars, and on rare occasions, when it is a question of saving her clothes, take a cab. Twelve-hundred-dollars-a-year couples she thinks should be content to go to moving-picture shows, and if they are married they ought not to be dining in restaurants, but at home on cheap but nourishing and relishable food.

The Englishwoman wants to know how these extravagant people can save anything. She wants to know what fun there is in it, since their pretentiousness does not impose on anyone. She comes from a nation where the most serious spending goes on underneath the surface rather than on the surface, and where display of an unjustifiable extravagance will not alter one's position for the better—if anything for the worse. She does not understand that there may be some pleasure in waste and show—and perhaps she is right.

A large number of thinking American citizens, both men and women, will be inclined to agree with her. In a large, general and tolerant way they might explain our economic indiscretions by saying that we are a young nation, with all the excesses of youth—hence our spectacular prodigality; but in concrete detail they disapprove of this phase of our domestic technic—especially when, through force of custom, they suffer from it.

For example, Mrs. Allen hurries home from a luncheon to her quaint, little, old-fashioned house. Because it is old-fashioned she rents it cheaply. Being a painter of miniatures she can carry off the curse of its old fashion,

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"Bell Tailors of New York.
"Gentlemen:
"Every man should send for the Bell Style Book. It is free, but it is worth many dollars.
"I feel this way, because I figure that I saved at least six and a half dollars on the $13.50 suit you just made for me.
"This was my first order, and it was in the nature of a venture, but now that same has been filled, my regrets are that I did not patronize you long before." (Signed) J. R. McCormick.

THIS is a sincere, unsolicited letter from one of our many thousands of customers. We reproduce it here because it expresses so frankly the experience of the majority of men who try our made-to-measure clothes for the first time.

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Let us send you our Style Book absolutely free of cost. It is illustrated with the newest and smartest New York styles, and contains 64 liberal sized samples of the finest woolens, and a lot of valuable information that you should be in possession of before you buy your next suit. If you send for this Style Book you will understand that Mr. McCormick, who wrote the above letter, has not in any way exaggerated our value-giving.

Our catalog is our only salesman. We have no agents or dealers of any kind to share in the profits of your purchase. If we had we should have to pay them a commission and charge you more. We deal with you direct by mail and give you what we'd pay a salesman to take your orders. We send you a simple outfit with which any member of your family can take your measurements as expertly as a custom tailor can.

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Our great Special is a beautiful tailored suit, *made to your individual order and measure* for $13.50.

Of course, the garment is worth many dollars more than this price, and it is only due to our system of direct selling that we are able to quote this low price. We guarantee to fit you perfectly from the measurements you send us. There is no speculation in buying from us. You are protected by the most liberal guarantee, which says that the suit must live up to every claim we make, or you are under no obligations to keep it.

No matter in what sized town you live, no matter how well you think you are pleased with your present clothier or tailor, send for our Style Book. It is free for the asking, but will certainly show you how to save dollars of your clothes money.

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Please send me your spring catalog and samples free
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Would you believe we could *add* to the quality of these tires?

This we have done by adopting for all 1915

PENNSYLVANIA
Red Oilproof Tread
VACUUM CUP BICYCLE TIRES

a special 15½ oz. fabric as strong as that used in most Ford size automobile castings, so that V. C's. are now *puncture-proof*.

This improvement is in addition to the oilproof composition, the anti-skid effectiveness, and the full season service guarantee.

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A wonderful new line —of quality you never dreamed of at the prices.

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Three models. Three grades of quality. Three prices, all moderate. Built for the bike rider who knows and wants our high standard of tire value, scaled down to easier buying.

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SUCCESS

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PENNSYLVANIA
Oilproof
VACUUM CUP MOTORCYCLE TIRES

Automobile tire construction throughout. Extra strong; permanently oilproof; effectively anti-skid. They have proved that motorcycle service requires real automobile calibre in the tires.

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—and average twice that distance.

A new popular priced tire of abundant quality.

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We have put more real quality—of the kind the motorcyclist wants and needs—into these tires than has ever before been offered at the prices of ordinary tires.

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"YANKEE" No. 130 is the *Quick Return* Spiral Screwdriver. Spring in handle brings it back for next stroke; firmly keeps bit in screwhead. Worked with one hand. Right and left ratchet; and rigid. Price, $1.85.

Three bits with tool. Special attachments obtainable for counter-sinking, drilling, etc.

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Your dealer can supply you. Look for "YANKEE"
Write us for "'Yankee' Tool Book" for mechanics and amateurs, "Yankee Tools in the Garage" for motorists
NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

where an ordinary wife, with social ambitions, would fail.

She is hurrying because Brown has said he would drop in to tea. Mrs. Allen never has tea just for herself; and she knows that Alison, her Scotch maid, will be too busy with the ironing to get it. Mrs. Allen dashes into the house, cuts cake, makes sandwiches and—when she hears Brown's ring—brews the tea. Alison bears it in two minutes after Brown is seated.

"I had it brought in early," Mrs. Allen says, "because I knew you'd be famished."

She dispenses it prettily, with that air a married woman usually has toward a bachelor friend whom she suspects she could marry if she were not already married, and who, she almost believes, is remaining single because he cannot find any one quite so nice as herself.

"You're not taking anything yourself?" Brown remarks.

"I can't even pretend to, since it's you. I was at a luncheon and I sat near the hostess; so I had to eat and eat—Sue Dalton was giving it. Awfully pretty it was!"

"Who was there?" Brown asks grimly.

He has known the Allens since their art-student days, when they had been two interesting little nobodies, living separately on nothing a year—the young man caring for his work and interesting people; the girl caring for her work and for people as they made up that solid and valuable thing called a social circle.

Brown has seen them marry on nothing a year, increase it to something; and then, under Mrs. Allen's ministrations, so dispose of that something that it looked to be considerably more than it was, and helped make the world believe in the Allens' financial as well as artistic success.

"Oh, some nice women," replies Mrs. Allen vaguely.

"That means they mostly bored you to death," Brown comments. "What did you have to eat?"

"It was ever so pretty!" replies Mrs. Allen animatedly. "First, Sue had a clear soup in cups, with whipped cream on top—awfully nice flavor. Then she gave us fish in ramekins—nothing particular; but she had the cutest little cucumber thing to go with it. She explained to us that it was Guy Fawkes Day—tell me in a minute who Guy Fawkes was—and so she'd cut the eatable part of the cucumber into a gunpowder-barrel shape; and out of the white and green outside part she'd cut the dearest little figure of a man holding a torch, and one of them was set at the side of each barrel. She'd put a tip of pink sugar candy on each torch."

Guy-Fawkes Nonsense

"Lord!" groans Brown. "I suppose all that changed the taste of the cucumber?"

"She had some kind of bird for the next course, and I expect it was pretty extravagant of her; but it showed a nice spirit toward her guests. With the bird she served tiny little potatoes—of course they were cut out of big potatoes—and delicious French beans. For salad she had to fall back on endive; but the little ball of cheese that went with it was awfully good.

"The ice cream had been frozen into little shapes which Sue called bombs, and which we all greeted as Guy Fawkes bombs. She had cake made according to an old English recipe, which she called Guy Fawkes cake, but I suppose she invented that part of it. On the place cards she'd sketched pictures of the Houses of Parliament which Guy tried to blow up. An' she had a verse beginning:

"'Please to remember the fifth of November!'

"It was a lovely luncheon and it went off beautifully—only I hated eating so much. I did think I could go easy on the birds. I loathe them, anyway—no one likes them—because it's so impossible to get the flesh off; but it seemed to me that Sue's eyes were on me every time I rested my knife, and I could fairly feel her thinking: 'I had to pay fifty cents apiece for those birds!'

"Laura," Brown says, "don't you know, and doesn't Sue know, that Dalton's salary is only twenty-five hundred a year?"

"Mercy! Don't preach!" Mrs. Allen returns. "Sue knows what she's doing. You needn't draw me a picture of young Jim Dalton leaning, with pallid face and staring eyes, over bills that can't be paid. Sue will pay for it if she feeds the family on bread and beans for a week. Sue's got to keep up or lose her place in the procession."

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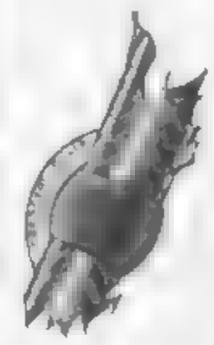

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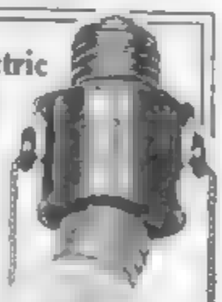

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"And then you urge me to marry!" Brown says bitterly. "Now, you look up here and tell me how she did it."

"Well," Mrs. Allen says reminiscently, "she baked the Guy Fawkes cake yesterday. She got up at five and set to work on the cucumbers; to make them for ten people must have taken her close to three hours, for she had the little barrel staves showing. The cucumbers and the fish in the ramekins couldn't have cost much.

"Then it took her another hour to cut the potatoes—no money there; only time. Of course all the whipped cream she had was for the soup; and the birds must have cost quite a bit. The ice cream—unless I miss my guess—she managed in her muffin tins, fixed together—anyway, they looked about like that. Sue's very resourceful. I know she did all the cooking herself and got a colored girl just to wait on the table. Sue can't afford a maid all the time."

"I suppose she worked until the last minute, and that her face was pink from the exertion of hooking her dress while the first guest was ringing the bell," Brown remarks.

"Yes," sighs Mrs. Allen; "the only difference between giving a luncheon and giving a dinner, for people in our position, is that when you give a luncheon you work until luncheon-time; and when you give a dinner you work until dinner-time."

"'People in our position,'" quotes Brown. "I wish I knew what 'our position' is. You and Allen make five thousand between you, and people more than half believe you when you say it's ten."

"Mrs. Peter Gross was at the luncheon, and she has twenty thousand a year of her own, and she is also in our position," laughs Mrs. Allen, not at all discomposed; for she is a woman who good-naturedly accepts bluff, is not at all imposed on by it, but rather expects her own adroit bluffing to pass muster.

"Look here," Brown says; "to go back to that luncheon. I've been counting up. Sue worked like a horse planning it so that it would look as though it cost five dollars a plate. She worked like a horse again cleaning house the day before, putting up clean curtains and things. I know - I've seen you at it. She slaved until her guests came!"

"And she washed the dishes afterward, because this colored maid charged a dollar just to wait. I've had her; so I know."

"How much do you figure the luncheon cost in money? I make it a dollar and a quarter a plate."

"No; Sue's husband once saved a fruit-store man's child from drowning, and so Sue gets special things, like French beans and endive, at wholesale. Mrs. Gross sent the flowers; of course Sue waited until the last minute to see whether any one would. I guess, counting extra heat and the maid's wages, it didn't come to more than a dollar and ten cents each: Sue's a wonder."

The Profit and Loss of Entertaining

"I'll bet it took twenty dollars' worth of energy out of Sue—and to what end?" Brown asks.

"To the end, dear idiot, that we all had a good time, and Sue worked off her most pressing social obligations in a very tidy way."

Brown sighs; like more than one bachelor he is by way of being a domestic reformer, and he is always knocking against the impervious wall of feminine superiority that women rear against the domestically inexperienced bachelor.

"Look here, Laura," he says patiently; "you've said that everybody hates birds because they are so hard to cut. You've said you had to overeat when you didn't want to. If you'd been at home you'd have been amply content with two courses, and so would all the other women."

"Of course; but then we aren't at a party when we're at home."

"I don't see why you expect Sue to flash five courses on you when you're only used to two and don't want any more. Besides, Laura, if you have been able to estimate the cost of that luncheon don't you suppose every one else has?"

"Ye-es," replied Mrs. Allen thoughtfully.

"Then—don't you see that nobody is deceived? Why couldn't Sue have had you all in to a feed of chops, potatoes, green peas and ice cream, frozen in the shape of a brick; and let her change the plates herself? Then she'd got out of it for three dollars or so, and would have had eight dollars left toward paying the expense of the nervous prostration she and Dalton are both headed for."

"My poor boy," Mrs. Allen says, "you don't need to tell any woman that entertaining is a bore and a frightful expense. She knows it. She pretends she doesn't, because you men have taught her to pretend since first you told her that she was a dear, inferior pet, and that you'd do the thinking for her. There's nothing about household matters that comes into your heads that doesn't first come to hers.

"We don't like to overeat and overpay and overtalk; but we'll do it because it's become a convention of our social scheme—just like gymnasium work, or going to church, or going camping, or any other gregarious transaction that a number of people set out to do. It's got the social sanction, and not to do it would be like going without a petticoat, that intangible thing which fashion decrees shall be worn."

"But it's all wrong," says Brown, with the reformer's pitiful conviction that if only a man who sees the light shrieks with sufficient loudness about the light he can make fitting proselytes.

"Nothing is wrong, no matter how silly it is, if convention has put the stamp of approval on it," Mrs. Allen replies triumphantly.

"Listen to me!" Brown says, with quiet despair. "You see, I had no home after I was twenty; and so I preserved an ideal of home. At the same time, living in boarding houses and hotels, I didn't see what the inner workings of any home are—I merely kept my pure ideal. Very well; after I was old enough to have married friends and to be tolerable to them, I was invited to their homes."

"And you didn't like what you saw? Thanks!" remarks Mrs. Allen placidly.

Why Brown Doesn't Marry

"What I saw didn't square with my ideals of what a home should be," persists Brown doggedly. "I'm only a sensible bachelor, you know, and what I seem to see is a smothering lot of social customs and fool accessories that clog the wheels of daily living and make progress through life a wearisome, dragging journey."

"Oh, nonsense! All you have seen is a lot of courageous Americans improving their standard of living."

"No; that isn't so," Brown says hotly. "I see a lot of false pretense; a lot of trouble taken for people for whom one doesn't care a straw; and a lot of people one does like neglected because they'll stand for it, knowing they are liked; a lot of stupid extravagance ——"

"Oh, come, you're generalizing."

"Very well, I'll try to put it concretely and in a nutshell. Half the Americans I meet seem to be living beyond their incomes. Some of them really are and they go to smash. Well, they'd do that anyway, perhaps; but what I object to are the middle-class people, on incomes of anything from fifteen hundred to six thousand, who ought to be simple and inconspicuous in their lodging, clothes and entertainment—and who aren't. The fifteen-hundred-dollar people at times give entertainments fitting for the six-thousand-dollar people; and the six-thousand-dollar people give a spurt now and then and compete with twenty-thousand-dollar people."

"But if no one is deceived ——"

"It's bad for the psychology of the people who live up to that bluff—that pretense. Now do you know why I don't get married?"

"I'm beginning to see."

"It's because I can't find a girl who will live with me, a four-thousand-dollar man, in a symmetrically four-thousand-dollars-a-year way. I can't meet a girl without having to sail through a sea of pretense and waste to get to her ——"

Brown hesitates and then goes on with a whimsical smile:

"Well, let's suppose I've found somebody fit to reform. She accepts me and I have an idea that we'll slip out some afternoon to be married. But no; the engagement has to be announced. Then come engagement presents—cups and saucers; pickle forks and bonbon dishes—until you can't rest. Then some one gives her a linen shower and she gets a lot of doilies that she'll never use.

"Then her friends begin to entertain us—mine too; and things are given in our house at which our hosts work off other social obligations and heap new ones on poor us. We're dead-beat before the wedding day and maybe short of cash; but I've got to give presents to her bridesmaids, and

(Continued on Page 46)

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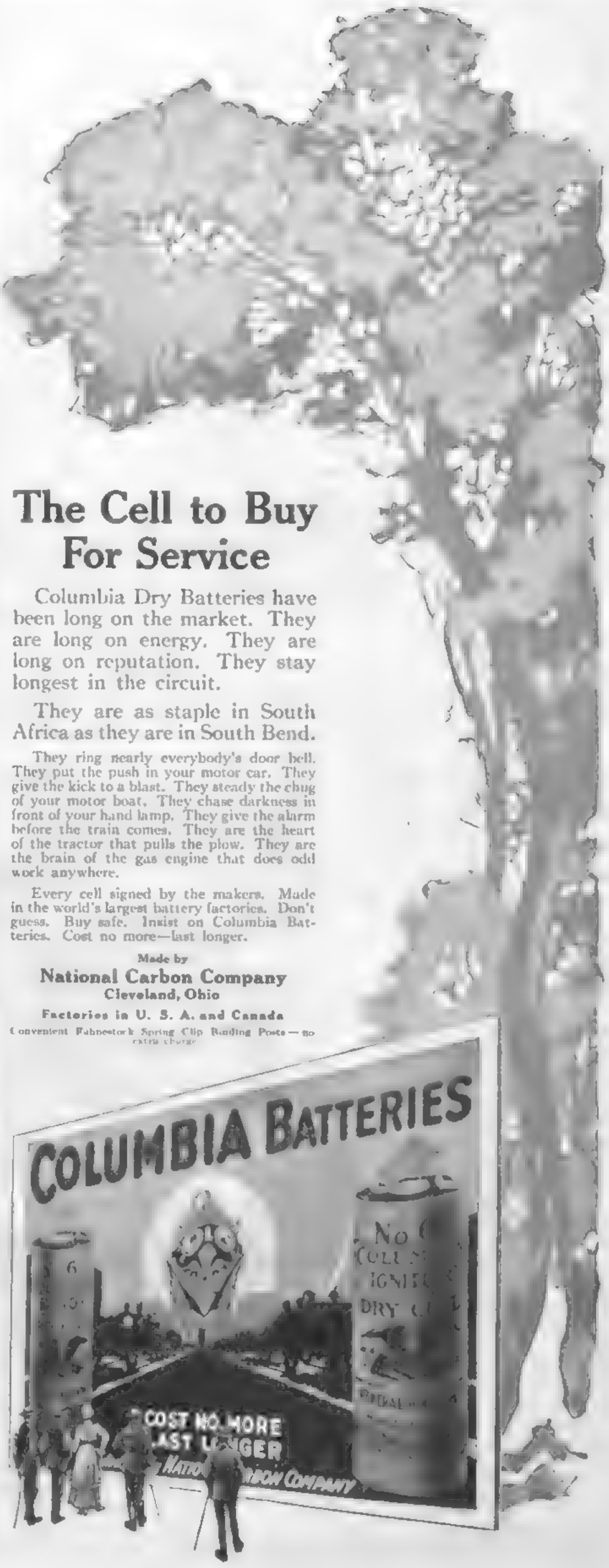

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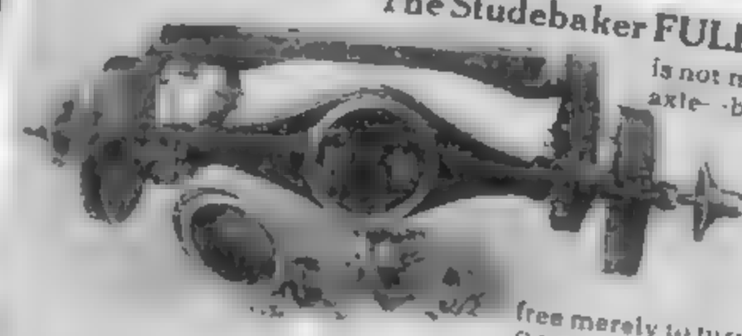

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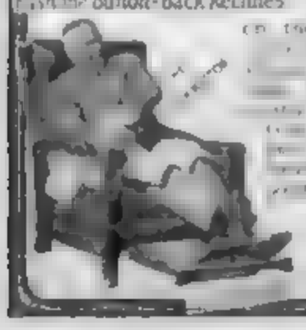

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(Continued from Page 43)

her people have to give her a wedding all full of flummery.

"So we have that expensive wedding, and maybe the bridesmaids can wear their dresses again; but the bride can't. Also, she comes to me with scads of clothes that can't be half worn and must be made over before the next year. Also, we've a list of wedding presents—half of them duplicates or useless—that we may have to return unto the third generation. Then we are entertained some more; and we've got to pay that all back.

"If I suggest to my bride that we entertain our friends according to our means, will she agree? She will not. She will tell me that if we don't give as good as we get they'll think we're stingy, or that my salary has been cut down. If I go on arguing she'll either weep or else she'll tell me that we'll start to reform once we've paid our debts—and you know how specious such a promise would turn out to be. Maybe she'll agree and promise a simple entertainment; but when the hour comes I'll see myself sitting down to the same old seven-course dinner, and afterward she'll tell me that her courage failed her. Anyhow, you can bet she'll have me on the social treadmill, like any other well-broken horse of a husband."

"Well, but think of the splendor of feeling that you've got the social aplomb, on fifteen hundred, to give six-thousand-dollar entertainments!" Mrs. Allen says. "Think how splendid it is to know that even if you're poor you don't feel too humble, but do feel that you have the manners to take your place in any social circle."

"Only you notice that you don't take your place in the social circles you are trying to imitate," Brown says. "I agree that it's nice to feel socially equal to anybody; yet the test ought not to be your power of reaching a place where, as a permanency, you wouldn't feel comfortable and wouldn't be wanted, but your power of leading a life that gives you physical and spiritual ease."

"Ah!" murmurs Mrs. Allen broodingly.

"And one never can have physical and spiritual ease so long as one goes in for waste and show, Laura. I know you made this tea for me yourself before I was ready for it, though Alison brought it in. I'd have been just as happy to have been in the kitchen, helping with it, knowing that, since Alison is in the laundry ironing, we'd not have to disturb her. But, just to give the effect of leisure and have a handmaiden to wait on us, you worked yourself to death, cutting four times as many sandwiches and cake as we could eat. What's the use—honestly—Laura?"

The Wane of Puritan Simplicity

Mrs. Allen blushes; then she laughs.

"Guilty, if you like; but there's no help. There's so much waste in Nature that you can scarcely blame poor civilized man for imitating her. We bluff, if you like, and play-act and waste, and some of us impose on the world, and some of us don't; but, whether we see through ourselves or not, and whether we ache for a rest from it all or not, we'll go on doing it."

"But if a number of people ——"

"My good man," Mrs. Allen says decisively, "the only way you can change the way of living to which you object is to get an extraordinary number of people to start a new, simple fashion of living—and get it stamped with social sanction. Let the fashionable ranks give it the approval they give suffrage, for example. Did you see how suffrage lifted its middle-class head?"

"But if you'd tell a man how the social sanction is got ——"

"Don't ask me! But I'll tell you one thing—the stamp of social approval is never put on anything that is inexpensive; so there we go, whirling about in a vicious circle."

How did we happen to reach this bad eminence? For at waste and show, flimflam and flapdoodle, our spendid country, our land of most promise and vitality and power and real possibilities of idealism, can beat the rest of the world. When and where we began to set our really pernicious example it is hard to tell; certainly not in the early days.

Our Puritan forefathers fed the leftovers to the children and the Indians. No early mother threw away a 1621 model gown on the excuse that they were not wearing that kind any more, because they were wearing that kind as long as the cloth in it lasted, and that meant a good many years. No 1621 schoolgirl informed her parents that they would simply have to move to a better looking flat on a better-looking street, even though they had to skimp and skimp to pay the rent, because all the other girls had nicer homes than she had and were talking about her. In Puritantown every one lived on the same street and mostly in the same room, and the standard of value was not how much any one superficially seemed to have, but how much hard work any one could do.

The Puritans were so economical that when their consorts died they spent very little time in mourning, but the relicts married within two or three weeks. Pioneers, whether they were Puritans or whether they are present-day homesteaders in our hopeful West, have no room in their domestic economy for waste and show.

Perhaps our twin devils came to live with us soon after hand machines were invented and cloth was made so fast that an individual's wardrobe could be doubled. Then perhaps the thought occurred: Why make the cloth so perfect when it is to be thrown away before it can be worn out? Another logical thought was: Why not make shoddy cloth, so that even those people who do not want to throw it away will have to?

Perhaps the little twin devils waxed stronger in those prodigal years after the Civil War, when the young country began to realize its possibilities in trade and commerce—began to expand and invent, and take to its bosom that vampire of the soul, Big Business. What better chance could ever come for show and bluff and flimflam, so that Big Business should be magnified and puffed and inflated into dropsical Bigger Business? What better chance could ever come for prodigal waste to leap into the foreground in order to support the illusion of show?

Why Copper-Toed Boots Went Out

There never has been any special time and place for the conspiracy of waste and show. Two centuries or so ago even the most fashionable people dined at three or four o'clock; gradually the hour was pushed later, until now thousands have the dinner at seven or eight.

A century ago even a fashionable bride's trousseau could have been packed in a box something smaller than a steamer trunk. Now even a middle-class bride will not go away without a big trunk, a suit case and a Gladstone bag or toilet case—to say nothing of the things she leaves hanging in the closet in her old room at home.

Fifty years ago, if a middle-class woman had one silk dress during her lifetime it was a thing to mention in her prayers and to keep in tissue paper and lavender; to-day she has a new one each spring.

Twenty years ago the young working woman retrimmed her felt hat year after year until it was green with age; to-day she has a new hat, usually velvet, every winter, and she will not wear it the second year unless it can be reshaped so that it will seem like new.

Even when people try hard to go back to the less extravagant decades, various factors of civilization conspire to prevent them. A certain bookish spinster who had spent most of her life abroad came sharply against this matter of enforced waste. She returned to America to take charge of a little nephew. She had become accustomed to look on boys merely as decorative background—picturesque Italian bambini, rich in color and rags; doll-like, polished French boys; sturdy, well-bred English lads. She had forgotten that boys have to have food and clothes—and, above all, shoes. She was appalled at the number of shoes her nephew wore out.

When she was young, shoes had not gone to pieces in any such fashion. She began to visualize the feet of her little brother of the old days, and she got a satisfying vision of stout boots, with thin, polished, pinky copper toes; of course copper-toed boots—they did not say shoes then, it was a cheap-sounding, unsubstantial word beside boots. She went to shop after shop looking for copper-toed boots, quite in vain. The denials she received were polite or patronizing, amused or bewildered; there were young clerks who had never heard of copper-toed boots.

"They aren't making copper-toed boots now, madam," she was told.

"But why?"

"Er—ah—they meant too many bruises on the shins of the other little boys, madam."

The aunt shook her head. She herself had been kicked with copper-toed shoes,

and it hadn't hurt any more than bony brotherly knuckles. At last a friend enlightened her:

"Do give up your search, my dear. You won't find copper-toed boots, because they look so common, so low-class. You wouldn't want your nephew to be mistaken for a laborer's child, would you? He'd look like one with copper-toed boots."

The aunt saw the shoemakers did not want copper-toed shoes because they did not wear out fast enough. Why permit the harassed father of a family to pay only twenty dollars a year for small-boy footwear when he could be forced to pay fifty? Why let him save when he could be forced to waste? Was it the shoemakers also who had induced the view that copper-toed boots were common—low-class?

Show and waste swung hands together on this question. The aunt wondered, and thousands of other Americans, sick of waste and show, may also wonder why some clear-headed shoemaker, with no hope of getting rich quick, but with the ambition to earn a good living, does not revive the old style.

No one can tell precisely when waste and show joined their tenacious devil-hands and marked the American nation as the prime exemplar of Conspicuous Consumption—devout thanks to Dr. Thorstein Veblen, who invented that phrase in The Theory of the Leisure Class.

Perhaps they had clamped down their hall-mark on the occasion of a famous ball given in New York some two decades ago by an American family with a hyphenated name, who afterward bore their laurels into the circles of the English nobility. That ball received unwonted columns in the newspapers, and some of the reporters' accounts were tinged with disapproving awe.

To-day any wedding of a multimillionaire's daughter will be a much more showy thing than that ball, and the newspapers will give an extraordinary amount of space to it for days before and for a day or two afterward, because such royal domestic extravagance in plutocratic American homes has become news.

Twenty years ago, however, while we still had Puritan ideals of thrift among our principles, even if we did not entirely live up to them, the account of that ball seemed to many readers more like the text of a sermon. The food, the flowers, the flunkies—all the flimflam and flapdoodle—were read of most religiously and discussed in tens of thousands of homes.

Some there were who were openly shocked and who disapproved in words of capital letters. They did not think it was right, no matter how much wealth people had, to waste so much money and music that no one listened to, and flowers that no one cared to look at or smell, and food of which no one could eat the hundredth part, when there were so many starving or sick people in the world. Such people were of the same metal—though less white-hot—as Kate Barnard, of Oklahoma, who quivers like a flame when she says on public platforms: "I swear to God I'll never wear a diamond so long as there is a hungry child in the world!"

Other readers there were, imbued with the desire to palliate and possessing a certain amount of false political economy; and these said it was beneficial to have all that money in circulation—it helped florists and musicians and caterers. These were the sort of people who would not change their own ways, and who took a mild kind of pleasure in explaining the ways of others whom they would never dream of imitating.

There were still other Americans, however, not of the spectator sort—young, eager, imitative people full of democratic belief in themselves, certain of their ability to rise, certain that the best was none too good for them, determined that no standard of living was going to cow them. They were stimulated by the very prodigality, impressed by the royalty of the waste and show They are alive yet, by the tens of thousands, following and setting a bad example.

Some sensible people have never joined this vast circle and some have been graduated from it—because a passion for waste and show, for Conspicuous Consumption, may pass like the measles, or like an adolescent youth's passion for gay clothes.

Some day a young couple, who have been straining to keep up with the procession, are roused to the fact that they are tired out; that they have not saved so much as they should; that they have acquaintances rather than real friends; and that they may have been wearing themselves out by entertaining people for whom they really do not care.

They revise their social list; specialize on a few friends they really care for; make acquaintance with their library; learn to talk to each other; cut down on their clothes; pile up a bank balance; accumulate a fresh supply of nervous energy—and really begin to enjoy life.

When they have got as far as that they congratulate themselves, pity those who are still panting in the procession, and, according to their passion for humanity, they do or do not attempt to reform other people; but, like all people who find a panacea for the ordinary grind, they take great joy from sitting on the side lines and reflecting that they have been big enough to break into freedom.

WHAT NEXT?

Fooling the Butchers

INGENIOUS chemists have recently succeeded in manufacturing sausage casings out of pine, and actually making them more cheaply than the casings made from the internal arrangements of hogs and sheep. Pure-food laws, rigid Government requirements of all kinds and the increasing demand have forced up the prices of satisfactory casings for Bologna, pork and Frankfurter sausages.

It is exactly under such conditions that the modern chemist proves his ability; for a combination of higher prices, with decreased supply, always gives the opening for a substitute. Accordingly research chemists were directed to hunt for a substitute, the requirements of the new casings being stated as cheap, pure, harmless, aseptic or free from disease germs, preferably digestible and absolutely safe from spoiling if kept for long periods of time.

Cellulose was their answer after extended investigation. Cellulose is the basis of most vegetable products. Wood, cotton, grass and flowers are largely made of cellulose. Cabbage is composed of two-thirds of cellulose and one-third of all other substances. The chemists took ordinary sulphite wood pulp, well bleached, and washed it until it appeared like sirup, clear but thick. This sirup is readily made into tubes of jelly with very thin walls. The tubes are dried, and then are ready for use as sausage casings whenever needed.

The cellulose casings have been found to be stout, colorless, and so close to the appearance of the ancient device that butchers have not suspected the substitution. They can be kept until required as easily as paper or cloth can be kept, and they are free from contamination. If the casings are eaten some of the cellulose will probably be digested, though that is not fully determined as yet. In any event it will be perfectly harmless.

The first practical application of the cellulose casings has been for the larger kinds of sausage, such as Bologna; but the chemists have given assurance that their invention can be extended to the smaller kinds with some further experimenting.

Electric Signs

HOW much more effective is an electric sign of striking shape than a more glaring sign of jumbled shape has been demonstrated by means of scientific tests conducted by a Cornell psychologist. His findings apply, to a certain extent, to other forms of advertising also.

Whether form or intensity attracts more attention was the object of his study. A rough patch of light on a screen was taken to represent intensity and a sharply defined cross of light was taken to represent form. It was possible to regulate the amount of light on each screen. Various observers were tested to find out the comparative values of the two screens in attracting attention.

The average showed that it took three times as much light on the rough spot as on the cross to attract attention equally. Though the test was admitted to be somewhat crude, all the observers gave practically the same results, indicating that the values were probably pretty sound.

Striking the right pace in good dressing helps any man's prosperity; makes it easier for him to get ahead.

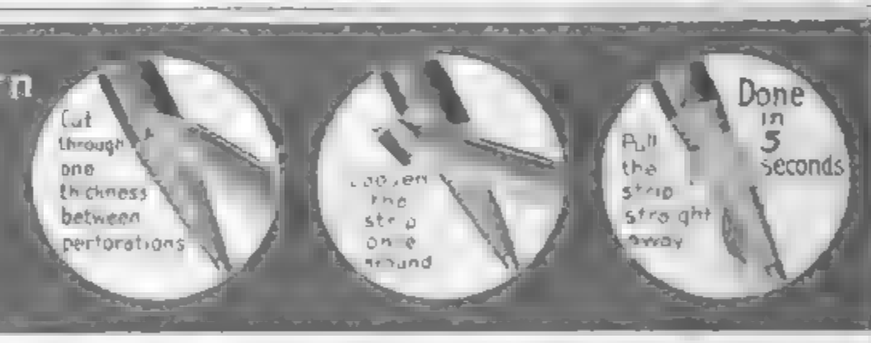
Sincerity Clothes

will insure you the spirited style you want as well as honest values for your money. See the **Sincerity** merchant in your locality when ready to buy; he has some fine garments to show you.

Write for our new Style Book; shows the best wear for men and young men.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.
Chicago

The modern way to sharpen a pencil


Cut through one thickness between perforations
Loosen the strip one round
Pull the strip straight away
Done in 5 seconds

Can you buy better than these people?

American Tobacco Company	City of New York
Carnegie Steel Company	City of Chicago
Westinghouse Electric Company	Bell Telephone Co. of Penna.

These organizations—and many others of like standing—use Blaisdell pencils either wholly or in part. Numerous corporations of world-wide reputation will use none but the Blaisdell! Corporations of this character are not accustomed to purchase their supplies on any easy-going basis. The purchasing agents of such concerns pay money only for their money's worth. Is it reasonable to suppose that you can find a better lead pencil than these keen buyers have been able to find?

Blaisdell pencils are in tune with the modern demand for efficiency, convenience, economy. The Blaisdell is the *scientific* lead pencil, designed to give the utmost in quality and convenience at the minimum of cost.

These pencils are made by special automatic machinery which reduces the cost of manufacture and enables us to use "only the best" of lead in each grade. The delightful writing qualities of Blaisdells and their wonderful "lastingness" result from this.

Blaisdells are a great stride ahead of the old-style wooden lead pencils. The greater convenience of Blaisdells is so marked that, to the habitual users of Blaisdells, others seem to waste time and temper; no whittling; no annoyance; no dirt; no scraping and breaking of the lead with Blaisdells. Blaisdells are sharpened in 5 seconds with ridiculous ease.

Blaisdells will reduce your wooden pencil costs by one third! We will investigate your own particular pencil item (if you ask us to) and prove the truth of this statement before you buy a single pencil. Blaisdell pencils will outlast a half dozen ordinary wooden pencils (to say nothing of clerks' time—of whittling, etc.—that is saved). Who takes advantage of this economy for your organization? Write us about it.

Blaisdell 7200 (Hard or Soft) is an indelible copying pencil positively unequaled. It makes clear copies and is a wonder for long life. Price 75c per dozen; $7.50 per gross (Hard), $8.75 per gross (Soft). Order by number from your stationer

There are Blaisdell pencils of every kind for every purpose, including Regular, Colored Copying, Indelible, Extra thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's and Railroad pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness. Sold by leading stationers everywhere.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA

Good Teeth

Nature's Best Gift To Humanity

Nature gave you a set of sound, healthy teeth with which to make your food 100 per cent efficient in creating rich blood and vital energy.

How are you conserving this gift? Do you appreciate its value? You should *know* what good teeth mean to you, because good teeth promote good health.

Dental clinics in many large cities have proved that much of the backwardness and delinquency among school children is caused by neglected teeth.

When tartar or cavities appear you should consult your dentist, but you can assist nature in preserving your teeth by the daily use of

LISTERINE

Every morning and after each meal the teeth should be carefully brushed, but this alone will not suffice. The mouth and teeth should be thoroughly rinsed with Listerine and water.

Listerine increases the flow of saliva—nature's best preservative of the teeth. It is the continuous flow of healthy saliva that prevents acid mouth—the chief cause of decay.

Listerine is a powerful antiseptic—a preventive. It cleanses between the teeth where the brush cannot reach. It retards decay and overcomes odors.

Avoid preparations containing harmful drugs that retard the flow of saliva and lessen its preservative power. Listerine is free from potash and alkalines.

Listerine is a safe antiseptic for daily use in your home. For cuts, wounds and skin irritations, or as a first aid in case of accidents, it is unsurpassed.

The economy and efficiency of Listerine have been established for 33 years. Its sale extends to 54 countries—a world-wide distribution never approached by any similar product.

Avoid Imitations

Be sure you get the genuine Listerine, in the brown paper package containing the round bottle with our name blown in the glass. Read the circular around the bottle.

The only reason why any dealer should offer an imitation or a substitute is to make a larger profit on the inferior preparation. Listerine is sold by druggists everywhere.

Four Sizes—15c—25c—50c—$1.00

Made and Owned in America

Lambert Pharmacal Company

Laboratories: St. Louis Toronto

ALASKA TO BROADWAY—AND BACK

Continued from Page 11

manager nightly withholds for last-minute favors come those who would do the show some harm should they be overlooked.

Fancy a comedian who meets his present judges daily frolicking out on the stage and trying to make them laugh!

"George has gone back a whole lot same old business," said Bill sadly; and the lady having a cigarette in the seclusion of a chiffon muff, back of him, replied:

"Did you hear they cut him to two hundred? And him just out of Ludlow Street for not coming through with Adele's money! They say he smokes hop now and he'll sink to a burlesque job next—the costumes are cheap!"

"They wouldn't pay a good man to design originally. Looks to me as though they got 'em out of Noah's storehouse," said Lola, who knows everything.

And about her rows of heads nodded, and there was snickering when she who had put the striving comedian into Ludlow Street led her new one into a stage box, and looked at George singing three beats ahead of the leader, who was telling the drummer to look behind and see who was in the box. The spectators were all able to say they knew George when ——

And as the prima donna dashed on, with the villagers waving caps and their eyes seeking friends out front, and sent her voice toward the tortured composer, lurking in a gallery seat, somebody in B 3 turned, staring up the aisle. A celebrated Broadway character, who owns stock in theaters, was escorting a young woman strange to the assemblage; and the comments were so noisy that the song reached E flat above high C, with power and thrilling sweetness—and the Death Watch did not notice it!

They were asking whether he had quarreled with the little blonde. The act closed, and one of a quartet, who had clapped when the lisping showgirl asked the comedian whether he wasn't from Omaha, was saying:

"My eight dollars is as good as your eight dollars, and we want to hear the show—that's what I mean!"

The first-nighters were amused, for you see the garrulous press agents, and the two plaintiffs who had just had the jolliest luck with their breach-of-promise cases, had not paid any eight dollars. They were "paper." Why did a man from Omaha come there?

The Manners of New York

With New York at a performance there is rudeness. It isn't the visitor from Butte who arrives late enough to trample on a dozen punctual feet, or the woman from Bangor whose wrap hangs so far over the back of her chair that it fills a reluctant lap. She does not leer through a lorgnette at a coiffure ten inches distant.

The New Orleans party are not crackling programs and standing up, forcing themselves into coats, when the naval officer and the heroine are completing the plot with a long kiss, and the chorus, with fresh costumes that maybe somebody wishes to observe, are massing for the finale. But New York is; and, on the walk outside, New York is denouncing the carriage caller because 817 can't get round from Seventh Avenue in a second, and sneering that they do these things decently in London!

Lola said:

"Mind your diamonds; there are pickpockets anywhere at this hour."

She took from a friend a card reading, "For Your Chauffeur," which instructed him as to the Westchester route, and how to reach a house where a party began at one, with supper, and breakfast at seven, and your machine ordered for eight. Bill was on the wagon, and he said he couldn't stay on if he went—the Brants wouldn't stand for that. So we went to a restaurant near by and were raided by more coat girls, and almost before we sat—because Bill was known—at a table by the stage, a turbaned Syrian from West Fifty-third Street offered pistachio nuts; and Lola said:

"No! That's the gag now; they're awfully salty, and it makes people buy drinks. They have pistachios in all the dansants —— Lord, look at her—the mauve girl! Flesh powder on her face and brunette on the shoulders!"

The cabaret was on. A champagne agent was loudly demanding his brand, saying, Yes, war had sent the grape up a bit, but the 1914 vintage was a wonder. An experienced waiter stacked the empty bottles on the table, with the labels outward, and the Omaha people, entering, stared at the exhibit. The agent told his waiter to go over and take that beer away from certain friends and open some wine—"on me."

On the stage three young men were bawlingly explaining that Sister Susie was sewing shirts for soldiers. If a patron looked away from his plate or glass, it was ravished from him, and over a bare expanse the waiter's relentless eye intimated that another order would aid toward popularity. No complaint of slow service here! The days of fifty minutes for broiled chicken are past. A lukewarm, reheated cold-storage bird was whisked on, the waiter skipping back for more. Eat and order something else, or give up that table; no empties where the cabaret is going.

I shall remember that place not for the tea in the chill metal pot; there never was and never will be—unless a hotel man I know in Tacoma goes there and starts another restaurant—a heated pot in New York. The liquid may be too strong or too weak, but it will always be warm and not hot. I sent pots back in the big hotels on Fifth Avenue, and in the Spanish place down in Pearl Street, and the German resort in Fourteenth Street. But I shall remember that place because there I got the soft macaroon; and excited persons felt of it and were amazed—a macaroon not aged and brittle! I lightly broke it, causing a sensation. It was too rare to eat.

Men With One-Piece Faces

"They really have the best cabaret in town," said Lola, when the Sister Susie lads, laboriously gay, marched round the tables, yowling Tipperary, with the guests all singing too. It was no better than Curly singing to his horse in the ore bins on the island, and we had Tipperary on the phonograph long before I left the North.

Bill was reflecting. He didn't feel well and thought it was either cutting out drinking or needing some food; so he had a rarebit and a glass of milk. And, because we couldn't be there and not spend money, after having the best table—hundreds crazy to sit there, where it was warmest and noisiest, and you could too plainly perceive the singers sweating off their make-up, and the ones who were on next peering out and coldly regarding the former—he said: "Oh, just one pint wouldn't hurt me—wouldn't hurt a child."

People near us were frowning over menus. Must eat something! And I ate a chop labeled lamb that was its own ancestor, and next day ruefully accepted one of the digestive tablets that, with throat lozenges, most New Yorkers have about them. I should be ill, eating, at worse than midnight, an unearned meal. From the kitchens of Flatbush to those of the Bronx, and in all the public places between, the night stuffing goes on—not by workers but by people who had during the day more than was required. Feed the Belgians the night meals! It might clean some of that mean look from the faces glooming in the cars.

Too much eating, stomachs burnt with too many drinks—is that why so many New Yorkers are forever threatening and fighting?—not a good, stand-up fight, to get it out of them and be done, but the talking fight. They will report the conductor, the policeman, the clerk; jobs shall be torn from these unworthy impostors, doing what superiors have commanded. Or—come outside and be whaled within an inch of your life! But they don't go outside; they stay and dare each other when they are equal in social might. If there were no women here—look out! But it seemed to me that the shame lay in demeaning women by vulgar noise and silly menacings.

I heard much of gun permits. You were nobody, lacking a magisterial acquaintance to accord a permit. There must be more weapons in a square block of civilized New York than in all Alaska Territory. I don't know what is done with them besides

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

A GREAT scientist discovered the child's "innocence of palate"—the fresh, unspoiled sense of taste—and advanced the whole American feeling about foods.

He found that the keenest delight of the normal palate is in *delicacy of flavor*, a fact that we ourselves had sensed from the start of the Beech-Nut business, and had worked out in a *practical way*.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, for instance. Selected nuts—and only the cream of the nuts *freed of the little acrid hearts*—delicately roasted, lightly salted, crushed to smooth golden-brown butter. Every step a move toward *delicacy* and *flavor*.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter comes in *vacuum-sealed* jars—three sizes, 10 cents, 15 cents, 25 cents (in the extreme West, a little more). Your grocer has it

Makers of America's most famous Bacon—*Beech-Nut Bacon*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Kyanize
KY-AN-IZE

Is a Wonderful Product

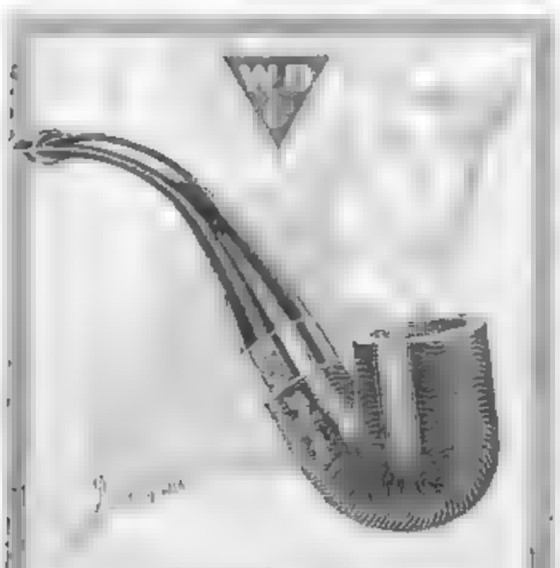
It makes old woodwork look like new and is a money saver for every family. Put it on your floors and stairs where the greatest wear comes. Use it on chairs and tables and standing woodwork all through the house.

How to get a full 25-cent can free

Check the color you want, cut off the bottom of this advertisement and mail it to us with 24 cents in stamps for postage, packing and a 1-inch flat chisel-edge brush to put it on with, and we'll send you free a full 25-cent can, enough to do two chairs or a small room border.

Comes in Natural, Light Oak, Golden Oak, Dark Oak, Cherry, Walnut and Mahogany, also White Enamel.

It dries hard with a durable glossy finish, can be easily cleaned and is sanitary.



Satisfaction and a Sweet Smoke

—that's what you'll be sure to get when you split your Wellington and sit back for the quiet hour. The well takes all the saliva and keeps the bowl moisture-free. The tobacco burns clear down to the last grain. And you'll have no trouble keeping

The Wellington

clean. The principle is right, even to the mouthpiece with its scientific construction to protect you against the tongue. Every one of these W. D. C. pipes with the triangle trademark has been on first class pipes for more than a half century. Guaranteed against burning through or cracking. Just try a Wellington. Then if it 25c, 35c, 50c and up. Also fitted with Bakelite bits. At good dealers.

William Demuth & Company
New York

Well

Made in America

Watch Your Speedometer for Increased Mileage

Low carbon deposits—increased power—easier hill climbing—small bills—almost double mileage at greatly decreased consumption—come to the car owner who uses

QUAKER STATE MEDIUM OIL

This is the only GUARANTEED CERTIFIED oil on the market. Before it is put in packages, each barrel is *officially tested* by a disinterested chemist, *certified to*, and the inspection date placed on the barrel. This assures absolutely uniform purity, quality, reliability, and meets the severest tests demanded by the automobile manufacturer.

Adopted by the Franklin Motor Car Co. Unsurpassed for all makes of water-cooled cars and motorcycles.

Send for literature giving full particulars covering many tests and actual performances. Ask for name of nearest dealer.

PHINNY BROTHERS COMPANY,
Dept. A Oil City, Pennsylvania
Agencies Everywhere

bragging that they will be produced if needed. The usual city man has so little balance from long padding of pavements that a stiffened finger will upset him, and it looks as though he would shoot himself. Bullying everywhere—the greater attacking the lesser; the angered female, scowling from her limousine halted on Fifth Avenue, calls she will have that cop broke by night! But the reporting is never done. Bullies only talk. One entered a Broadway car of the side-door type. To a small conductor, immured in a coop back of the fare box, he growled:

"Say, I don't have t'put nickel in! Git me, kid? I'm drunk."

"All right; but please drop your fare in, muster."

"Who t'ell you insu-insultin', you dirty runt! Thash plen'y outa you. I'll knock y'r bean offen you—an' I'll run thish—thish car. You wan' git out, li'l' girl? Hol' on—I'm runnin' thish car!"

A flushed woman tried to evade him. Beaming bestially, his loathsome breath flooding the car, he held her shoulder, the conductor pleading. The woman fled out of the opening doors; and the conductor, seeing no policeman on the street, signaled to proceed, calling that there'd be one below—wouldn't the passenger please sit down quietly? His cap was hurled off, the thick-chested drunkard crying that he was a pal of the commissioner—like to catch a cop starting something with him! Just try it once! And no one should leave the car. He was running it.

Then he selected certain passengers and frankly cursed them, asking them to come on if that didn't suit 'em. An old woman sent forth a hysterical sob. A boy giggled. Of the sturdy men aboard none moved. They sat looking ahead with the sour one-piece New York face, while the drunkard bade the old woman stow that anifflin'—none of that on his car!

The Kindness of Subway Guards

I had the tinglings that I felt the day I was coming down the Yukon, when the cheechaco, who wouldn't rustle wood or cook, returned to camp carrying a nest with some eggs, and two frantic birds were flying over his head. We were all so pleased that Mike Bjoren had put fresh nails in his boots that morning. If Mike had been in one of those seats! I am sure, though he was a squaw man and these passengers would have thought him scarcely refined enough for cities, that he would object to viewing an old lady frightened and affronted.

When the drunkard said he would pull his gun, I stood. I knew he wouldn't do much. He swayed cordially toward me and thrust a hand at my shoulder. I didn't need Mike then: I was shaking, and when the old lady from her corner screamed as he dragged at a pocket I hit him amidships and he went backward to the floor, whence, cursing, he struggled until he was on his knees.

"Now you get into that seat in front of you, and don't let me hear another yeep out of you'" I said. "Don't speak—you've said plenty. Sit down!"

From the indicated seat he said plaintively: "Gee! I am sittin', ain't I?"

The men with the one-piece faces were suddenly active. One told the old lady not to mind, if the fellow made a move he should be subdued. Another said:

"If I was a pianist and didn't have to watch my hands, I'd 'a' fixed him."

I suppose they were discreet, and I don't claim they were not right in keeping out of trouble with a drunken stranger, but it's different in my country.

I saw cartoons about the inhuman Subway guard and heard of his machinations. I thought he threw people under expresses and ate babies. The New Yorkers warned me. One mention of him started a dozen tales of his evil nature.

I told about the guard who made a little map of uptown for me, and said the number in Tremont would be opposite a bakery. He bought a pie there every Sunday because I saved Minnie and got them all to Bronx Park earlier, and a woman ought to get some time off. He was sure I would find my number. Those who did not consider me a romancer said he must be a new guard. And that other, who explained about Brooklyn and where to get the Terminal trains, and asked whether the war wasn't a terrible thing—I did not see him devour even the baby that he held while its mother was settling some more babies.

Conductors often smiled—a demonstration, indeed, of mind over matter in their cases, where passengers were handing them Canadian silver and swearing it was the other way about; honest women tried to ride on transfers too ancient, and men smoked in the nonsmoke seats and offered verbal battle if rebuked. The conductor who cried clearly that his car went to Fifty-third only was patient when it stopped at the barn and angry persons asked why he had said Fifty-seventh! He offered a transfer, and they muttered, giving him furious glances—though, what had he done?

I paid for a taxi at an office, and, reaching my hotel, the driver asked a fare; and when I said No, I would not pay again, he said excitedly:

"Now don't get excited, ma'am! Don't get excited! They gimme this paper with the hotel wrote down, an' I can't help it if it don't say nothin' about 'paid.' I gotta be nicked for it; you don't—see? Don't get ——"

"You won't soak us again with that old game!" said the friend with me. "He saw your gold money and he knows you're from the West!"

They argued. I suggested that we telephone, but my friend was against that. We had paid. He was a robber. She was red—so was the driver; and I asked her to keep still. Gathering a following of bell boys, who could not determine whether there was more possible profit in joining with her or aiding me, I had the driver call his office and heard that they had found his proper slip now and were sorry.

"People don't never figger we git stuck ourselves," he said. "I—nix on the tip! I got to hollerin', I know—but they allus holler too!"

We holler in Alaska; but we give the other fellow a little chance first. That same day a man in a strange locality had asked another:

"Where's Trimble Court? Ain't it right here? But what's the use asking you? You live here—they're the last to ever know!" He had rushed on, leaving the one addressed trying to swallow the chocolate in his mouth to permit speech.

A passing girl, in Warumbo coat and plenteous Tipperary veil, was saying to watch that they didn't weigh their hands. Never trust butchers! Rudeness and suspicion everywhere! Perhaps my trouble was knowing too many of the people of a speedy set. There must be homes where the hostess would not tell of a certain ladies' bar where they could treat or buy a lone drink—just like a man!

Anywhere Rather Than Home

The Bronx seemed remote; and, invited to a family meal, I traveled there at the rush hour, observing the one-piece faces burrowed in papers, and agreeably expectant of an evening of peace. The eldest daughter was not yet in from a thé dansant; when she came she asked the usual question about however had I got out of Alaska in winter, and observed:

"Mamma, can you imagine them planning to standardize the lulu-fad-o? Why, it's foolishness! That slow thing!"

At ten o'clock, when I was always having hard work to stay wakeful, Father telephoned: Might just drop down to Blank's and see the dancing. They had an all-night license for this one. My friends met many of theirs in Blank's, where we sat at a balcony table, whence Rosa darted off with partners from other groups. With your friends it was proper enough, her mother said; the best people came there now.

I saw one of them, recollected from Chatham Square, where he was a singing waiter in a dive that I visited when I wrote of them. In evening dress little Johnny Lookout was one of Blank's professional dancers. There is no reason why Johnny should have stayed a singing waiter when his agile feet might glide him into Blank's; but he knows a world where girls are not as Rosa is.

New York is turned round. Gunmen back chop-suey parlors; and going home to Harlem, families stop and eat. The dancing has brought them all out to mingle together. Big restaurants, with cabaret below and ballroom above, are not now wholly for the Tenderloin; and the all-nighters have left it to the hordes who formerly yawned through their evenings or played pool across from the flat.

The savings banks must wish for dance days again. The "wise crowd"—artists, reporters, showfolk—are dancing, too, and have taken to Columbus Circle and the upper reaches, lighted now, where once were streets of shadows. Signs say Dancing! And the clangor of the cowbell, which each orchestra features, comes forth on the night. Fifth Avenue and its purlieus send a throng to all the places. Dance—drink—eat!—anywhere that is somewhere else. Nobody home!

Condemned to a drafty house, a tenant of sense would render it livable. Here are millions of people who often idly wish for a freer life, but would refuse it if offered. Millions of sighs to each hour, endless bickering over trifles, are excused by "nerves," whose possessors say what they endure would irritate angels; but, as they are all bent on living there, why not show forbearance, reason, moderation? Even crowds may be improved. Rowdies flourish where each cares for himself alone.

The New Yorker, it seems to me, is too apt to fight to get in, and again to depart. He is intent on being first in a Bridge rush; but he will loiter for half an hour in the cigar store afterward while dinner singes near by. He starts late for appointments and is unpunctual; but rages if he waits. A day of rain sets him snarling and swilling extra drinks. Psychic depression! Psychic fiddlesticks—a few days single-jacking, with twenty feet of stacked wet green logs ready, is what he needs.

In Human Brooklyn

At our mine men work for six steady weeks of rain, under three bungly slickers, and they smile as they call Hello! New York complains; but—it's the only place! Most of them know no other and resent information; and to a Hoboken pier to catch a European steamer is far enough west. The one I told that the Government was building a fifteen-million-dollar canal and locks at The Dalles, in Oregon, said, Well, it was a wasteful Administration; money thrown at such spots—desert, wasn't it? Any people at all live there? Speaking of big projects, had I seen the largest picture theater in the world, full up four times afternoon and evening? I wondered whether the ones I interviewed were of an especially ingrowing mentality; but I saw many sorts—poor, in-between and prosperous.

"Well, you want to talk about a lot of things we don't care about," said my old friend, Arthur. "I can't stand outside the new station and rave. Perfectly good station, and if I get time I'll give it the o. o. When you lived here, what'd you bother about buildings?"

We went to Brooklyn. Arthur is too nervous to crush into the Subway with the proletariat. In the dusk we got into an automobile, and he might have rested on the springsome cushions; but he sat on the seat's edge and mentally drove the car, gritting:

"Where's the idiot going? Over Queen's Bridge, 'stead of Williamsburg! Say! Driver! An' he's deaf as well; he—oh, it is Williamsburg, I guess. Can't tell in the dark. Will you look at that woman, standin' like a yap—ought to be run over!"

"What time do you go to bed?" I asked.

"I can't get my sleep—that's a fact; but I'll start early—to-night. And I'm taking up systematic exercise at a gym—next week. You forget I have to be down at nine-thirty; and the grind keeps on till four—except Saturdays, of course, and Sundays. I may get to Pinehurst later. I'll have to. I'm sick!"

"I'd like to see you in the glory hole at the mine, shoveling on night shift in the snow!"

Arthur sneered. He left me at an apartment house in Brooklyn—the borough that those of Manhattan pretend they can't find. There are vaudeville jokes about it, sure-fire laughs on that side of the river. Brooklyn has wide streets and real yards, and low rents for excellent dwellings. I was not keen about this dinner after three weeks of the city. More dancing and scandal! But the young hostess wore her own complexion; and, instead of urging absinth frappé, she said Warren and she had two glasses of water half an hour before each meal. Would I like some? We had chicken from such a helpful butcher, who taught her about cuts.

"Does he weigh his hand?"

"Mercy, no! But we go to market over here, and in Manhattan they telephone. It's encouraging tradesmen to be dishonest.

Oh, I'm so afraid you'll be dull, just sitting in here to-night; but we stay in mostly and we never thought that you might be bored. Are you sure you truly don't mind just sitting still?"

"Don't you like to go across the Bridge?" She was sewing now, with Warren in a leather rocker, unrolling a map—of Alaska!

"Too much bunk!" said Warren. "Mark on this where your island is, and where you think they'll build the interior railroad's terminal. We did Russia and the war last night. Mark the ranching parts. What's hay—brought up?"

"Two hundred a ton on the Fairbanks Trail—about fifty on the coast; and native Fairbanks hay costs less 'inside.' But you mustn't feel you have to talk about the North. No one here seems to know where it is."

"Naturally not—in New York. But you're in Brooklyn! And you get a boat every eight days, and freighters too? We're going to visit you soon."

It was restful there, chatting of my country, where the sun shines at night in summer, and in winter the norther's angry breath sends the gray waves crashing by. Mrs. Warren's eyes were bright and lovely as she heard of the little houses, and that no one locks a door.

I told her of Christmas, with Seattle turkey all round; and later everybody packed into the schoolhouse and the children giving a play; the tree, and the kind, smiling faces; men all in their good suits and hands ready to clap; Little Joe, who sets off the blasts before the dinner whistle, sitting with Chris and Tommy, the blacksmiths, in front; the Japanese cooks in the rear, and the children singing, while all the fat babies sing too. Then back to the staff house through the snow, lanterns spotting the darkness and the flood tide splashing our feet.

The telephone rang—it was Arthur, waiting below.

I remembered New York—more dreary days of it: To-morrow morning at six-thirty the same struggle to rouse the restaurant, and the waiter thinking me mad; same yawning, unhealthy faces—the one-piece faces—going to work sourly because of late retirings, of dances, drinks and food. Before my hotel, in Forty-second Street, a hundred motors were buzzing and maneuvering. The electric signs made a glow against the sky, where an advertising airship sent out flashes. Wind brought the germful dust loosened by underground construction, and I was blinking as a neat old woman showed the man ahead a paper.

"Would you please tell me where's this number? It's me darter's, an' I'm a stranger, sir—in the Bronx. An' I've lost me purse! If you could lend me a nickel, I'd ——"

"Hey! Move on, Kate, or I'll have to run yous in."

Astonished, the man in the hard-brimmed gray hat stared at the policeman, who was waving a quarter back to its pocket. The old woman began to curse, and he whom she had accosted said:

"Ain't anything on the level in this town, officer?"

I stopped by the revolving doors; a fire siren sounded, and the engines were coming up Seventh Avenue. The night was thick with the stench of gasoline exhaust. Newsboys nasally vended papers, and the one I bought was dated the previous day. Smiling grimly, I dropped it into a waste-box.

In the hotel lobby coat boys were a virulent plague. A woman in near-seal and made pearls told her party:

"I can get a table! I know every head waiter in the house."

To the Arbor Room, the Grill and the Ballroom they went, with a reek of cigarettes and perfumery, powdered shoulders and grease-painted mouths; men in silly hats, with pinched waists. Time to eat again! On to the follies!

"—— Says the Housewives' League'll put the price of wheat down—she only got in it for the notoriety—the other elevator, Ronald: we want the dance floor!"

"No more tables in the Grill!" announced a voice, and there was an uproar.

I got my key. On a lounge sat three women, powdered but faintly, garbed smartly but with decency. They gazed at the floor, brooding; as I watched, the bosoms within seemed to sink, while the satin bodices remained erect. A stout man excitedly summoned them:

"I gave him a tenspot and got one. Come on!" The three sighed and followed; and I asked Scotty, the head bell man, who they were.

"Oh, from Topeka," said Scotty, scanning his tips. "Just three homesick hicks!"

An orchestra was crashing into Michigan. Noise—waste—New York! Nine weeks more! I was there for three months. I walked into an elevator, and backed out—toward the desk. A ship left Seattle on the eighth. I could make it—why should another homesick hick stay here? And suddenly I liked that tune. It was gay! And I was gay. I pushed three strong men away from the cashier's window, and I cried:

"Gimme my bill! I'm going home!"

The Hidden Road!

"Why didn't the fool sound his horn?"

But fool-driving is one of the hazards of motoring—a terrible hazard at a spot like this.

How do you know your brake lining will hold in an emergency? You cannot tell by looking at the outside of the brakes. It's the *Brake Lining* that stops the car. Brake Lining is the frictional substance between brake drum and brake band. If it is an inferior quality it quickly wears out—gets hard and dry—loses its friction and the brakes fail to hold the car.

Brake Lining to be any good at all must be 100%—must be honest brake lining all through. Not merely on the thin surface outside—not merely a loose and stringy woven lining that is friction shy inside.

Thermoid is forced by hydraulic compression into a solid single substance of uniform density and with 100% friction or gripping power clear through. It grips even though worn paper thin.

Thermoid is trustworthy. Guard your safety with Thermoid.

Watch your brake lining!

Thermoid
HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED
Brake Lining - 100%

Cannot be burned out nor affected by oil, heat, water, gasoline, dirt.

OUR GUARANTEE. Thermoid will make good—or we will.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY, Trenton, N. J.

Sense and Nonsense

The Girls of the Empire

AN ACTRESS who does stunts in a musical-comedy way brought one back from London with her:

As the yarn was told to her, a guild of English gentlewomen, headed by the Queen, sent presents of tobacco and chocolate to the soldiers in the trenches. Each gift was inscribed: "From Mary R."—meaning by that Queen Mary—"and Ladies of the Empire."

One package fell into the hands of a volunteer Tommy who in other days had been a frequenter of the stage doors of the music halls. He read the inscription.

"I don't seem to recall Mary R.," he mused; "but it certainly was ripping of the girls at the Empire to think of us!"

An Agreeable Relief

BOB DAVIS stood under the dripping portico of a London hotel, peering out into the rain. He had then been in London for two weeks and he had almost forgotten how sunshine looked. A wet cab driver stood against the wall trying to keep out of the downpour.

"Good Lord!" said Davis. "Does it always rain here?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the cabman; "larst Wednesday it hailed."

The Vacant Role

THE New York publisher for Ralph Connor, the Canadian novelist, was discussing with the literary scout of one of the largest moving-picture producers the advisability of making film plays out of certain works of that writer.

"I am sorry," said the publisher, "that I cannot let you bid on the Sky Pilot; the dramatic rights for that book have already been placed elsewhere."

"By George, that is too bad!" said the literary agent sorrowfully. "We're the only concern in the business that's got an aviator on its staff."

Modest Yet Accurate

ON TYBEE ISLAND, at the mouth of the Savannah River, below Savannah, there is a collection of seaside hotels and resorts. One establishment, consisting in the main of a short board walk, a dancing pavilion, a lunch stand and a steam carrousel, extends from the railroad station to the beach front, a hundred yards away.

Fronting the tracks is a gateway opening on the board walk. Over the gateway is a large blue sign, lettered with white letters. The sign reads as follows:

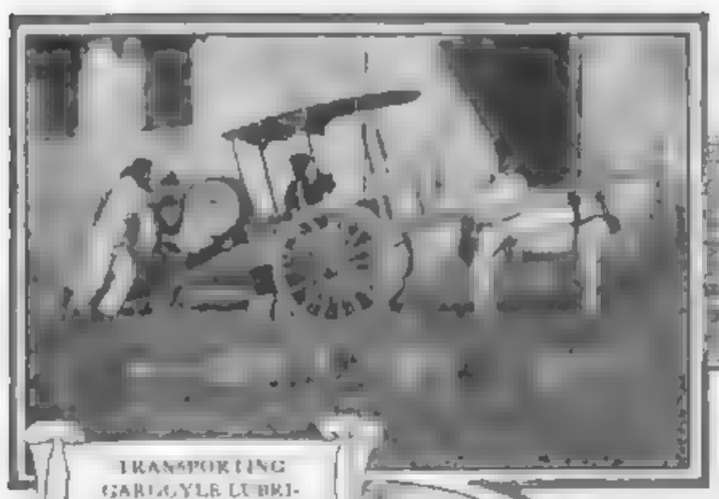
"Main Entrance to the Atlantic Ocean!"

A Morbid Desire

TWO octogenarian darkies at White Sulphur Springs, having been employed by one hotel management since the Civil War, are now retained as pensioners, though they occasionally do light and pottering jobs about the place.

One day not long ago they were languidly raking leaves on the lawn. As a lady passed she heard them quarreling and stopped to listen.

"Nigger," stated the older of the pair, "does you know whut I wish't? I wish't dat hotel yonder had a thousan' rooms in it and you wuz laid out daid in ev'y room!"



TRANSPORTING GARGOYLE LUBRICANTS IN MANILA

SOME OF OUR JAPANESE EMPLOYEES

GARGOYLE LUBRICANTS IN SHANGHAI

ENROUTE TO BASUTOLAND, AFRICA

KOREANS DEPENDING OUR LUBRICANTS

WON

How scientific experience is sweeping aside lubricating guesswork

To Automobile Owners:

FORTY-NINE years ago the Vacuum Oil Company began business. From the beginning it specialized in high-grade lubrication.

Its lubricants quickly secured the highest recognition throughout the world in scientific circles and among power-engineers. Where operators dealt in horse-power by hundreds and thousands, the economy of the Vacuum Oil Company's lubricants was quickly proved. The value of the Vacuum Oil Company's advice on lubrication was readily measured in dollars and cents.

Many years later came the automobile, the motor boat, the motorcycle and the aëroplane.

After an exhaustive engineering study of each make and model of these motors we were ready to meet these new lubricating problems. The several grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils together with our Chart of Recommendations placed the lubrication of each motor on the same scientific basis of power-plant lubrication.

A short time passed.

The efficiency of Gargoyle Mobiloils, among drivers of air-cooled automobiles and motorcycles here and abroad, has become unquestioned. The difficult lubricating conditions in these air-cooled motors made it easy to prove Gargoyle Mobiloils supreme in cooling ability, freedom from carbon deposit, reduction of friction and development of full power.

At this early period the lubrication of water-cooled automobiles was considered less troublesome and seldom given serious thought.

The High Cost of Poor Lubrication

Add guesswork to carelessness and you have a general idea of automobile maintenance in those early days.

One dealer favored heavy oils; another light oils. Many said, "All oils are alike." Some manufacturers claimed to have oil containing no carbon—shutting their eyes to the fact that such an oil could neither exist nor lubricate.

Motorists generally showed little interest in the oil they used. Garages and supply houses were thus encouraged to sell low-price, abnormally high-profit products.

Automobile manufacturers, busy perfecting their designs, had neither the time nor the facilities to give lubrication the study it demanded.

Many a motor car went to the scrap heap through ignorance of lubricating oils and lubrication.

The Pocket-Book Appeal of Gargoyle Mobiloils

But conditions changed. The automobile—one day almost wholly a sporting hobby—the next became a great utility.

Garages conducted along haphazard, amateur lines began to lose patronage. It became plain that the permanent garage business must be built on genuine helpfulness to the motorist.

Car manufacturers in their Instruction Books began to speak of correct lubrication as the most important single factor in efficient motor car maintenance.

Motorists ceased to buy cars on whim or to operate them in carelessness.

"Oils with no carbon"—"All oils are alike"—and other unsound theories began to lose ground.

Mileage per gallon was watched—rather than *price* per gallon. Power and economy of maintenance became more commanding than extravagance of claims.

The resulting impetus to the sales of Gargoyle Mobiloils was prompt and unmistakable.

The Friendly Rivalry for Economy

Today the skillful automobilist knows that low fuel and maintenance bills measure his ability as an operator.

He takes pride in the "wear" he secures from his

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, CEYLON

DELIVERY BY OXEN IN OPORTO

GARGOYLE LUBRICANTS WAREHOUSE IN VENICE

CARRYING GARGOYLE LUBRICANTS BY CARAVAN

oil—in the silent and steady power which it yields—in his freedom from repair and carbon troubles.

There will always be some motorists who maintain their cars in a haphazard way. Probably they will always furnish a market for low grade, inefficient oils.

But among motorists who recognize the dangers of inefficient lubrication our Chart of Automobile Recommendations has now become a standard guide.

In this Chart the careful motorist finds specified for his car the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils whose *quality* is beyond question and whose *body* is scientifically correct for his motor.

If your car is not listed, a complete Chart will be sent you on request.

The pleasures experienced in the use of this oil are: (1) Freedom from repair troubles; (2) Silence of operation; (3) Abundance of power.

The economies are: (1) Low gasoline consumption; (2) Low oil consumption; (3) Low repair bills; (4) Longest life to your motor; (5) Greatest second hand value.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

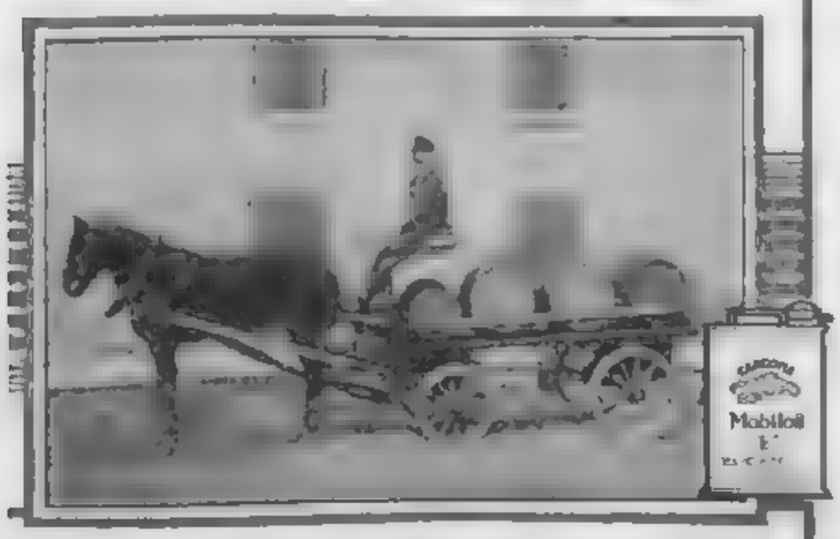
For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

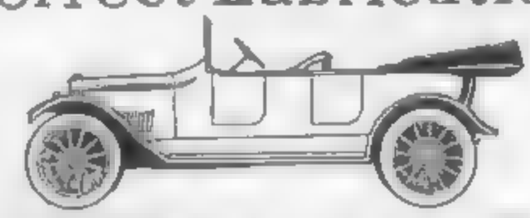
Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world

Domestic Branches: **Detroit** Boston **New York** Chicago **Philadelphia** Indianapolis **Minneapolis** Pittsburgh



CARTING FROM VACUUM OIL COMPANY, STOCKHOLM BRANCH

Correct Lubrication



Explanation: In each schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "Arctic" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" for motor and enclosed gears. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C." The recommendations cover all models of the cars listed unless otherwise noted.

CARS	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Aleo	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Avery	A	F	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model C) 1 Ton							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" (8 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Cartercar	A	F	A	F	A	F	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Case	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Chandler							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" Com'l							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chester-el-ktric									A	Arc
Chevrolet					A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cole	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A		
Detroiter	..	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Dorris									F	F
E-M-F	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Flanders	F	F	Arc	Arc						
" (6 cyl.)					Arc	Arc				
Ford	E	E	E	F	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Garford	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
" Com'l	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A		
Grant	...	..	..				Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Havers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
" (Model 6-60)							Arc	Arc		
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Model 20)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
I. H. C. (air)					B	A	B	A	B	A
(water)					A	A	A	A	A	A
International	B	B	B	A						
Interstate	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Jackson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Jeffery							A	A	A	Arc
Kelly-Springfield	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
King	A	F	A	F	A	F	A	A	A	Arc
Kissel									Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Model 48)							A	A	A	A
Kline Car	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Kost	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Lafayette Stewart			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	E	E	E	E
Lozier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc		
Lyons Knight							A	A	B	A
Mack	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	A	E
" (Model S)					A	A	A	A	A	A
Marion	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (22-70 Series)									Arc	Arc
Metz	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" Knight							A	A	A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Pathfinder					A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rambler	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Reed	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Renault	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Saxon	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Scripps	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Selden	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Speedwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Model					A	Arc	B	A	B	A
Stearns	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" Knight			A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
" " Com'l									A	Arc
Stevens-Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard-Dayton	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" Knight			A	A	A	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stutz			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Waiter	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys Knight	...	....	..	..	....		A	A	B	A
" Utility							A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, BANGKOK, SIAM

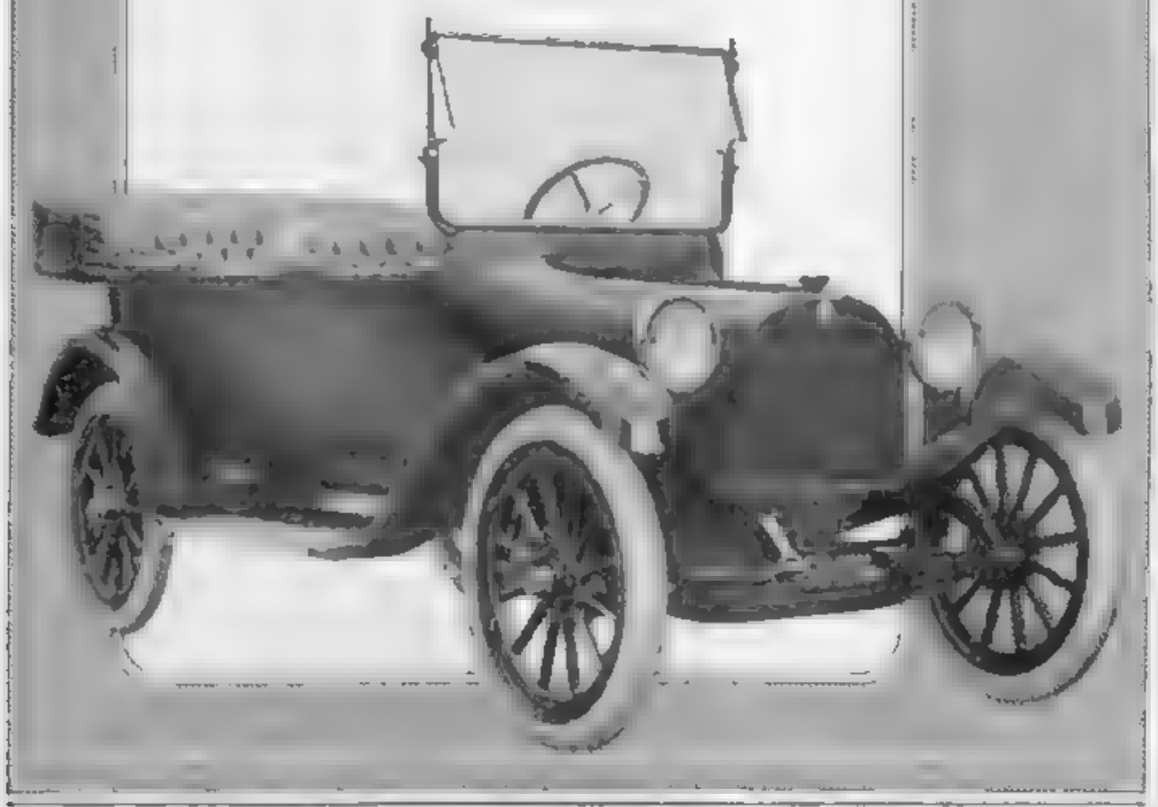
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

There is a marked absence of vibration in the car, notwithstanding the unusual power of the motor.

There is no "choking" at low speed in high gear, and at full speed there is scarcely a tremor from the motor. This exceptional smoothness evidences the fine engineering skill that has been employed in manufacturing and assembling the entire power plant.

The wheelbase is 110 inches
The price of the car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Is this sock silk? Yes—fibre silk. It looks like real silk, but wears far better

It has a strong backing of mercerized cotton, over which the Fibre Silk is perfectly plated. Double thruout, yet very sheer and light, except in the high spliced heel, double sole and extended toe; where the extra reinforcing insures long wear.

Iron Clad No. 500—only 25c

Spring and summer demand good looks in a sock—you demand good wear. Get both in this beautiful, durable Iron Clad No. 500, which sells everywhere for 25c a pair. Colors: Black, White, Grey, Navy, Tan, Heliotrope and Palm Beach. Sizes 9 to 11½. If you cannot get them of your dealer, send to us. We will prepay postage on your order.

"Iron Clad"

Brand new catalog sent free

In full colors, showing Iron Clads for the whole family. Send for it today.

COOPER, WELLS & CO., 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

Mamie's Marriage; or, Too True to be Good

By JULIAN HINCKLEY, Author of "E"

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

This is a story of intense situations that gripe the heart. Are you a eugenist, or does romance still stir you? Try this and find out.

IN THE select society of the small winter suburban colony of Villahurst the Joneses held a prominent place. Mrs. Jones, née Brown, belonged to one of the oldest families in the community, her father having been postmaster under three Democratic administrations. So you see how far back her family went. Our story, as it is, begins thirty-odd years ago with the wedding of the Joneses in the year of our Lord, of bustles and constricted waists, 1880. Mr. Jones was then at the very beginning of his career as an undertaker, a brilliant, promising young man whose popular funerals were already a feature of the neighboring Sunny Lawn Cemetery. The family album contains a photograph of him at the time of his wedding. He leans against a sort of rustic rail fence, wearing the side whiskers and stovepipe hat of the period; unquestionably a handsome man, judged by the standards of that day. As the population of the metropolis increased and the death rate went up, Mr. Jones' popular interments became so popular that he opened a city office. Mrs. Jones then employed a girl and the Joneses began to entertain on a large scale—large for Villahurst.

"I've Poisoned Myself. Help! Help!"

Not to cast depreciation on these entertainments, we shall mention one particular luncheon given by Mrs. Jones. It happened that each of the ladies who came to this luncheon was followed by a dog. Dogs were plentiful in Villahurst. The leeks had hardly been passed before there arose outside a significant snarling and yelping and each of the ladies seized a pepper-pot and rushed forth. They separated the dogs quickly. The Thompsons' dog had bitten a small piece out of the Dennys' dog's ear, that was all, and seeing that the faithful creatures could not be induced to go home Mrs. Jones suggested that they be brought to the dining room. Each dog, therefore, was given a chair beside that of his mistress. The incident is important in that it occurred years before anything of the kind ever took place in Newport, and goes to prove that Newport society could put nothing over on Villahurst society.

Of such stock was our heroine; this was her parentage. She was born within a year of her mother's marriage, and combined her father's receding chin with her mother's prominent nostrils.

Mrs. Jones had a lot of babies, several of whom died from one thing or another. But the pride of the family was Mamie, now, in the year of grace and of puffed sleeves 1896, a lanky-legged girl with thin, straight, colorless hair and inanimate-looking hands. With the exception of her chin, forehead and chest, which receded, everything else about her seemed to protrude—teeth, nostrils, ears, joints, feet. Whenever she had her photograph taken the local photographer charged a dollar extra for scraping the freckles off the negative. She had a very strong character, however, and would repeat the same fault a hundred times with a courage of opinion that often brought murder into her mother's heart. She was not really clever; you could tell by her spelling that she ought to have been born on Fifth Avenue. Young and innocent, she dreamed all day of love.

Mr. Jones was now the president of Jones' Popular Funerals, Incorporated. He was regarded by his friends as a prosperous man. His Family Contract and his Cremntory Coupon system had made it possible for him to do business with the living as well as with the dead. If you could have seen him on his bicycle you would have appreciated the high respect in which the community held him.

In those days bicycling was *de rigueur*. Everybody who could afford it bicycled, except a few conservatives who, claiming that the bicycle endangered the lives of pedestrians, put tacks on their sidewalks. In this day of automobiles it is hard to grasp their point of view. But the coming of the bicycle was attended by much skepticism and many references to the purpose of God in having created man with legs instead of wheels. Scorching was forbidden by law. Mr. Jones himself, progressive though he was, had a horror of the bicycle-face and of curvature of the spine. He was a long, fleshless man with a sort of embalmed complexion, and he made a very dignified figure on his high-framed bicycle with the seat and handlebars as high as they would go. The solemn expression of his face was not altogether professional habit, but was due in part to the hygienic saddle that he favored because it protected the lower spine, and that was composed of cruel metal plates and two pneumatic cushions, which when inflated were as hard as rock, if not harder.

Mrs. Jones was a matronly proportioned woman, who in these days would as soon have thought of riding a cannon ball as a bicycle. Her bell-shaped skirts kept up a continual slap-slap against the rear wheel and occasionally got involved in the chain sprocket with disastrous results. Whenever Mrs. Jones went for a ride she faced the possibility of returning in a barrel.

The Jones children all had their bicycles except the baby, who was carried in a baby-carrier on its father's handlebars. On Sundays the family rode forth together up and down the principal street, exhibiting themselves as a troupe against other family troupes, such as the Smiths. For while there yet remained a large proportion of the population who did not know how to ride, bicycle riding was regarded as an acrobatic feat. All the world was a stage upon which the accomplished exhibited their abilities.

As the Jones family sweep by us in memory let us observe the family unity of the excursion, and let us note also the bold, challenging glances of the Joneses at the Smiths and vice versa. A feud existed between the Joneses and the Smiths, whose villas were adjoining. Not only were Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith social rivals—Mrs. Smith had been before Mrs. Jones in giving a bicycle luncheon—but Mr. Smith kept a horse and, therefore, a manure heap, which he had placed without the slightest regard for the comfort and convenience of the Joneses, whose porch was on that side. It must have been some such lack of consideration that started the feud between the Montagues and Capulets in the well-known story of Romeo and Juliet. By a frank confession of similarity we would anticipate the certain charge of plagiarism. For the hero of our story is a Smith.

One Sunday, as the Jones family awheel passed the Smith family awheel, an accident occurred. The usual glances of scorn had been exchanged and the usual protrusion of small tongues taken place, when Johnny Smith, scion of the house of Smith, suddenly straightened up in his seat, and fixing

(Continued on Page 57)

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look for this signature W. K. Kellogg

(Continued from Page 54)

Mamie Jones with a haughty look removed his hands from the handlebars and folded his arms. Wonderful feat of equilibrium! Glory to the Smiths; shame to the Joneses! Then something happened, and he fell sprawling face downward in the dust.

The two families rode on, the Smiths pretending not to notice, the Joneses smiling disdainfully, except our heroine, in whom ran the blessed feminine instinct to care for the wounded—that is to say, of the opposite sex. She leaped from her bicycle and would have taken his head into her lap in the orthodox style for heroines had he not inconveniently sat up and told her to go to the devil. But she persisted, and he was grateful for the loan of a clean handkerchief. He had taken all the skin off the bridge of his nose. She tried several ways of bandaging it, and finally prevailed upon him to come up on the Joneses' porch and receive proper medical attention.

It was that blessed feminine instinct alone that actuated her, mind you. She pretended to no knowledge of medicine, but her woman's heart responded to the call of the sick and afflicted. She went to her mother's medicine closet and boldly selected the bottle of iodine. With this she painted her wounded hero's nose, or had painted a good part of it, before, with a cry of anguish, he leaped over the porch railing and fled unceremoniously from her ministrations.

The romantic value of this episode is somewhat problematical. During the days that our hero was forced to shun the public gaze he felt no gratitude toward our heroine. All Villahurst soon learned how Mamie had painted Johnny Smith's nose, and took it, of course, as a retaliatory incident in the feud over the manure heap. The Jones family could now hold their noses up on equal terms with the Smiths. Johnny, execrating Mamie in his heart, was forced to play the part of gratitude to avoid the humiliation of admitting his discomfiture. Before his nose had quite recovered its normal shade he had made a point of inviting his fair rescuer to partake of ice cream at Jake's ice-cream parlor. Already their names were linked.

The romance we have now to relate stretched over a period of years. There was nothing the least bit dramatic about it. Like all Villahurst romances the affair had advanced a long way before anything of a sentimental nature had even occurred to the principals. The engagement was presumed without any overt romantic action on our hero's part. He never proposed or had any idea of being such a fool as to propose, and for some years vehemently denied his engagement; but he finally gave in. Instead of replying to the inquiry as to the date of the wedding "I ain't going to git married," he merely vouchsafed "Oh, I dunno."

You would hardly have supposed that the poetic fire burned in his breast. It burned not brightly, but there was fuel enough there to have made a very volcano of him had it but received proper kindling. At the annual firemen's ball and other important social functions he would go to the most infinite pains with his toilet. He hired his evening clothes at the most expensive place in town and spent over an hour in a tonsorial parlor. He scented his handkerchief and wore a flower in his buttonhole, and carried gloves and chewed a clove. Some men are successful with women; others are not. Our hero was of the latter number. After he had danced himself to the verge of apoplexy with Mamie Jones and had perspired all the starch out of his collar he went home in disgust before the third schottish. On these occasions he wooed Mamie with the most intense hatred.

The latent poet in him rebelled at the thought of entering his father's garbage-disposal business, so instead he became a student at a dental college in Brooklyn. It was the joys of college life that attracted him. Having for a year stood persistently at the foot of his class he left college to take a correspondence course in chiropody. Some months later he opened a parlor or *salon de pédicure* in the city. He had now come to what is regarded in Villahurst as man's estate; he ran for the train every morning and returned in the evening with his arms full of parcels.

During this time he had not, of course, dropped out of Villahurst society. He made his accustomed appearance at all the fashionable functions, and no picnic was complete without him to pop the corn, a duty in which he took an almost professional interest. College life had given him that indefinable something that distinguishes the college man, especially in the fullness of the trousers at the hips. Besides the pin of the Pi Delta Alpha Omega fraternity he wore also on occasion the cap of his class checker team. He had learned to brush his hair straight back, as college men do, and could sing a second or a third or something of that sort to most of the glees such as The Old Oaken Bucket. He also possessed a mandolin. At Villahurst picnics he was really indispensable. They would certainly have dispensed with him if they could, but they couldn't. So you understand the popular kind of chap he was.

Villahurst celebrated all its *fêtes champêtres* in its beautiful cemetery, one of the largest cemeteries of the metropolis; and the young men and young women would stroll off in pairs to read the tombstones and each other's hearts. This general dispersion of the company always left our heroine and our hero together. They tolerated each other in silence, and came in for their share of the teasing when the company were reunited. This kind of courtship is not at all unusual. You can easily see how the engagement eventuated without any overt act of attention on the part of the hero.

Did our hero and heroine love each other? Perhaps not. Our hero's affections, after he had finally given in to the match, varied somewhat with the season of the year. In the spring he was in love in a sort of general sense of the word, and was not quite so particular as to the recipient of his ardors. Often on balmy May nights he would seek his sweetheart to share with him the moonlight. He would find her waiting for him by the manure heap that separated the two estates.

Our heroine's heart was more easily read. After eight years of courtship her milder sense of proprietorship in our hero had given way to the acute realization that it must be Johnny Smith or spinsterhood. Love may be an illusion, but there was no illusion about this. She just had to have him. It is a very demonstrative form of affection.

So much for love's young dream. The engagement having now advanced to a point where the two families concerned could no longer disregard it, the Joneses openly discountenanced it. Mr. Jones declared that he would be damned before he would permit his daughter to marry the son of a garbage contractor. It was a custom of Mr. Jones to look down upon business men from a higher professional plane. He regarded undertaking as a branch of medicine. He scornfully referred to Mr. Smith as a self-made man. Mrs. Jones added to this her opinion that Mrs. Smith was common. The attitude of the Smiths was entirely retaliative. Noticeable about the feud is that neither side mentioned the manure heap that had been the original cause of it.

Mrs. Jones had expected Mamie to do better, and made a vain attempt to get the neighbors to agree with her. She enlarged upon the affair that Mamie had had with the foreign count two summers previously at the seashore. For a week the Joneses had enjoyed the enviable distinction of being mistaken for Western millionaires. The count who had paid Mamie such marked attention called himself Mr. Rubino, and the fact that Mamie met him later as a floor walker in a department store might have tended to cast a shade of uncertainty upon the genuineness of his title, but foreign noblemen were always doing that sort of thing. Our heroine could produce a dozen or more novels in which the mysterious, handsome chauffeur or butler or plain Mister had turned out to be a foreign nobleman in disguise. She read a great many such novels; in fact she wore out a hammock every summer. She knew the ways of foreign noblemen as well as she did the ways of her neighbors in Villahurst.

Villahurst, however, remained skeptical about the count, and Mrs. Jones became so emphatic that she even hinted at a breach-of-promise suit. The recoil of all her vehemence came upon our hero. Even his title of "Professor," which he assumed in his practice of chiropody, did not help him to compete with foreign noblemen. In a word the Joneses would not hear of Johnny Smith for Mamie. Thus had the feud blighted her hopes of happiness.

The time came when our heroine was forced to choose between her parents and her lover. Of course she chose her lover. There was nothing equivocal in her defiance of parental authority. She asserted it at

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Deviled-Ham-and-Potato Croquettes

Buttered Toast — Fruit Salad

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Graham Bread — Romaine Salad

Caramel Custard — Vienna Coffee

THE RECIPES

Cheese Balls With Ham

One small can Underwood Deviled Ham, one small soft cheese. Break up cheese with fork and mix with ham, tossing lightly. Mould into small balls and serve on lettuce, with mayonnaise.

Deviled Cream Toast

Mix small can Underwood Deviled Ham with a medium thick cream sauce and pour over slices of toast. Sprinkle with grated hard-boiled egg.

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Roll mashed potato into croquettes about 3 ins. long. Scoop hole in center and insert ½ teaspoonful Underwood. Fry quickly in very hot fat.

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Small can Underwood Deviled Ham; small can asparagus tips. Spread thin slices of toasted bread with ham. Heat asparagus in a cream sauce. Put layer of the ham-spread toast in baking dish. Then layer of creamed asparagus. Another layer toast. Finish with the asparagus and plenty of cream sauce. Bake about twenty minutes. Serve whipped cream with the coffee.

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the post office and at the soda-water fountain. She took all Villahurst into her confidence, and Villahurst responded with sympathy and went ahead to set the date for the wedding—a June wedding, of course. But unfortunately spring was early that year, and the soft, balmy month of May had given way to summer heat. What with flies, parched lawns, dusty roads and the feud, Johnny Smith suddenly decided to go on to Chicago to a chiropodists' convention.

Faithless lover! He sent his would-be bride a picture postcard of Michigan Avenue, informing her that it was all off between them, and that, if she wanted to, she could keep the ring—as a souvenir perhaps—by paying the installments on it of two dollars a month.

Will parents never learn not to interfere? Will they persist in the vain attempt to subjugate the god of love to parental authority? Of how many broken hearts, of how many tragic deaths, has such folly been the cause! Our heroine was but one among many millions who, under similar circumstances, have sought a quietus of their sufferings in the grave.

There was but one thing for her to do. The code for heroines, from Ophelia down to the heroine of the novel she was then reading, left her but a choice of means. Should it be dagger, phial or river?

The fact that it was a dark, rainy day decided her. She walked rapidly to the railway bridge over Woods' Creek and stood looking down into the dark, swirling water. Life—what was it? Love—what was it? She asked herself all the questions of that kind. A strange weariness oppressed her, made her long for rest. The dark, swirling water beneath the bridge called to her. It probably said: "Peace, peace," which is what it usually says. She leaned far out over the rail of the bridge. There was a splash! Then a few bubbles rose to the surface and were borne away on the current.

A second or two later our heroine also came to the surface, with her hair down over her face and her mouth full of water. Without stopping to ask herself further questions about life and love she struck out boldly for the shore. Had she forgotten that she could swim? Of all the many heroines she had read about who had thrown themselves into rivers not one had suffered the inconvenience of this accomplishment. The possibility of such a thing had never received the consideration due it. But in the present case our Ophelia swam straight ashore.

She would now probably have felt that she had fulfilled all the obligations of a broken heart had there not appeared in the next morning's paper the sad story of another broken-hearted maiden who had taken bichloride-of-mercury tablets. Despairing of parental consent the girl and her lover had committed suicide together. Dying they had requested to be buried in the same grave. It was too beautiful! Mamie read the account a dozen times and wept over it.

There was nothing now for her but to rush right down to the drug store for some poison. She was a little pale as she stepped up to the counter and asked the clerk for something-or-other chloride, the dreadful poison, enough to kill a hundred persons. At first the clerk demurred at selling her the poison, but when she told him that it was for her father to be used for business purposes he seemed to understand. "Sodium chloride," he said. "Very good, ma'am"; and he disappeared into the prescription department, to return a minute later with a small box containing a white substance finely granulated. Her hand trembled as she received the terrible poison. "Thank you," she said. She remembered to make a point of thanking him.

That night when all the house was hushed in sleep except for her father, who snored, she rose and lit a candle and wrote a long letter addressed to the world in general in which she asked her parents' forgiveness, forgave her lover, and wished that they could be both buried in the same grave—that is, of course, if somebody would only hit him over the head with an ax, which was what he deserved. Then she emptied the box of terrible poison into a tumbler of water, gave a last long sigh and drank the deadly mixture. The sad composure of her features relaxed for an instant as she said "Ugh!" She had never tasted anything so salty.

But no sooner had she swallowed the poison than a change came over her. Her eyes widened in terror, her hands clutched her middle-anatomy as if she already sensed in anticipation the pangs of mortal agony. The next moment she had burst from her room screaming: "I've poisoned myself. Help! Help!"

She was not long in rousing the household. Her father carried her limp and fainting to a couch. "Tell me—tell me what you have taken!" pleaded Mrs. Jones.

Already the terrible poison was working. "Something-or-other chloride," she breathed in a voice scarcely audible.

"Bichloride. She has taken bichloride!" cried Mr. Jones, rushing to the telephone.

While he called up the doctor Mrs. Jones, surrounded by an audience of little Joneses, was pouring a large tumbler of mustard and water down the dying girl's throat.

There is no question about it that emetics and the discovery of the stomach pump have robbed suicide of much of its romantic charm. Gone are the beautiful days when one could toss off a phial of poison and die reciting blank verse. Our heroine was very sick, but she did not die. Through the combined efficacy of emetic and stomach pump she lost everything but her life. All night long they worked over her, and at dawn they bore her upstairs and laid her in her own bed.

It was then that the doctor made his important discovery. The box that had contained the terrible poison lay on the table. Beneath the skull and crossbones on the label were the words plainly written, "Sodium chloride." He examined the tumbler that still contained an undissolved portion of the poison. "What did you say she took?" he inquired of the exhausted parents.

"Bichloride," sobbed Mrs. Jones.

"My dear madam," he said in his most professional manner. "Calm yourself. The evidences, as I hold them in my hand, are that she has taken two heaping tablespoonfuls of common table salt."

Of course her father repented of his severity. The very next day he called upon Mr. Smith with a proposition to buy the manure heap. He explained that there was a commercial shortage of manure, and he required just that particular amount for use in the floral establishment connected with his undertaking business. Thus at a stroke the feud was ended, and our hero returned from his convention to find that the date had been fixed for the wedding with the full consent of everybody concerned and otherwise. We have not thought it necessary to include him in the number, nor did Villahurst.

And so they were married. The church was decorated in the best funereal taste, and the wedding march played by an organist from Mr. Jones' office had all the solemn elegance of a dirge. Everybody said that the bride looked lovely in her bridal veil and lemon blossoms. She was attended by her two sisters as flower girls, one of whom had the hiccoughs. The groom did not turn up at first, but a posse soon brought him. After the knot had been tied Father Donavon blessed the bride for children, cooking, washing and ironing. Then there was a sort of mortuary breakfast of tinned lobster provided by the bride's father, who spared no expense in the conciliation of prospective business customers. It was made known that Mr. Jones had also presented his daughter with one of his best seventy-five-dollar family contracts, with the preferential cremation coupons attached. The Smiths gave her a handsome oil painting. The groom's present was a pair of cruet stands that were much admired.

So much for the wedding. After it the young couple went to reside in Brooklyn. Here we should wish to leave them with the assurance that they lived happily ever after. But the phrase is no longer permitted.

It was not till after several years in a boarding house that Mrs. Smith junior possessed her own rubber plant. She had several babies and lived an existence of uncorseted domesticity, from the monotony of which she was rescued by an occasional table d'hôte and the meetings of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution. No one asked her to run off with him. She was guiltless of intrigue or infidelity. Our hero did not become prosperous. He lost his hair, waist and much honest sleep in the pursuit of nonathletic sports. As husband and wife they lived not happily, but resignedly without hope of divorce, exactly as do most married couples, which is the cause of much envious morality. And thus we leave them.

(NOT TO BE CONTINUED)

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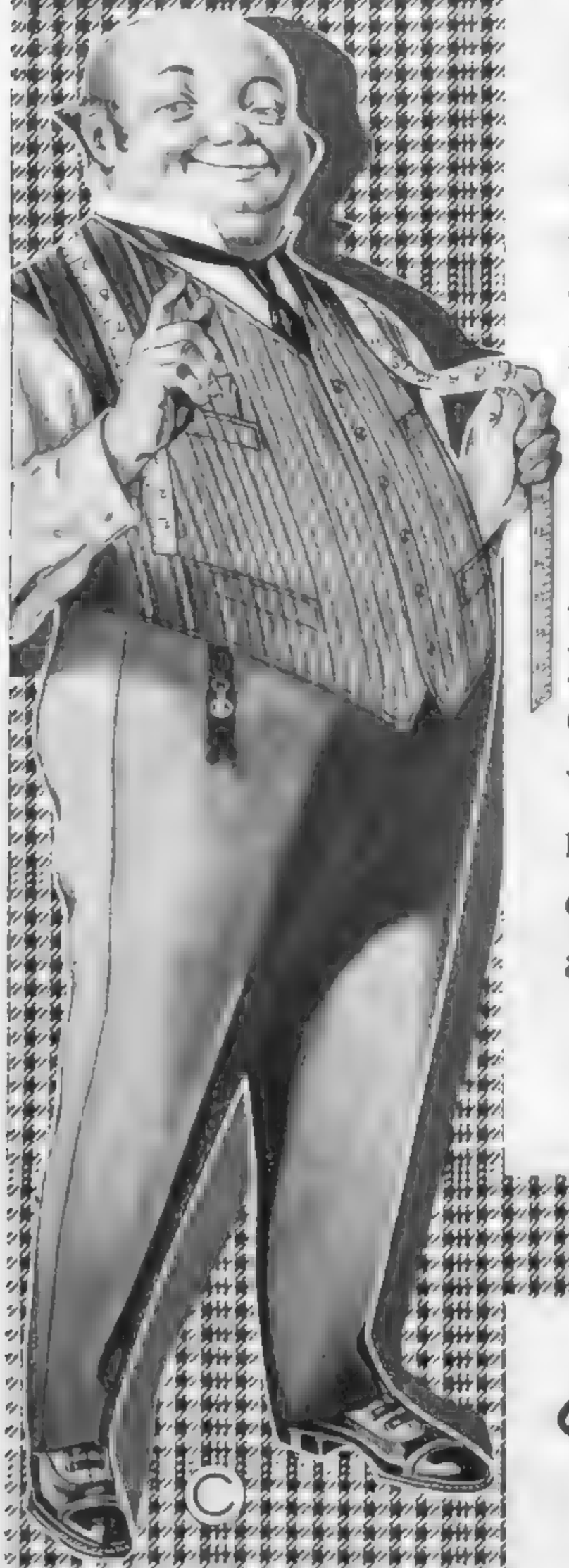

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first — Cheaper — (Up to 50% lower result - cost)

second — Easier — (Up to 40% less tiresome work)

third — Quicker — (Up to 50% less time and delay)

fourth — Better — (With greater all around efficiency)

The folly of buying on a "First Cost" Basis.

You spend about $30 for salaries against only $1 for office supplies to produce your daily business records—this fact was brought to your notice by the February 13th page above.

It is extravagance—not economy—to furnish valuable office employees with improper "tools." A few cents more per day per employee for "tools" very considerably reduces the cost of your office work through permitting faster, better work to be done.

The railroad map-chart in the March 13th page on the right visualized the folly of making a valuable office force travel the time-consuming roundabout, "Waste Motion Route" just to "save" a few cents on fares (office supplies).

The Baker-Vawter route at but slight additional first cost (oftentimes at *less* first cost) is the short-cut route for better and lower cost office work.

(Send for copies of the two pages—if you wish to read them again.)

"Let me see," you say, "we've been buying loose leaf and steel filing equipment solely on a price basis, of late. I don't think we've given proper consideration to the office-tool angle of the matter.

"But we can't go to the other extreme and load ourselves up on unnecessarily high-priced stuff, either. We've got to strike a happy medium between these two extremes.

"The concern that sells us must have our interests at heart. They must have had a broad, specialized experience in this work. They must know just how the supplies are used so as to be able to recommend to us the proper grades. We can't be *experimented* on.

"Then we don't propose to pay more than the goods are worth—their prices must be right in line.

"To satisfy us it's going to take a pretty big, well-established manufacturer, someone who can produce and sell cheaply and give good service besides.

Who is there? Oh yes—Baker-Vawter.

"Wilkins, down at the forge works, buys all his loose leaf and steel filing equipment from Baker-Vawter. There isn't a better buyer alive than Wilkins. He says Baker-Vawter goods, considering the real value in them, are way down on price.

"And besides feeling he's always getting his money's worth in merchandise, Wilkins says he's able to keep his office up to scratch because Baker-Vawter is constantly suggesting little improvements here and there that simplify work and save time.

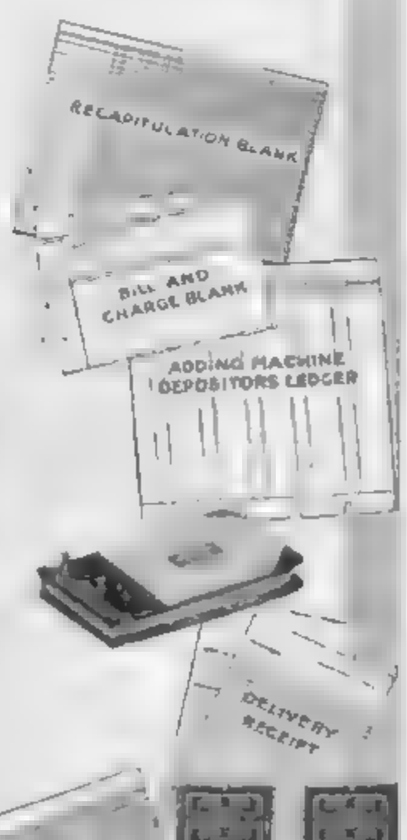
"When he gives Baker-Vawter an order, he's sure it will be turned out correctly—Baker-Vawter knows just how to do it without a lot of instructions being necessary. And the goods come to him all inspected, neatly packed, sealed and plainly labelled. Then he saves time in ordering. Baker-Vawter has the same price to everyone—there's no 'bargaining' necessary.

"I'll write Baker-Vawter and take no chances!"

BAKER-VAWTER

LOOSE LEAF and STEEL FILING EQUIPMENT

Costs less—read why



Baker-Vawter products actually do cost less. Where a different impression prevails, it is usually accounted for by the fact that Baker-Vawter *necessary* quality has been "surface-imitated"—a very easy matter to accomplish, and which Baker-Vawter could itself do—if deception were its policy.

These *apparently* just as-good supplies do not "answer the purpose." They lack the time-saving features, the permanence, durability and built in character of Baker Vawter products. They take more clerical effort to use—the records cost more to produce. They are not economy—they are a positive extravagance

Baker-Vawter does not recommend a higher quality than economical to use. The grade equal to the required purpose—no higher, no lower—is the Baker-Vawter "quality standard"

Manufacturing and selling costs in the great $1,400,000 Baker-Vawter modern factories have been reduced to a minimum through big purchasing power, large volume, and direct-to-user selling economies. Baker-Vawter manufactures and sells at the lowest cost possible—a small profit only is added!

Baker-Vawter has the customer's interests always at heart; 27 years of specialized knowledge have taught Baker-Vawter how to prescribe economical grades of supplies. If the customer insists upon experimenting with lower-priced, high-liability supplies, although Baker-Vawter *could* furnish the cheap quality demanded at the low price expected, it will not do so.

This sort of business policy pays Baker-Vawter as well as the customer. 1914 was an off year—but not for Baker-Vawter B-V sales for 1914 were greater than ever

You want this Simply mention your business connection and we will mail you, without charge, a live, interesting story entitled, "Making Your Ledger Produce" Also ask for our "Symptom Blank"—the quickest and easiest way to a better understanding of just where your accounting department stands. Write today

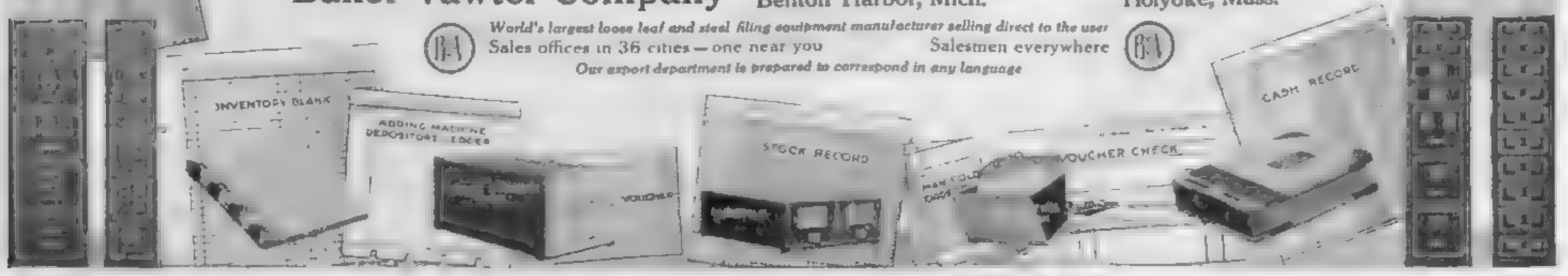
Baker-Vawter Company

Factories West and East—address either
Benton Harbor, Mich. Holyoke, Mass.

World's largest loose leaf and steel filing equipment manufacturer selling direct to the user

Sales offices in 36 cities—one near you Salesmen everywhere

Our export department is prepared to correspond in any language



"Give Me One of Those," You Say. I'll Give You Ten

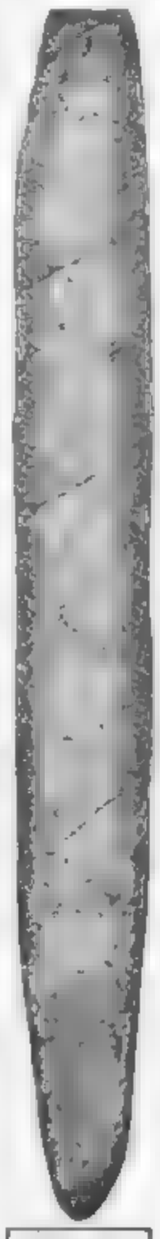
If one of your friends pulled a cigar out of his vest pocket and offered it to you and said:

"This is that Shivers' Panatela that is sold direct from the factory to the smoker"—you'd be interested.

You'd say, or think, "I've read some of the advertisements of that cigar—always wanted to try one."

You are ready, willing, glad to try my cigars if a man hands you one.

And just to get you to try my cigars, without risking a cent, is the very thing I have been striving to do for thirteen years.



Read my offer: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Why not give my cigars a trial *this week?*

This Panatela of mine, sold direct to the smoker, by the box costs $5 00 per hundred or $2 50 for a box of 50. Please don't get the idea that this makes it a five cent cigar. If I sold it to a retail store it would have to resell at 10c or three for a quarter, and at that there would be no cigar in the store at the same price that would excel it.

I guarantee that the filler of this Panatela is Cuban-grown Havana tobacco, that the wrapper is genuine Sumatra and that the cigar is handmade by skilled adult cigarmakers.

When you begin to smoke, it will not take you long to find out that this statement is true. The "bouquet," mildness and free burning quality of such a cigar are unmistakable

Try it. You can't lose, you know. Read my offer again

In ordering, please use business stationery or give references, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

Shivers' Panatela

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

More Leisure

for pastime and pleasure is the contribution the Bissell sweeper makes to housewives who use it. The Bissell is the handy [illegible] for every-day use and furnishes the maximum of usefulness at a small cost.

BISSELL'S

"Cyco" BALL BEARING

Carpet Sweeper

is light, makes sweeping easy and confines the dust. Greater convenience is secured by having a second sweeper to keep upstairs as a step saver. Let your dealer send you one. Prices $2 75 to $5.75 at all the best stores. Ask for booklet "*Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping.*"

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

"WE SWEEP THE WORLD"

Write Moving Picture Plays

$50 each. Correspondence course not required Details free
ATLAS PUB. CO., 444 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

(Continued from Page 25)

He threw the window open. They looked out eastward. The roar of the night was passing. Here and there were great black spaces. On the Thames a sky sign or two remained. The blue, opalescent glare from the Gaiety's dome still shone. The curving lights that spanned the bridges and fringed the Embankment still glittered. The air even here, high up as they were on the seventh story of the building, seemed heavy and lifeless.

"There is a storm coming," she said. "I have felt it for days."

She stood looking out, pale, her large eyes strained as though seeking to read something that eluded her in the clouds or the shadows that hung over the city. She had somewhat the air of a frightened but eager child. She rested her fingers upon his arm, not exactly affectionately, but as though she felt the need of some protection.

"Do you know," she whispered, "the feeling of this storm has been in my heart for days. I am afraid—afraid for all of us!"

"Afraid of what?" he asked gently.

"Afraid," she went on, "because it seems to me that I can hear, at times like this, when I am alone, the sound of what one of your writers called footsteps among the hills, footsteps falling upon wool, muffled yet somehow ominous. There is trouble coming, I know it, I am sure of it."

He sighed.

"In this country they do not think so," he reminded her. "Most of our great statesmen of to-day have come to the conclusion that there will be no more war."

"You have no great statesmen," she answered simply. "You have plenty of men who would make very fine local administrators, but you have no statesmen or you would have provided for what is coming."

There was a curious conviction in her words, a sense of one speaking who has seen the truth.

"Tell me," he asked, "is there anything that you know of ——"

"Ah, but that I may not tell you," she interrupted, turning away from the window. "Of myself just now I say nothing, only of you. I am here for a day or two. It is through me that you have suffered this humiliation. I wanted to know just how far it went. Is there anything I can do?"

"What could anyone do?" he asked. "I am the victim of circumstances."

"But for a whole year!" she exclaimed "You are not like so many young Englishmen; you do not wish to spend your time playing polo and golf, and shooting. You must do something. What are you going to do with that year?"

He moved across the room and took a cigarette from a box. She stood waiting for his reply.

"What am I going to do?" he repeated. "Well, here I am with an idle twelve months. It makes no difference to anybody what time I get up, what time I go to bed, with whom or how I spend the day. I suppose to some people it would sound like paradise; but to me it is hateful. Shall I be your secretary?"

"How do you know that I need a secretary?" she asked.

"How should I?" he replied. "Yet you are not altogether an idler in life, are you?"

For a moment she did not answer. The silence in the room was almost oppressive.

"What do you imagine might be my occupation, then?" she asked.

"I have heard it suggested," he said slowly, "that you have been a useful intermediary in carrying messages of the utmost importance between the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria."

"Your Intelligence Department is not so bad," she remarked. "It is true. Why not? At the German Court I count for little, perhaps. In Austria my father was the Emperor's only personal friend. My mother was scarcely popular there. She was too completely English. Since my father died the Emperor hardly lets me stay a week away. Yes, your information is perhaps true; and I will supplement it if you like: Since our little affair in the Café de Berlin the Kaiser, who went out of his way to insist upon your removal from Berlin, has notified the Emperor that he would prefer to receive his most private dispatches either through the regular diplomatic channels or by some other messenger."

Look For This Signature—

on every box of tooth powder or tube of dental cream that you buy—

J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

Let it be your guide to the standard dentifrice endorsed most highly by the dental profession. You can depend on the high quality of either

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Whether your preference is for the one form or the other—the Dr. Lyon's standard is equally your safeguard—known and trusted the world over for half a century.

Send 2c stamp today for 10-day trial box of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

I. W. Lyon & Son, 522 West 27th St., New York

Look for coupon in each package which entitles you to a Dr. Lyon's perfect tooth brush without charge.

One Bottle Holds Two Glasses of Sparkling

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

Made in America **GINGER ALE** *Best in the World*

ENOUGH in each bottle to quench, drench and drown two ordinary thirsts or a double-barreled shot to bring down the big man's size thirst that you bring back from the tennis courts or the ball game.

Being made of real ginger it's safe—even beneficial—when your blood is overheated. And Clicquot is pure—pure spring water flowing from bed-rock into sterilized bottles—pure granulated sugar, pure juices of lemons and limes. The Clicquot Spring Water is slightly laxative.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale mixes well with most anything drinkable.

For Sale by Good Grocers and Druggists—Order a case and keep a few bottles on ice

The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.

New York Office, 100 Hudson St
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Clicquot Club Beverages:

Ginger Ale
Orange Phosphate
Sarsaparilla
Lemon Sour
Root Beer
Birch Beer

Put a National Mazda Lamp in Every Socket

There's no better time to make the change than now—while you are cleaning house—while the prices of NATIONAL MAZDA lamps are low. The change from carbon to NATIONAL MAZDA lamps more than triples your light at the same cost.

Prices REDUCED

Regular styles, 10 to 40 watts inclusive, 27 cents each; 60 watt, 36 cents; 100 watt, 65 cents.

To [illegible] to get quality, ruggedness and durability [illegible] NATIONAL MAZDA lamps in the Blue Carton. Telephone your Lighting Company or [illegible] dealer and put a NATIONAL MAZDA lamp in every socket for better, cheaper, more agreeable light.

National Lamp Works
82 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

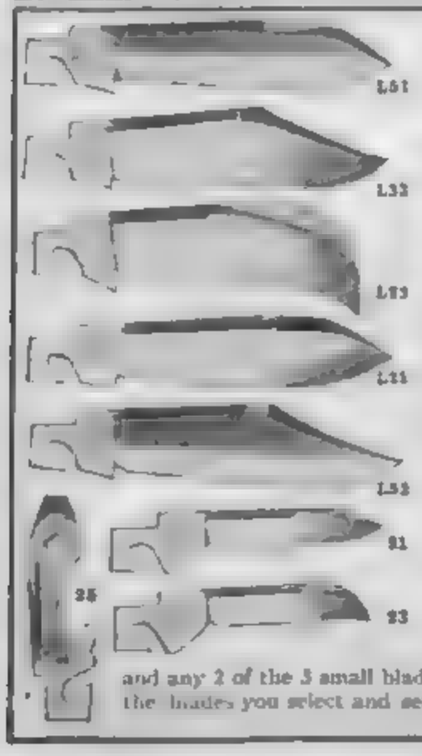
Any of these labels is a guarantee of National Quality

Water Pumps Water with a Rife Ram. Plenty of it for every purpose about your farm and country home—day and night, winter and summer, without fuel, labor, freezing or repairs. The

RIFE RAM

is operated by any small stream having a fall of three feet or more and a [illegible] gallon per minute. Fills high elevated tanks or operates air pressure [illegible] to install. First cost the only cost. Always on the job, over 11,000 in daily use. Tell us your water supply conditions. Ask for [illegible] and catalog. Now is the time to install. Write today.

RIFE ENGINE CO., 3000 Trinity Building, New York



Choose the Blades You Want

Here is a pocket knife for which you can select the blades yourself according to your individual needs. What's more, when you break a blade you can replace it with a new one instantly without tools. The Nagle ReBlade Knife is a *real* knife. Not a freak or a toy or a tool kit. Looks like any other well-made knife and is equally strong. Blades can't come out accidentally and cost little to replace. Fully guaranteed.

For a dollar bill (or money order) we will send postpaid this fine two-bladed jackknife with easy-opener handle and an extra blade. Select any one of the five upper blades and any two of the three lower blades.

$1.00

1 Sheffield Steel blades and 1 [illegible]

NAGLE ReBlade KNIFE Co.
60 Parker Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Agents or Dealers Wanted

Choose any 1 of the 5 upper blades and any 2 of the 3 small blades below. Cut out the blades you select and send with your order.

Norgate's expletive was only half stifled.

She shrugged her shoulders. "For myself," she said, "I am not sorry. I found it very interesting, but of late those feelings of which I have told you have taken hold of me. I have felt as though a terrible shadow were brooding over the world."

"Let me ask you once more," he begged, "why you are in London?"

"I received a wire from the Emperor," she explained, "instructing me to return at once to Vienna. If I go there I know very well that I shall not be allowed to leave the city. I have been trusted implicitly, but now they will keep me practically a prisoner. They will think that I may feel a resentment against the Kaiser, and they will be afraid. Therefore, I came here. I have every excuse for coming, as it is according to my original plans. You will find that by to-morrow morning I shall have a second message from Vienna. All the same I am not sure that I shall go."

There was a ring at the bell. Norgate started and Anna looked at the clock.

"Who is that?" she asked. "Do you see the time?"

Norgate moved to the door and threw it open. A waiter stood there.

"What do you want?" Norgate demanded.

The man pointed to the indicator on the wall.

"The bell rang, sir," he replied. "Is there anything I can get for you?"

"I rang no bell," Norgate asserted. "Your indicator must be out of order."

Norgate would have closed the door, but Anna intervened.

"Tell the waiter I wish to speak to him," she begged.

The man advanced at once into the room and glanced interrogatively at Anna. She addressed him suddenly in her own tongue and he replied without hesitation. She nodded. Then she turned to Norgate and laughed softly.

"You see how perfect the system is," she said. "I was followed here and passed on to your floor-waiter. You are a spy, are you not?" she added, turning to the man. "But of course you are!"

"Madame!" the man protested. "I do not understand."

"You may go away," she replied. "You can tell Herr Selingman in your morning's report that I came to Mr. Norgate's rooms at an early hour in the morning and spent an hour talking with him. You may go now."

The man withdrew without remark. He was a quiet, inoffensive-looking person with sallow complexion and suave but silent manners. Norgate closed the door behind him.

"A victim of the system which all Europe knows of except you people," she remarked lightly. "Well, after this I must be careful. Walk with me to my hotel, won't you?"

"Of course," he assented.

They made their way along the silent corridors to the lift, out into the streets, empty of traffic now save for the watering carts and street scavengers.

"Will there be trouble for you," Norgate asked at last, "because of this?"

"There is more trouble in my own heart," she told him quietly. "I feel strangely disturbed, uncertain which way to move. Let me take your arm—so. I like to walk like that. Somehow I think, Mr. Francis Norgate, that that little fracas in the Café de Berlin is going to make a great difference in both our lives. I know now what I had begun to believe. Like all other trusted agents of sovereigns, I have become an object of suspicion. Well, we shall see. At least I am glad to know that there is some one I can trust. Perhaps to-morrow I will tell you all that is in my heart. We might even, if you wished it, if you were willing to face a few risks, we might even work together to hold back the thunder. So! Good-night, my friend," she added, turning suddenly round.

He held her hand for an instant as they stood together on the pavement outside her hotel. For a single moment he fancied that there was a change in that curious personal aloofness that seemed so distinctive of her. It passed, however, as she turned from him with her usual half-insolent, half-gracious little nod.

"To-morrow," she directed, "you must ring me up. Let it be at eleven o'clock."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"BALLYMEDE"
Full back, narrow shoulders, roomy armholes, large sleeves, convertible collar, shower proofed.

If you are particular about the style of your overcoat, ask your dealer to show you the Rosenwald & Weil "Ballymede".

It's an all the year overcoat that has unusual style without freakish exaggeration; and combines in its lines and careful workmanship a high degree of comfort and service.

You'll find the new colors, weaves and patterns most attractive.

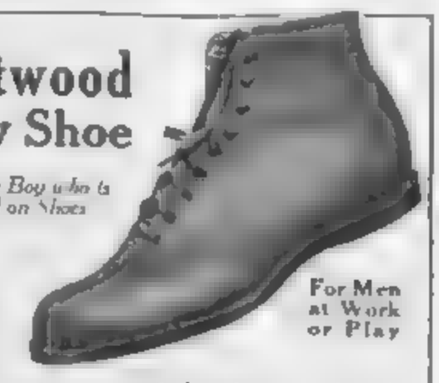
Makers of high quality summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties
Chicago

Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes



For Men at Work or Play

Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined* Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak-tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low [illegible] easy and pliable. Spring heel, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

The best shoe for football, baseball, tramping, shooting, as well as all-around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not [illegible] with soap and water.

Youths' Sizes, 10 to 13	, delivered,	$3 50
Boys' Sizes 1 to 5	"	4 00
Men's Sizes, 5 to 11	"	4 50
Same with Flat Broad Heel	"	4 50
For Golf—Heels and Hob Nails,	"	6 00

Send for Booklet on request

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 252 Main Street Rochester, N. Y.

The Home of Good Shoemaking

Pierce QUADRANT For Your FORD $1

Regulates speed as finely as A $5000 CAR

Saves 20 per cent in gasoline and pays for itself in two weeks. A minute's time and a screw driver install it. Ask for literature or slip a dollar bill in an envelope—complete Quadrant, ready to slip into place on any Ford, sent *prepaid*.

Pierce Speed Controller Co. Anderson, Ind.

What's the Answer to the Mileage Question?

Miller Tires
The answer to the skid question is Miller Geared-to-the-road Tires! They gear your car to the road through mud, sand or slush. With Miller Tires on your car you're in control. Its tread is an integral part of the tire and retains its safety features until the entire tire is worn out. The greater mileage you get from them will make your choice of Miller Tires an economy, as well as a permanent safeguard.
MILLER TUBES answer the tube question.
WAX AND OIL IN THE COTTON MEAN MILES ON THE ROAD

But They Can't Answer Your Mileage Question Unless They're on Your Car.

SOME men try to answer this question by buying tires at a price. How can they get mileage out of a tire that price prohibits the builder's putting into it? Others endeavor to answer it by dickering for adjustments—and that is all they get. Others accept the factory equipment tires on their cars as the solution to the mileage question. But the car builder neither makes nor guarantees tires.

This mileage question is never settled until it is answered right. You can only get as many miles out of a tire as the manufacturer puts into it.

Miller Builds Mileage *In* For You

by first making a shock-resisting backbone of cotton fabric. And do you know that fabric is just as important as rubber in a tire? In fact, while rubber is necessary for resiliency, its greater function is to protect the fabric. The Miller Method, which gives you the right rubber compound (and plenty of it), *goes farther*. It produces the right kind of fabric, and that's what makes ***Miller Tires go farther!***

The Miller Method is an exclusive process of vulcanizing with a low degree of heat—applied for a short time. It retains the natural wax and oil in the cotton fibre, and thus prevents internal friction, because it leaves nature's lubricant in the minute strands and fibre of the cotton.

This wax and oil carbonize at 240 degrees, but the old method requires 287 degrees to vulcanize the tire. A brittle and lifeless fabric cannot stand the terrific punishment that all tires must endure.

The process by which Miller Tires are built, thoroughly vulcanizes, makes a perfect unit of rubber and fabric without burning the life out of either, and with no point of cleavage in the construction.

This method of vulcanization—the retention of the vegetable wax and oil—means life in the fabric and rubber. It results in safety—freedom from blow-outs, and additional miles of wear in Miller Tires, as thousands and thousands of motorists have found out.

Settle this mileage question today by going to the Miller dealer. When he puts Miller Tires on your car, you can put the mileage question out of your mind for good.

The Miller Rubber Co., Akron, U. S. A.

Distributors in Principal Cities

"CHALMERS Lets the Body Breathe"

You See Right Through this Light, Open, Durable Fabric

This Underwear Must Be Cool!

Buy Some Union Suits Now

Think how light, cool, open this underwear must be. Consider how comfortable for summer. As to durability? Unconditionally guaranteed.

Chalmers "Porosknit" cannot cling (sweaty, disagreeable, dank and irksome) to the body. Instead, it keeps your body dry and gives you summer comfort in as near to Nature's way as one may go.

With Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits there can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no cutting in the crotch. Their Closed Crotch is comfortable, fits, stays put, cannot gape open or bulge. You have full elasticity in the seat, so that the garment gives freely and easily with every turn or bend.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is *imitated* but NOT duplicated. Be sure to get the genuine. You'll know it by the label.

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
REG U S PAT OFF
GUARANTEED
FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905. DESIGN PAT. DEC 19, 1905

This Label on Every Garment

FOR MEN **50c** Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment — FOR BOYS **25c**

FOR MEN **$1.00** UNION SUITS Any Style — FOR BOYS **50c**

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 1 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight

BY DEAD RECKONING

(Continued from Page 9)

hadn't received my telegram when Peasley sent this message. It'll take more than a cargo of creosoted piling to keep Murphy out of the master's cabin when he hears from me."

The stenographer entered and laid another telegram on Cappy's desk.

"Ah!" Cappy remarked, and rubbed his hands together in pleased anticipation. "I dare say this is from Mr. Murphy."

It was; and this is what the loyal Murphy had to say:

"I thank you for the consideration. Very sweet of you; but I wouldn't work for you again on a bet. You couldn't hand me a ripe peach! Master or mate, creosote tastes the same to me. At Captain Peasley's request am staying by vessel until new master arrives and hires new mate. Would have stuck by vessel for Old Man's sake if you'd slipped us cargo of uncrated rattlesnakes; but since I encouraged him to tell you things for good of your soul and you fired him for it I must decline to profit by his misfortune."

Silently Cappy Ricks folded that telegram and laid it on his desk; his head sagged forward on his breast and he fell to meditating deeply. Finally he looked up and eyed Mr. Skinner over the rims of his spectacles.

"Skinner," he said solemnly, "do you realize, my boy, that we have two extremely remarkable men on the barkentine Retriever?"

"They are certainly most remarkably deficient in respect to their superiors, though in all probability exceedingly capable seamen," Mr. Skinner answered sympathetically, for he had great veneration for the creator of the pay roll.

"I know," Cappy replied sadly; "but then, you know, Skinner, the good Lord must certainly hate a bootlicker! Skinner, I simply cannot afford to lose those two damned scoundrels in the Retriever. They're good men! And a good man who knows he's good will not take any slack from man or devil; so I cannot afford to lose those two. Skinner, I've got myself into an awful mess. Here I've been running by dead reckoning and now I'm on the rocks! What'll I do, Skinner? I'm licked; but, dang it all, sir, I can't admit it, can I? Isn't there some way to referee this scrap and call it a draw?"

"I see no way out of it now except to send another captain to Tacoma."

Cappy's eyes flashed.

"Skinner," he declared, "you're absolutely no use to me in an emergency. When I made you my general manager, on a bank president's salary, I thought I'd be able to take it easy for the rest of my life." He wagged his head sadly. "Skinner, if I hadn't any more imagination than you possess I'd be out there on the corner of California and Market Streets peddling lead pencils this minute. Leave this problem to me, Skinner. I suppose I'll find a way out of it, with entire honor to all concerned. Holy sailor!" he added. "But that man Murphy is loyal—and loyalty is a pretty scarce commodity these days, let me tell you!"

During the week that succeeded, Cappy Ricks did not once mention the subject of the Retriever and her recalcitrant skipper and mate; and Mr. Skinner argued from this that all was well. Finally one day Cappy came into the office and paused beside the general manager's desk. He was grinning like a boy.

"Well, Skinner," he piped. "I've just come from the Merchants' Exchange and I see by the blackboard that our Retriever cleared for Antofagasta yesterday."

"Indeed!" Mr. Skinner replied politely. "So you found a captain for her. Whom did you send?"

"Nobody," the old man cackled. "Matt Peasley took her out, and the manager of the Rainier mill wires me that the man Murphy went with him as chief kicker. What do you think of that?"

"Why, I'm—er—satisfied if you are, sir."

"Well, you can bet I'm satisfied. If I wasn't I'd have a revenue cutter out after the man Peasley and his mate right now. By golly, Skinner," he piped, and slapped his wizened flank, "I tell you I've worked this deal pretty slick, if I do say it myself. And all on dead reckoning, too—dead reckoning, and not a single day of demurrage!"

"Oh! So you wired Peasley and the mate and asked them to go back to work and forget they were discharged?"

"Skinner, on my word, you grow worse every day. You've been with me, man and boy, twenty-odd years, and in all that time you never saw anybody cover me with blood, did you?"

"No, sir."

"And you never will. Why, I managed this affair by simply forgetting all about it! When you're in a jam, Skinner, always let the other fellow do the talking. I just sat tight until I had a telegram from the man Peasley, informing me that the vessel would be loaded in two days and that his successor had not appeared as yet. I threw that telegram in my wastebasket;. and when the vessel was loaded I had another telegram from Peasley, saying that the vessel was loaded, that his successor was still missing, and the mill manager was kicking and insisting that the ship be hauled away from the dock to make room for a steam schooner which wanted to load. So I filed that telegram in the wastebasket also. It was a night letter, delivered in the morning.

"When Peasley didn't get an answer by noon he wired again, saying that, as a favor to me, he would haul the Retriever into the stream, but would accept no responsibility for delay thereafter. He said further that, as a courtesy to me and his successor, he was shipping a crew that day in order that there might be no delay in sailing when the new captain arrived; so I thought I had better reply to that telegram, Skinner—and I did."

"What did you say, Mr. Ricks?"

"I said: 'Please do not annoy me with your telegrams. You were fired a week ago, but it seems difficult for you to realize that fact. If demurrage results through my failure to get new skipper there in time, that is no skin off your nose. Your pay goes on until you are relieved, and you will be relieved when I get good and ready.' That telegram did the business, Skinner. He received it the day before yesterday and yesterday he towed out!"

Cappy Ricks burst into a shrill senile cackle that was really good to hear. As they grow old most men lose that capacity for a hearty laugh, but Cappy's perversity had kept him young at heart. The tears of mirth cascaded down his seamed old countenance now, and he had to sit down and have his laugh out.

"Oh, thunder!" he panted. "Really, Skinner—there's so much fun in business I wonder why a man can retire—just because he's made his pile! Skinner, I had it on the man Peasley a thousand miles—and he never guessed it! Dear, dear me! You see, Skinner, when he wired me he would not accept responsibility for demurrage to the vessel after she was loaded and hauled into the stream, he forgot that he had to accept responsibility for the vessel herself until his successor should arrive!

"Of course the man Murphy could quit any time he desired; but if the skipper deserted the ship before being properly relieved, and then something happened to the vessel and I preferred charges against him, the inspectors might be induced to revoke his license—and he realized that. The knowledge made him hopping mad, Skinner; and when he got my telegram I knew he would begin to figure out some plan to make me mad! And of course I knew Murphy would help him out—the Irish are imaginative and vindictive; and—oh, dear me, Skinner—read that!" And Cappy handed his general manager the following telegram:

"ALDEN P. RICKS,
"258 California Street,
"San Francisco.

"You are right. I will be relieved when I get good and ready, and I will not be ready until I get back from Antofagasta. Shipped crew yesterday afternoon. All arrived drunk. Next morning all hands sober. Realizing predicament, riot resulted. Fearing lose crew, Murphy and I manhandled and locked in fo'castle. When your telegram arrived it found Murphy minus front tooth, myself black eye. Can stand injury, but not insult. Hence you are stuck with us for another voyage, whether you want us or not. Will have towed out by time you receive this. Go to Halifax!

PEASLEY."

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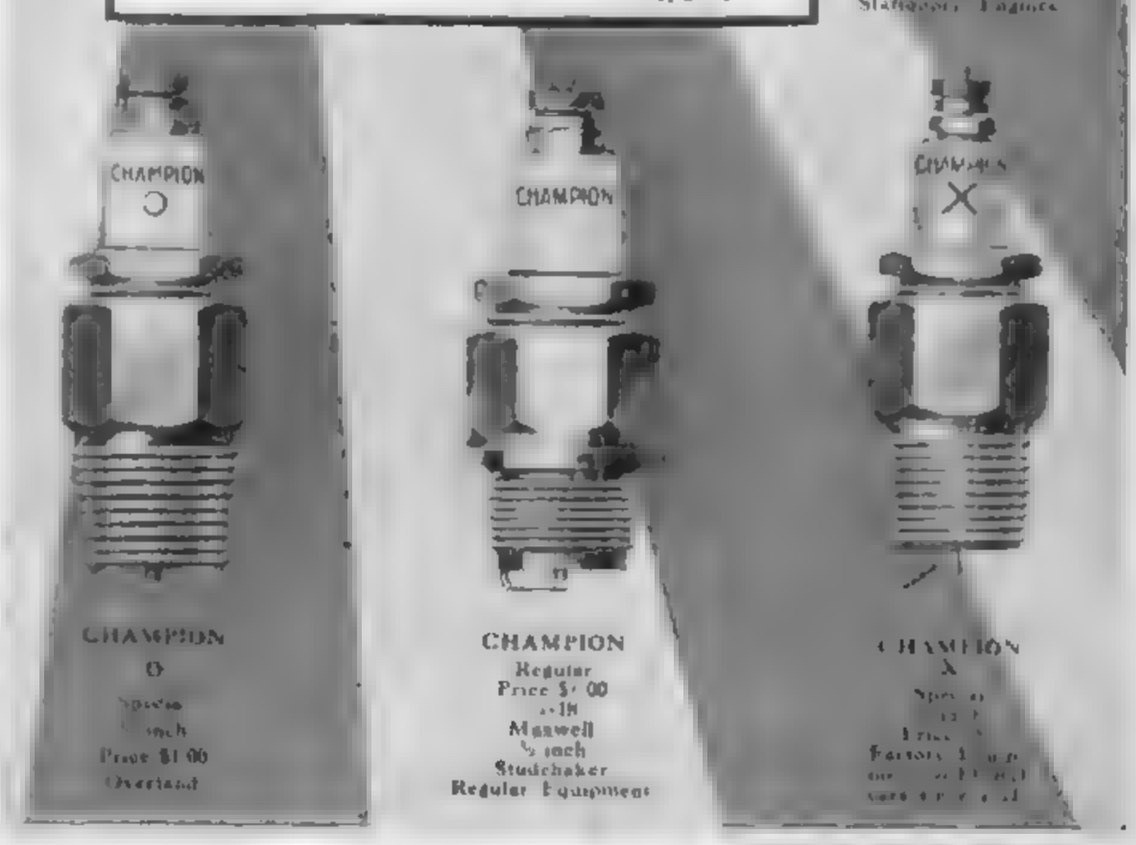

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"The year before my UNDERFEED was installed my house was heated with [illegible] Underfeed ... My coal bill for that year before that ... was from $80.00 to $85.00 ... the bill for the winter ran almost $90.00, and during that winter only about half of my house was heated as a house should be.

"Last winter the same house was heated with one of your UNDERFEED Furnaces. The coal used was 'Sl...k' which cost me $1.50 per ton; the bill for the entire winter ran about $45.00. The house was comfortably heated every day of the winter, including windy days. A comparison of those two years has convinced me of the superiority of your UNDERFEED ... Yours respectfully, ... 40[illegible] Bridge, Danville, Ill

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... Compare this lining with any ... you will understand why ... clean china dish." ...

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Like a clean china dish

Mr. Skinner's face was cold and austere as he handed this telegram back to Cappy.

"So you made peace with honor, eh?" he sneered.

"Peace your grandmother!" Cappy chirped. "This war goes on until I get a letter from the man Peasley. Skinner, he and Murphy think they've done something wonderfully brilliant. When I wired him he would be relieved when I got good and ready it did him an awful lot of good to throw the words back in my face. Sure, Skinner! They think they're giving Cappy Ricks the merry ha-ha!"

"Well, of course, sir," said Mr. Skinner, "if this sort of horseplay is your fun—if it's your notion of business—I have no comment. You own fifteen-sixteenths of the Retriever and you can afford to pay for your fancies; but if it was the last act of my life I'd fire that man Peasley in Callao and let him get home as best he could."

"Yes; I know," Cappy replied bitterly. "You fired him in Cape Town once—and how did he come home? He came home in the cabin of the Retriever—that's how he came home; and the Terrible Swede I sent to thrash him and fire him came home under hatches. Yes; you'd do a lot of things, Skinner—in your mind."

Mr. Skinner pounded his desk savagely. Cappy's retort made him boiling mad.

"Well, I'll bet I'd do something," he rasped. "I'd make that bucko suffer or I'd know the reason why."

"Skinner, that's just what we're going to do—just what we're doing, in fact. Now listen to reason, Skinner. The Retriever just came off dry dock, didn't she? Well, it stands to reason she was dirty after that last cargo of creosoted piling; and it stands to reason, also, that the man Peasley slicked her up with white paint until she looked like an Easter bride. A Scandinavian doesn't give a hoot if his vessel is tight, well found and ready for sea; but a Yankee takes a tremendous pride in his ship and likes to keep her looking like a yacht. And just think, Skinner, how the man Peasley must have felt when he came off dry dock, all clean and nice, and then had to slop her up with another cargo of creosoted piling? Just think of that, Skinner!" And again he commenced his insane cackle.

"I have other and more important things to think about," Mr. Skinner retorted icily. As a business man he was opposed to levity in the office. "What are your plans with reference to the Retriever? Do you wish to bring her back from Antofagasta in ballast?"

"Why, certainly not. Hunt a cargo for her, Skinner. We might just as well let the man Peasley know that though he's gone he's not forgotten. Use the cable freely and see if you can't pick up something for the return trip that will make those two firebrands sick at the stomach."

A month later Mr. Skinner stepped into Cappy's sanctum.

"Well," he announced, "I've got a return cargo for the Retriever."

"What have you got?" Cappy demanded anxiously; and Mr. Skinner told him.

"No?" said Cappy incredulously.

"Yes!" Mr. Skinner assured him.

Cappy's senile laughter testified to his hearty approval.

"Skinner, my dear boy," he cried, "I don't know what I'd do without you."

And then he laid his wicked old head on his desk and laughed until he wept. Indeed, Mr. Skinner so far forgot his code as to laugh with him.

"We'll stink those two vagabonds—those maritime outlaws—out of the ship," he declared.

IV

THE belief that they had come off victorious in their skirmish with Cappy Ricks cheered Matt Peasley and his mate for the first two weeks out from Puget Sound; after which the creosote commenced to season their food, and then the victory began to take on the general appearance of a vacuum. However, thanks to a clean keel and fair winds, they made a smashing passage and their sufferings were not unduly prolonged.

Immediately on his arrival at Antofagasta the young skipper reported by cable to his owners, thereby eliciting the following reply from Cappy Ricks:

"You stole ship. If you value your ticket bring her back with cargo our agent provides."

Naturally this somewhat cryptic cablegram roused Matt Peasley's curiosity. He could not rest until he had interviewed the agent—and after that sop to his inquisitiveness he returned to the Retriever a broken man. The loyal and disgusted Murphy read the trouble in the master's face.

"What new deviltry's afoot now, Matt?" he demanded, in his eagerness and sympathy forgetting the respect due his superior.

"Green hides, Mike!" the skipper answered, in his distress failing to notice the mate's *faux pas* and making one himself. "Green hides, old pal; and they stink something horrible. Back to Seattle with the dirty mess, and then another cargo of creosoted ..."

"King's X!" yelled Mr. Murphy. "I crossed my fingers the minute your face appeared over the rail. I quit—and I quit as soon as this piling is out. I tell you I won't keep company with green hides. No, sir; I won't. I tell you I will—not—do it! Why, we might as well have a dead hog in the hold! Captain Matt, I hate to throw you down in a foreign port; but this—is—absolutely—the finish!"

"Do you value your ticket, Mike?" the captain queried ominously.

"What's a ticket when a man's lost his self-respect," Mr. Murphy raved.

Matt handed him Cappy's cablegram and the mate read it.

"I think that bet goes double, Mike," the skipper warned him. "You signed for the round trip. I've got to go through—and there's strength in numbers."

"Well," said Mr. Murphy reluctantly, "I suppose I do attach a certain—er—sentimental value to my ticket."

"I thought you would. Cappy's got us by the short hair, Mike; and the only thing to do is to fly to it, with all sails set. We must never let on he's given us anything out of the ordinary."

Mr. Murphy shivered; for, as Cappy had remarked to Mr. Skinner, the mate was Irish, hence imaginative. He imagined he smelled the green hides already, and quite suddenly he gagged and sprang for the rail. Poor fellow! He had stood much of late and his stomach was a trifle sensitive from a diet of creosote straight.

Somehow they got the awful cargo aboard, though, at that, there were not sufficient hides to half load her; in consequence of which all hands realized that Cappy had merely given them this dab of freight to sicken them. They cursed him all the way back to Seattle, where the crew quit the minute the vessel was made fast to the dock.

"Here's a telegram for you, sir," Mr. Murphy remarked when Matt Peasley came aboard after cashing a draft on the Blue Star Navigation Company to pay off his crew. It proved to be from Cappy Ricks and said merely:

"Discharge that cargo of hides or take the consequences!"

"The old sinner thought I'd dog it, I suppose," Matt sneered, as he passed the message to Mr. Murphy, who shivered as he read it. "I guess you're elected, Mike," the skipper continued. "The second mate has quit. However, it isn't going to be very hard on you this time. I was speaking to the skipper of that schooner in the berth ahead of us, and he gave me a recipe for killing the perfume of a cargo of green hides."

"If he'd given it to us in Antofagasta, I'd name a ship after him some day," Mr. Murphy mourned.

"Well, we've gotten it in time to be of some use," Matt declared. "You don't suppose I'm going to let this old snoozer Ricks get away with the notion that he put one over on us, do you? Shall we haul Old Glory down! No! Never! I'll just switch off the laughing gas on Cappy Ricks," and the young skipper went ashore and wired his managing owner as follows:

"Green hides are the essence of horror if you do not know how to handle them. Fortunately I do. Pour water on a green hide and you muzzle the stink. I judge from your last telegram you thought you handed me something."

When Cappy Ricks got that telegram he flew into a rage and refused to believe Matt Peasley's statement until he had first called up a dealer in hides and confirmed it. The entire office staff wondered all that day what made Cappy so savage.

"No letter," Mr. Skinner announced, as he laid the report of Matt Peasley's last voyage on Cappy Ricks' desk.

"Im-possible!"

(Continued on Page 69)

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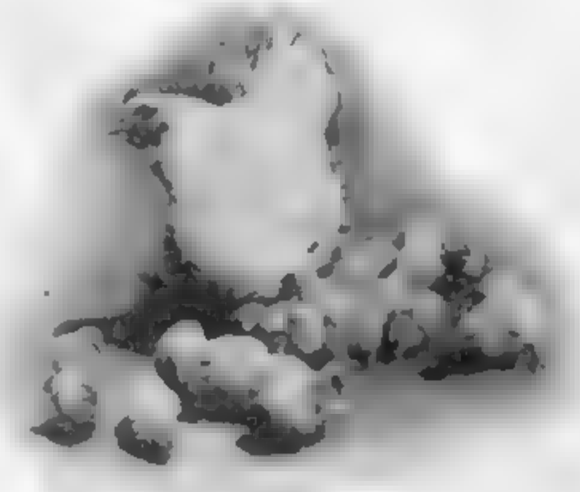

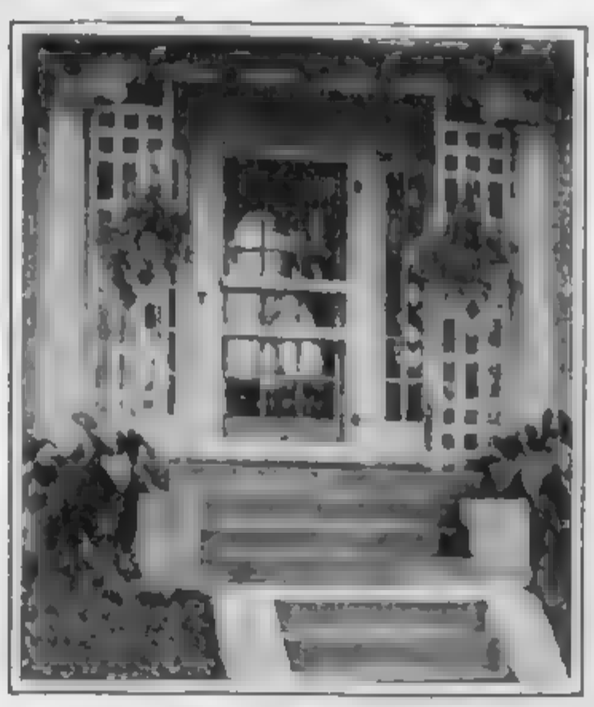

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THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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(Continued from Page 66)

Mr. Skinner confirmed him with a nod, his original declaration.

"I guess you'll have to go stronger than green hides to get a yelp out of that fellow."

"Why, there isn't anything stronger than a cargo of green hides, Skinner," Cappy declared thoughtfully. He clawed his whiskers a moment. Then: "What have you got for her on the Sound, Skinner?"

"Nothing nasty, sir. We'll have to give him a regular cargo this time—that is, unless he quits. I've got a cargo for Sydney ready at our own mill at Port Hadlock."

"Well, he hasn't resigned yet," Cappy declared; "so we might as well beat him to it. Wire him, Skinner, to tow to our mill at Port Hadlock and load for Sydney. If he believes we're willing to call this thing a dead heat he may conclude to stick. Tell him this is a nice cargo." Again Cappy clawed his whiskers. "Sydney, eh?" he said musingly. "That's nice! We can send him over to Newcastle from there to pick up a cargo of coal, and maybe he'll come home afire! If we can't hand him a stink, Skinner, we'll put a few gray hairs in his head."

These instructions Mr. Skinner grudgingly complied with; and Matt Peasley, with his hatches wide open and buckets of punk burning in the hold to dispel the lingering fragrance of his recent cargo concluding that, on the whole, he and Mr. Murphy had come through the entire affair very handsomely indeed—towed down to Hadlock and commenced to take on cargo. If Cappy Ricks was willing to declare a truce then Matt Peasley would declare one too.

His peaceful acquiescence in Cappy's program rather roused the latter's admiration. Also, it roused his curiosity; and in this state of mind he remembered that he had never beheld his belligerent skipper, and a great longing came over him to have a look at the features of the man he had been deviling for a year and a half, but who resolutely refused to plead for quarter. He summoned a stenographer and dictated this telegram to Matt Peasley:

"CAPTAIN MATTHEW PEASLEY,
"Care Ricks Lumber & Logging Co.,
"Port Hadlock, Washington.

"Have a great curiosity to see what you look like. Have photograph of yourself taken immediately and forward to this office. Charge expense.

"ALDEN P. RICKS."

"Cappy wants my photograph," the skipper mourned; "and—well—the fact is, Mike, I'm not twenty-three years old yet ——"

"And you're looking twenty. Don't send it. You've got to be pickled in salt for twenty years to please Cappy Ricks. If he sees your photograph he'll fire you, Matt. I know that old crocodile. All he wants is an excuse to give you the foot."

"But he's ordered me to send it, Mike. How am I going to get out of it?"

As has been stated earlier in this tale, Mr. Murphy had an imagination.

"Go over into the town, sir," he said, "and in any photograph gallery you can pick up a picture of some old man. Write your name across it and send it to Cappy. He'll be just as happy, then, as though he had good sense."

"By George, I'll just do that!" Matt declared, and forthwith went ashore.

He sought the only photographer in Port Hadlock. At the entrance to the shop he found a glass case containing samples of the man's art, and was singularly attracted to the photograph of a spruce little old man in a Henry Clay collar, long mutton-chop whiskers, and spectacles.

Moreover, to Matt's practiced eye, this individual seemed to savor of a Down Easter. He was just the sort of man one might expect to bear the name of Matthew Peasley; so the captain mounted the stairs and sought the proprietor, from whom he purchased the picture in question for the trifling sum of fifty cents. Then he bore it away to the Retriever, scrawled his autograph across the old gentleman's hip and mailed the picture to Cappy Ricks.

Four days passed and Matt Peasley received a telegram. It was from Cappy Ricks and merely said:

"I never knew you were such a kid until I received your photograph."

"What do you suppose the old duffer means by that?" Matt queried anxiously of Mr. Murphy, who pursed his lips and pondered.

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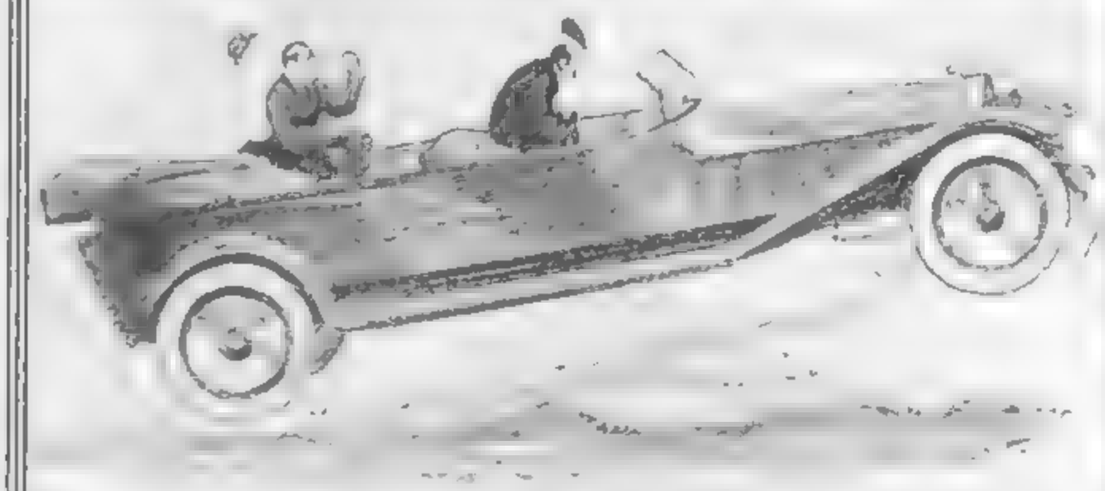

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There is nothing gentle about a spring. When a jolt compresses it, a spring's only impulse is to whip every one out of the car as quickly as possible. A spring saves you from actual bumps, but not from being thrown about and not from vibrations—and vibrations are harder on your body even than bumps.

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SHOCK ABSORBER

Soothes the Angry Spring

Stretch a rubber band. Let it snap back. That's the way an uncontrolled spring works. Stretch it again and ease it back gently—that's the way a Hartford Shock Absorber *makes* a spring work.

The Hartford reduces spring-action to long undulating waves of motion—free from recoil shock or vibration—even on the roughest roads.

It makes motoring really comfortable. It prevents accidents by keeping the wheels on the road. It adds years to the life of machinery and cuts down repairs and tire bills.

Let us send you a book which will tell you why the Hartford Shock Absorber is standard equipment on so many prominent cars and why 95% of the racing drivers use it. The book is free.

Automobile Manufacturers are now using the finest springs that can be made. If you want more comfort, you must use Hartford Shock Absorbers.

Hartford Suspension Co. S. V. HARTFORD, President
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ARTHUR E. ROGERS, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, found that the salary from his regular position with a local bank was not sufficient to keep pace with the requirements of a growing family. He needed more money and in spare moments began to take subscription orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Today he writes:

"My profits from Curtis work are averaging well over Ten Dollars a week. I needed that increase in my income, to pay off the debts that were gradually gathering around me, and to help support myself and my family. This year my profits from Curtis work are increasing to the point where I can put the surplus into a savings fund that will some day buy me a home of my own."

Mr. Rogers is only one of the thousands of men and women who in their spare time are securing from Curtis work the extra money that they need. We want more representatives. If you need more money, we'd like to hear from you.

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 820
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"What kind of a picture did you send him?" the mate queried.

"Why, a picture of an old pappy-guy sort of man, with long mutton-chop whiskers, glasses, and an old-fashioned collar about as tall as the taffrail. I autographed it, too."

"Oh," said Mr. Murphy, "you never can tell what that old fox is driving at." And he walked away to bullyrag the stevedores.

Matt Peasley was worried, however. There was a sinister note in that message from Cappy, and finally he thought he saw a way to unravel the mystery. He returned to the place where he had purchased the picture.

"I was here last week and bought a photograph of an old gentleman," he explained. "You remember, don't you? It was one of your samples in the case outside." The photographer nodded. "Whose picture was that?" Matt continued.

"The photograph of Mr. Alden P. Ricks. He is the owner of the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company and that company has a mill here. He was up here a couple of years ago; and he and Captain Kendall, who used to command the Retriever, came over to my shop and had their pictures taken. Then they traded pictures. I believe they used to be boys together Down East."

"Thank you," Matt Peasley mumbled; "that's all I wanted to know."

Somehow he managed to get back to the ship; and after a while, in the privacy of his cabin, he took his pen in hand and wrote this letter to Cappy Ricks:

"MR. ALDEN P. RICKS.

"*Dear Sir:* I herewith tender my resignation as master of the barkentine Retriever, same to take effect on my return from Sydney—or before I sail, if you desire. If I do not hear from you before I sail I shall assume that it will be all right to quit when I get back from Australia.

"I will not be twenty-three years old until the Fourth of July. I was afraid you wouldn't trust me with a big ship like the Retriever if you knew; so I sent you a photograph I purchased for fifty cents from the local photographer. I guess that's all—except that you couldn't find a better man to take my place than Mr. Murphy. He has had the experience.

"Yours truly,
"MATT PEASLEY."

"Skinner," said Cappy Ricks, "I've got a letter from the man Peasley at last; and now, by golly, I can quit and take a vacation. Send in a stenographer." The stenographer entered. "Take telegram—direct message," he ordered, and commenced to dictate:

"CAPTAIN MATTHEW PEASLEY,
"Master Barkentine Retriever,
"Care Ricks Lumber & Logging Co.,
"Port Hadlock, Washington.

"Your resignation accepted. You are too almighty good for a windjammer, Matthew. You need more room for the development of your talent. Give Murphy the ship, with my compliments, and tell him I've enjoyed the fight because it went to a knock-out. Report to me at this office as soon as possible. You belong in steam and your ticket entitles you to a second mate's berth. It is waiting for you. In a year you will be first mate of steam; a year later you will be master of steam, at two-fifty a month, and I will have a four-million-foot freighter waiting for you if you make good. The picture was a bully joke; but I could not laugh, Matt. It is so long since I was a boy. CAPPY."

"Send that right away, like a good girl," he ordered. "He's about loaded and he may have towed out before the telegram reaches him. Or, better still, send the message in duplicate—one copy to the mill and the other in care of the customhouse at Port Townsend. He'll have to touch in there to clear the ship."

He walked into Mr. Skinner's office.

"Skinner," he said, "Murphy has the Retriever, and you're in charge of the shipping. Attend to the transfer of authority before she gets out of the Sound."

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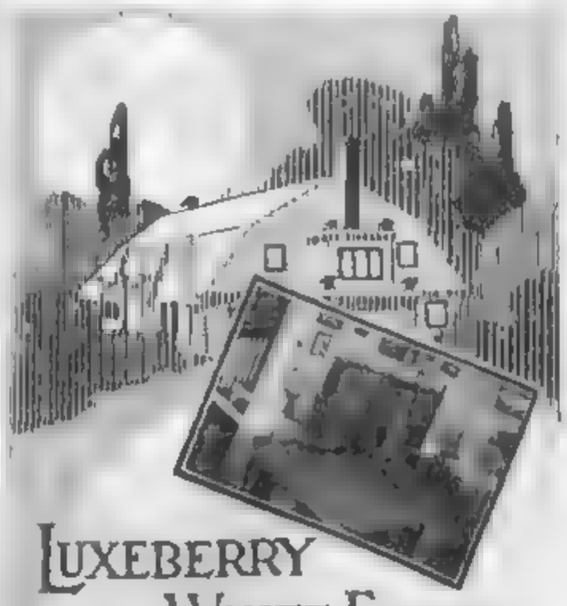

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While you are putting your car in good order for the season, remember the importance of your storage battery—on whose good health your starting and lighting depend.

Take it to the nearest Willard Service Station and they will gladly look it over for you and tell you how to keep it in first-class condition. It's worth while to know a place where you're sure of finding real battery experts with all facilities and equipment for repairs, renewals, charging and good service.

Make a note, now, of the nearest Willard Service Station:

ALABAMA
Birmingham — Birmingham Elec. Garage
Gadsden — Gadsden Storage Bat. Co.
Mobile — A. J. Girard
Montgomery — Montgomery Carriage Wks. Co.

ARIZONA
Douglas — Lohman & Wright
Phoenix — Electric Auto Co. of Ariz.
Tucson — Schweitzer Machine Co.

CALIFORNIA
Anaheim — Anaform Ignition Depot
Bakersfield — Storage Battery Hospital
Brawley — Stanley-De Blois Co.
El Centro — Stanley-De Blois Co.
Fresno — Chandler & Lyon Co.
Hanford — Cousins-Newland Auto Co.
Long Beach — A. C. Walker
Los Angeles — Western Auto Elec. Corp.
Marysville — Geo. W. Roberts Elec. Works
Mayfield — Reed Company, Inc.
Oakland — Chandler & Lyon Co.
Petaluma — Independent Machine Works
Pasadena — Guarantee Auto Repair Works
Pomona — The Auto Electric Shop
Redlands — P. L. Richardson Elec. Service
Riverside — Mission Electric Co.
Sacramento — J. S. Brock Co.
San Diego — J. Stanley LaSha
SAN FRANCISCO — Willard Storage Battery Co.
San Francisco — Chandler & Lyon Co.
San Jose — Consolidated Garage Co.
Santa Ana — Santa Ana Motor Supply Co.
Santa Barbara — The Mission Garage

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Denver — Quinn & McGill Motor Supply Co.
Las Animas — Mandy & Belz
Pueblo — Robt. B. Kyle

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport — Kilpatrick & Hotz
Hartford — Fuller Storage Battery Co.
New Haven — Kirk's Garage

DELAWARE
Wilmington — Automobile Supply Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington — Chas. Rubel & Co.

FLORIDA
Jacksonville — Jacksonville Elec. Garage Co.
Miami — Miami Elec. Garage Co.
Tampa — Pierce Electric Co.

GEORGIA
Atlanta — Alexander Seewald Co.
Columbus — Georgia Auto. Exchange, Inc.
Savannah — H. A. Jacobs

IDAHO
Boise — Bertram Motor Supply Co.

ILLINOIS
Aurora — Coats Garage
CHICAGO — Willard Storage Battery Co.
Chicago — Spitzer Storage Battery Co.
Chicago — Ideal Auto Service Sta.
Danville — Long Electric Garage
Freeport — Auto Electrical Co.
Galesburg — Hoben & Marx
Joliet — Auto Specialty Co.
Kankakee — O. K. Baldwin
Peoria — Graham-Seltzer Co.
Quincy — Gough-Evelyn Co.
Rockford — Warner Electrical Eng. Co.
Rock Island — Totten Auto Co.
Springfield — Central Electric Garage
Streator — Thos. Jauch

INDIANA
Crawfordsville — Birch & Birch
Elkhart — Boice-D. Rose Co.
Evansville — J. F. Charney Auto Co.
Fort Wayne — C. A. Bachelor
Frankfort — A. E. Miller
INDIANAPOLIS — Willard Storage Battery Co.
Kokomo — Beaver Auto Repair Co.
Logansport — I. R. Rodinger & Co.
Marion — Marion Garage & Auto Co.
Muncie — Muncie Automobile Co.
Richmond — Richmond Electric Co.
South Bend — Electric Garage
Terre Haute — John S. Cox

IOWA
Cushing — Machine & Auto Co.
Muscatine — Muscatine Elec. Battery Wks.
Ottumwa — Lattner Bros. Elec. Service Sta.
Sioux City — Whalen & Hansen
Creston — Sheridan Electric Supply Co.
Des Moines — Bernhard & Turner Auto Co.
Fort Dodge — Hanson & Tyler Auto Co.
Mason City — Clark Electric Co.
Oskaloosa — The Schee Company
Ottumwa — S. & R. Storage Battery Co.
Perry — J. J. Converse & Co.
Sioux City — Electric Engineering Co.
Waterloo — Waterloo Overland Co.

KANSAS
Topeka — Southwick Auto Supply Co.
Wichita — Hockaday Auto Supply Co.

KENTUCKY
Lexington — Fayette Motor Co.
Louisville — Rommel Motor Car Co.

LOUISIANA
Lake Charles — W. E. Covington
New Orleans — Edw. N. Ehrling & Co.
New Orleans — Interstate Electric Co.
Shreveport — Henderson's Garage

MAINE
Augusta — Fifield Bros.
Portland — J. W. Cleaveland Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore — Ditch, Bowers & Taylor
Cumberland — Queen City Garage

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston — W. H. & Webster Jones Co.
Lawrence — C. L. Alexander & Sons
New Bedford — Wm. Law Co.
Northampton — Auto Tire & Repair Co.
Pittsfield — Storage Battery Service Sta.
Springfield — W. H. & Webster Jones Co.
Worcester — Jenkins & Robinson

MICHIGAN
Battle Creek — Central Electric Co.
Benton Harbor — H. C. Drayer & Co.
DETROIT — Willard Storage Battery Co.
Grand Rapids — Michigan Tire Co.
Ionia — W. T. Musgrove
Kalamazoo — Storage Battery Service Sta.
Lansing — Capitol Electric Supply Co.
Menominee — Pigeon Motor Car Co.
Saginaw — Cranberry Elec. Co.

MINNESOTA
Austin — A. M. Lewis
Detroit — Fraser Bros.
Fairbault — Mutual Auto Co.
Fergus Falls — Fergus Falls Auto Co.
Mankato — Mankato Garage
Minneapolis — Mpls. Elec. Service Station
Owatonna — C. Zumbro & Sons
Rochester — A. H. Foster Co.
St. Paul — Electric Mfg. Co.
Waseca — Miller & Calame
Winona — Winona Motor Car Co.

MISSISSIPPI
Vicksburg — Lee Richardson & Co.

MISSOURI
Joplin — Rex Electrical Supply Co.
Kansas City — F. S. Lowe Electric Co.
Moberly — S. H. Ogden Auto & Machine Co.
Sedalia — George F. Conser
St. Joseph — A. S. Gallagher
St. Louis — Mosrechell Elec. & Supply Co.

MONTANA
Billings — Billings Electric Supply Co.
Butte — Butte Electric Supply Co.
Great Falls — Prentice Auto Co.
Helena — Helena Electric Supply Co.
Missoula — Missoula Electric Supply Co.

NEBRASKA
Fremont — Electric Garage Co.
Lincoln — Western Storage Battery Co.
Omaha — Orr Motor Sales Co.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord — Hall Bros.
Manchester — Ernest E. Austin

NEW JERSEY
Jersey City — H. G. Kotten Co.
Newark — Electric Garage Co.
Paterson — Edmund E. Mayer
Trenton — Brock's Garage, Inc.

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — McClosky Auto Co.

NEW YORK
Albany — Storage Battery Service Sta.
Binghamton — M. E. Dikeman
Brooklyn — Martin Evans Co.
Buffalo — Meinhard Auto Service Sta.
Dongan Hills, S. I. — F. L. Reiter
Hempstead, L. I. — Hempstead Battery Co.
Jamestown — Jamestown Lighting & Power Co.
Medina — Hedley Electric Co.
Mount Vernon — Mt. Vernon Charging Station
Newburgh — Swan & Cooper, Inc.
NEW YORK — Willard Storage Battery Co.
New York — J. C. Scudder Arthur's Garage
Rochester — J. Lawrence Hoy Co., Inc.
Rochester — Oliver Bros.
Schenectady — A. A. Seeley, Jr.
Syracuse — Bell Tuttle Storage Battery Co.
Troy — Ibsadill Electric Co.
Utica — Schiller & Creswell

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte — Garrett's Garage
Raleigh — McAden Automobile Co.
Wilmington — W. D. MacMillan, Jr.
Winston-Salem — P. N. Montague

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo — The Electric Shop
Grand Forks — McCusey & Bennie
Minot — Minot Auto Co.

OHIO
Akron — Allen & Walker
Alliance — Cope Electric Co.
Ashtabula — Ashtabula Storage Battery Plant
Bellefontaine — Lippencott Electrical Co.
Canton — Canton Engineering & Elec. Co.
Chillicothe — Hickney-Putnam Auto Sales Co.
Cincinnati — Fischer-Griffin Storage Battery Co.
Cleveland — Folberth Auto Specialty Co.
Cleveland — Walter R. Horning & Co.
Coshocton — Crowthers Auto Sales Co.
Dayton — D. C. R. Storage Battery Co.
Delaware — Cowgo Bros.
Eudora — Henry J. Adams
Fremont — Palace Garage
Hamilton — Economy Electric Co.
Lancaster — Frank Pyrometer Co.
Lima — Reed Electric Co.
Marietta — Court Motor Car Co.
Norwalk — H. F. Brennan
Springfield — Gray Electric Company
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Warren — Warren Auto Lighting Co.
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OREGON
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Eugene — Sweet-Dram Auto Co.
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Allentown — P. W. Frey
Beaver Falls — Chas. Belardi
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Columbia — Columbia Telephone Co.
Connellsville — Connellsville Garage Co.
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Columbia — Gibbes Machinery Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA
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Sioux Falls — Knapp Brown & Co.
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Bristol — Shelby Auto Co.
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El Paso — Western Battery & Magneto Co.
Fort Worth — Bound Electric Co.
Galveston — Chas. Newding
Houston — Hurlburt St. Elec. Co.
Laredo — Crescent Garage
San Angelo — Ragsdale Auto Supply Co.
San Antonio — S. X. Callahan
Waco — Waco Storage Battery Co.
Wichita Falls — Wichita Auto & Machine Co.

UTAH
Salt Lake City — Bestram Motor Supply Co.

VERMONT
Burlington — Geo. A. Collison

VIRGINIA
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WASHINGTON
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North Yakima — Valley Elec. Supply Co.
Seattle — Chandler & Lyon Co.
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Beaver Dam — Beaver Garage
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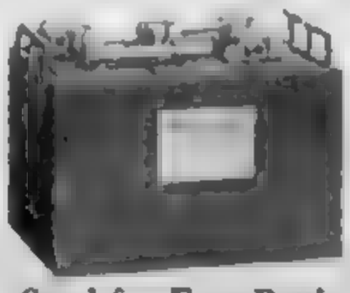

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$1.00 Postpaid

THE BUSHER ABROAD

(Continued from Page 22)

and his fast balls so slow they wont let it on the blvd. 1 of the girls ast me what position did I play on the team and I told her a bout me being a pitcher and she says she thot I was the short stop on acct of the way I danced and I guess she ment how smoothe I moved a round. Then we had some stuff to eat and drink and the party broke up and I went to bed and the next morning thats yest. A. M. we was ast out to Billy Bids prisson and the mgr. of it showed us all threw and his names Stewart but not no relation to the Stewart that was a oficer on the Umpires of japan and theys an other Stewart thats a oficer on the Ship bord wear on now the St. Allbums. Then they was a big lunch for us with all the swell peopl of Vanila and then they was the ball game and I dident even half to dress on acct of me pitching the day before and then we was drove back to the Hotel and down to the St. Allbums and the band played them same tunes like they played when we come and we left Vanila at 6 a clock last night.

Thats a bout all that come off at Vanila Al accept I guess I dident tell you a bout me not geting no male and I told Callahan a bout it and he says to never mind because he is going to call up Chicago again from australia and will try and find out how my famlys geting a long and they must be some thing wrong or I would of herd from Florrie but I got some post cards in Vanila and if I find out in australia that her and little Al is all O.K. I will send her the post cards from there and if there sick or dead or some thing I might just is well tare the post cards up and there diffrunt views of the Hotel where we stoped at but of coarse if theys some thing the matter at home I will go strate home from australia and will be to worred to think a bout post cards. Your Pal. JACK.

on the Ship bord. Dec. 21.

FRIEND AL: Well Al wear safe acrost the Eqater and it wasent ½ as bad is I expected and insted of being cold it was hot and I bet I took off 10 or 15 lbs. prespireing. Evans says its usuly way bellow Zero but it was hot tonight on acct of Mcgraw talking a bout Klem the umpire at the supper table. He was just jokeing and after words he told me it was probily hot because they was so many stars out.

Id been laying a round on the porch all day and they wasent much doing accept in the morning we seen some vol Canos and they was some site Al and I found out that theys peopl liveing right clost up to some of them and I says to Evans you wouldent never catch me liveing near 1 of them and he says it wasent no worse then playing right field in St Louis.

Well when we come to the supper table most of the boys wasent wareing there evening cloths but most of them had on these here sutes like the dudes wares in N. Y. city in the summer and come to find out theyd got them in Vanila on acct of expecting to run in to hot weather but Evans says they will wisht they had boughten blankits and fur coats when we get up to australia. Well a little wile after supper the capt says we was geting near the Eqater and Evans told me I better go in and rap up so I come in my room and put on my base ball swetter and over coat and took 1 of the blankits off of my birth and come out on the porch and all the boys was out there waiting for the Eqater and finely we got right clost up to it and dutch Schaefer hollers for evry body to hang on to the rale of the porch and we hung on and all most before you knowed any thing a bout it we was acrost and on the other side and they wasent hardily no jar just a bout like when a train beggins to slow up for the station. But as I say I was pretty near rosted to deth with them cloths on and I come right back in here and got evry thing off and now Im writeing in my night gown. Well Al Im glad we got acrost O.K. and Schaefer says some times the jars worst then other times and a friend of hisn went acrost onct when it was bad and his stumick was drove up in his throte and got stuck there and the Dr. on the Ship bord had to drive it down again with a fungo stick because he dident have no instermunts a long. But wear acrost now Al and all safe and I will male you this letter a long with the 1 I wrote the day before yest. and I will write a couple more and male them all to gather when we get up to australia. your old Pal. JACK.

on the Ship bord. Dec. 24.

AL: Just a note Al to go in with them other 2 letters and I will male them 3 to gather because I couldent get no more then these 3 in 1 envellop and I will write you an other tomorrow night and tell you what kind of a xmas did we have and I never thot nothing a bout tomorrow being xmas til the boys beggin to talk a bout it and there going to fix up a xmas tree for Callahans kids thats a long on the trip and evry bodys going to stick some thing on the tree for them and I guess I will give them 1 of the post cards of the hotel where we stoped at in Vanila and I can buy an other to send Florrie when we get to australia. And what do you think Al the boys are going to give me a xmas present on acct of the pomes I wrote for them banquits and all so I guess I made a big hit with the boys on this trip because I treat evry body just the same weather there stars or fellows that should ought to be driveing a dray instead of playing ball and may be you know who I reffer to Al. But any way there going to give me a little xmas supprise and Im going to supprise them to Al. Im going to write 1 of them pomes of mine and spring it on them when they call me up to get my present and I guess what ever they give me the pome will more than pay for it unlest of coarse it should be a dimond ring or a dimond brooch or some thing like that and I havent got no idear what is it there going to give me. But it shows they think a hole lot of me even if it aint no more then a small watch or a pare of dimond cuff buttons.

We aint got up far enough yet to run in to the cold weather and I guess I could of waited till we get to australia before I bought them mittons. Your pal.

JACK.

on the Ship bord. Dec. 25.

FRIEND AL: what do you think of a bunch of cheap screws Al and smart alex like the cheap screws thats makeing this trip and if they was where they bellong theyd be runing 1 of these here hawk shops the cheap stiffs. We dont get to australia for 3 or 4 days yet and I only wisht we was going to be there tommorow so as I could get on a boat or a train or what ever is it that would take me home and the sooner I get off of this trip I will be tickeled to deth.

Well Al I bet you wont beleive it when I tell you what they pulled off on me after all Id did for them and I wouldent of never came a long on the trip only for Mcgraw and Callahan begging me and sayin they wouldent be no trip unlest I come a long.

Well Al we stayed up late last night fixxing up the xmas tree for Callahans kids and the boys finely chassed me to bed and says I musent be there when they hung my present up on the tree and this A. M. we was all up early and I was going to try and be out on the porch 1st and see if may be I couldent see what kind of a packige mine was did up in but when I got up pretty near evry body else was up all ready and we all got a round the tree and all the diffrunt presents was gave to the 2 kids and both of them beleives in sandy Claus Al because there nothing but young kids. So when all there presents was gave to them dutch Schaefer says Now we will see what has sandy Claus brought for Jack Keefe and they wasent only 1 packige left hanging on the tree and I might of knew from looking at the packige that they was pulling some thing off because the packige was to big for a watch or a ring or some thing a man would expect for a xmas present. So Schaefer took the packige down off of the tree and started to give it to me and I started to take it and then Schaefer seen the peace of paper in my hand where I had my pome wrote on it and he says I would half to read the pome before I got the present so I read the pome and I bet I wouldent of read no pome or nothing else if Id knew then what they was giveing me. But the pome was O.K. Al and I will copy it down and you can see what I read to them.

Boys I want to tell you
How I apresiate this supprise
and the xmas present your giveing me
Comes like a big supprise.

Ive tride to be fare with evry 1
And done the best I can
To make this trip a grand big success
for Comiskey and Callahan.

Regal Shoes

THE ringing style-note of 1915 in Women's Shoes is the *military idea.* Every woman falls captive to its charm. It conjures up braid, bugles and banners. This dashing style is authentically carried out in many Regal Lace Boots, one of which is portrayed below.

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Military Lace Boot with Gray Cloth Top. Made of Black Calf; eyelet-stays and heel foxing also of Black Calf; straight-line vamp; slender, tapering, plain toe; welted sole; invisible eyelets; French all-leather heel.

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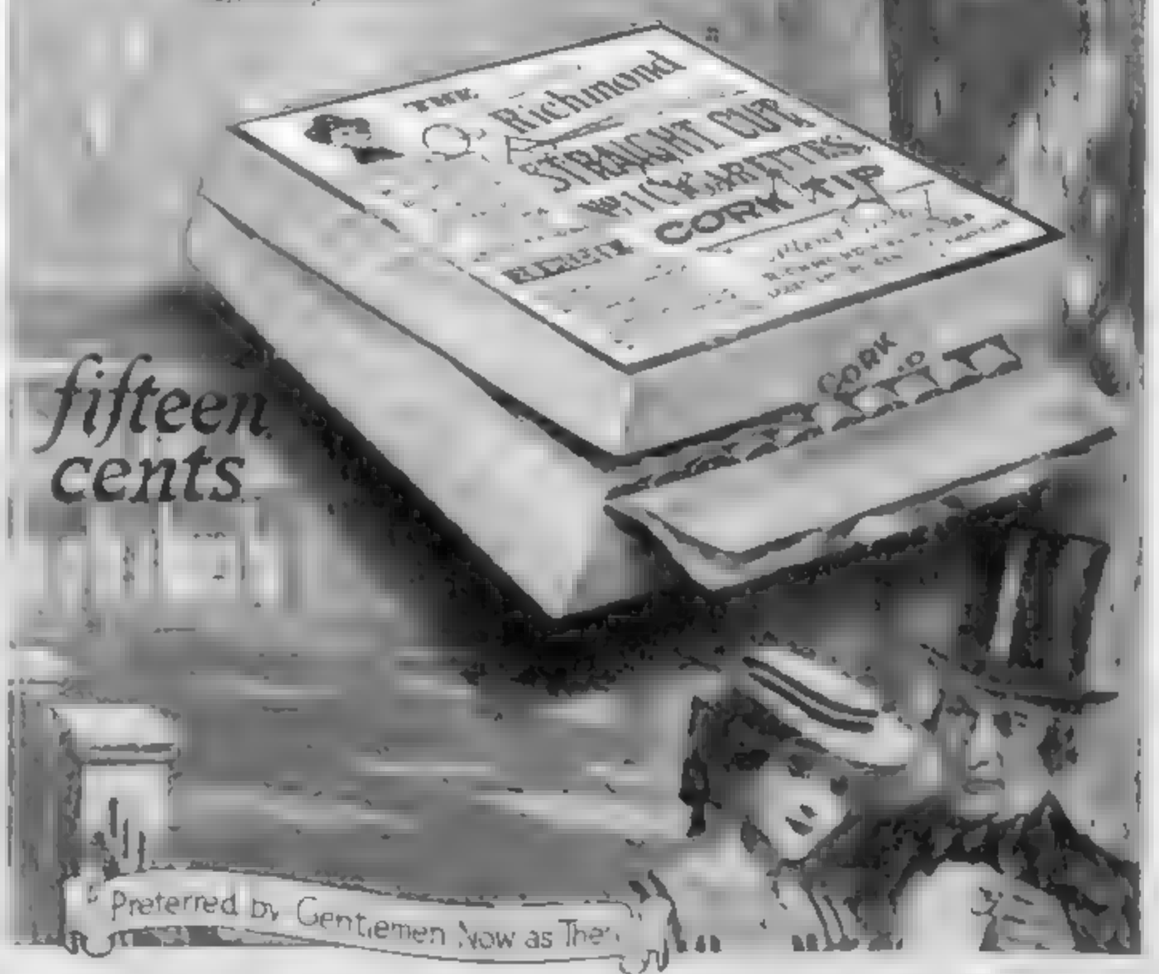

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Protect you against slipping, and give your step the safe, buoyant lightness of the trained athlete.

You get more than safety for your money when you buy Cat's Paw Heels.

"I'm more afraid of a slippery sidewalk than of a pair of flying spikes. So I wear Cat's Paw Rubber Heels with the Foster Friction Plug."

W. L. James

YOU get comfort—the extra quality of rubber gives greater resiliency—makes your step as easy as the cats's own.

You get durability—the Foster Friction plug not only prevents slipping, but makes them wear longer, because the plug is put where the jar and wear come—gives that crisp little click to your step which keeps you out of the "gum shoe" class.

And there are no holes to track mud and dirt—yet they cost no more than the ordinary kinds—50c attached—all dealers—black and tan.

Get a pair of Cat's Paw Heels today. They will pay you daily dividends of satisfaction all summer.

Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to [illegible]

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street
Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

Wear makeing this trip a round the world
And seen all the sites
But boys theys no country in the world
Like the grand old stars and Strips.

So thanks for this xmas present boys
I apreciate it 1 and all
And all that I can say to you
Is Mary xmas to 1 and all.

and then they give a big cheer Al and I says I would take the packige to my birth room and open it up but they says no I would half to open it up there in front of them and it was all did up in ribons and tisau paper and I finely got it opened up Al and it was the shirt that I thot had been stole off of me and it hadent even been landryd and was just like it was the last time Id wore it and what do you think of a bunch Al that would pull a thing like that and give you a xmas present that was yours all ready and theyd stole it off of you and hid it some wheres.

Well Al I was so sore for a minut that its lucky I dident cut lose and bust some body or throw them off the Ship bord only that would not be doing right by the fish to throw a bunch of cheap bums like them in to the Ocean water and poson the Ocean water but its a wonder I dident hall off and bust some body and all as kept me from it was on acct of the ladys in the party so I just told them a few things a bout what they was and then I beat it in to my room and I been here ever since and you can bet your last $1.00 that this here trip will be over as far is Im conserned the minut we get to australia. steve Evans come in to my room a wile a go and he says him self that it was a dirty trick only he dident have nothing to do with it Al and he says it was probily some of them would be pitchers thats jellus because they couldent catch a st. car with there fast 1 and thats who it probily was.

Well Al they can do all the pitching thats did on the trip after this and we will see if Mcgraw and Callahan likes there kind of pitching because I wont be on the trip no more after we get to australia and may be I will be back in Chicago by the time you get this letter and I wisht now I had of went back on the boat from Honk Honk to the US and may be I would of been in Chicago now with Florrie and little Al.

Instead of that here I am in the middle of the Ocean some wheres and broke and got to borry money to get home and makeing a trip a round the world with a bunch thats so cheap that if it costed a nichol to get in to heaven they would go to the other place provide it Satin would leave them in on a pass. Only I wont be on no trip after we get to australia.

But look at me Al spending xmas with these bums here where ever it is wear at and I might of been home spending xmas right with Florrie and little Al and they can take there base ball and keep it for all of me and I will go in to some business where a mans treated right. A fine Mary xmas this is hey Al.

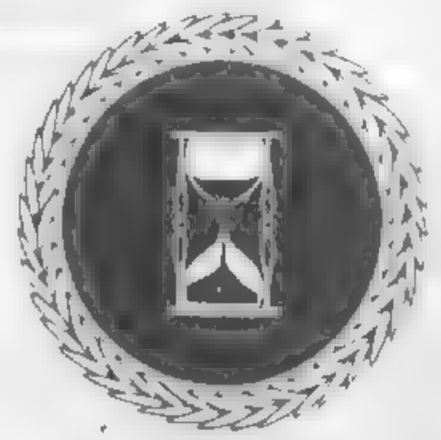
Your pal. JACK.

Smoother Riding

THE jarring of railroad and trolley cars as they go round curves, which racks the nerves of passengers, has lately been found practically to disappear by the simple remedy of using a different-shaped rail on one side of the track. People are so accustomed to the rough riding round sharp curves that they pay little attention to the fact; but the smoother riding is noticeable enough.

Incidentally the idea holds out the promise of saving the engine from considerable work and the rails from much wear. When a car goes round a curve the wheels on one side must travel faster than those on the other. Consequently, the way railroad cars are now constructed, the wheels on the inside rail keep slipping, which causes rough riding.

It has been discovered that if the rail on the inside of a curve is made with a narrow head, or top, the wheels will slip much easier because of the reduced friction. With less friction, there is less for the engine to haul and less wear at the very point where rails wear out fastest.



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BOYS [illegible] It contains [illegible] now at very

LOWEST PRICES [illegible] anywhere without first learning what we can offer you. Write now.

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[illegible] 70 varieties illustrated [illegible] You need this valuable book. Send for it today.

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A Young Man Whose Spare Time Is Worth Money

He is W. H. Guscott, of Ohio.

He writes:

"As a young fellow working for small wages, I needed extra money and answered one of your advertisements in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Today I am the sales manager of a good-sized concern, but one or two hours of each evening are still given to taking orders for *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* over the telephone.

"I have always found this work easy and profitable and am proud of my position as a representative of the world's largest publishing house.

"My Curtis work returns a greater profit at less expenditure of effort than any other method of money-making with which I am acquainted."

WE want more young men to represent us in their spare time on a commission and salary basis. Young men connected with banking institutions and large corporations, salesmen and others whose businesses give them wide acquaintance will find the work particularly profitable. Many men and women are making $50.00 a week and more. You can do the same. Write for full particulars.

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[illegible] boys are getting these and lots of other things that boys want. They are [illegible] Here's how to get their parents to give them money—they earn it.

These boys sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* every week, and *The Ladies' Home Journal* every month. In addition to their profits on these publications they get "vouchers," which can be exchanged for things that boys want.

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FERRO

Don't Go ROWING
Go FERROWING

Ferro to the Rescue!

This is one way to get home, but you can't always depend on a pretty girl and a Ferro to come along just in the nick of time to save your blistered hands. *Why not have a Ferro of your own*, and take the girl with you?

With a Ferro you just sit back and take it easy, with nothing to do but steer. Regardless of wind or weather, it hums briskly along, and you'd be surprised at the loads it can pull. Thousands of water lovers everywhere are making Ferro the mainstay of their summer's boating, fishing, hunting and camping.

The Ferro is *everybody's* rowboat motor. It's so simple and easy to manage that a child can run it. It has both tiller and steering ropes—you can steer from any part of the boat. It is light and convenient to carry, a true portable motor, and is quickly attached to any rowboat or canoe. Just take a Ferro with you this summer—you can rent the other part of your motor boat wherever you go.

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The Ferro is the rowboat motor that was bui t right *first* and priced *afterwards*.

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Bosch High Tension Magneto, reversible and waterproof.

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Carefully Designed Muffler, gives quiet running and no lost power.

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Other Ferro Features. C[illegible]f best gray iron [illegible] compression and minimize carbon deposit. Crankshaft specially forged and heat-treated. Drop-forged connecting rod, lighter and stronger than a bronze casting. Babbitted bearings of large surface, 1/1000 inch accurate, grooved for lubrication

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"Seedtape" Seeds take the work out of garden[illegible]. With them you can plant 50 feet [illegible] as quickly as you can plant three feet [illegible] the old way. All you have to do is to make the furrow around the tape [illegible] the seed lay it in the furrow and cover with earth. The tape gathers moisture and the fertilizer makes the "Seedtape" Seeds come up as much as 2 days earlier than usual.

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In "Seedtape" Seeds we sell only the best in each variety. We searched the world over for the finest vegetables that have ever been developed. We offer you 10 varieties of vegetables—each one the leader in its class. Try them this year and see what a difference they will make in your garden profits, satisfaction and work. "Seedtape" [illegible] greatest garden discovery in a [illegible] years. It is used in thousands of [illegible].

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We offer a special bargain in our Standard Dollar Assortment, which includes 50 feet of each of these prize winning varieties:

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Mail coupon with $1.00 and we will send you this wonderful assortment, postpaid. *Every seed guaranteed to grow.* Free booklet describing "Seedtape" Seeds upon request.

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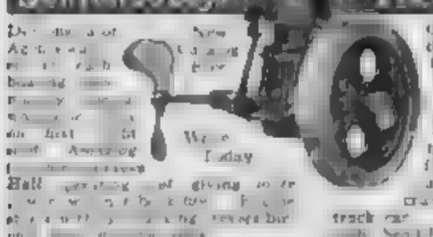
Sent on 30 Days Free Trial



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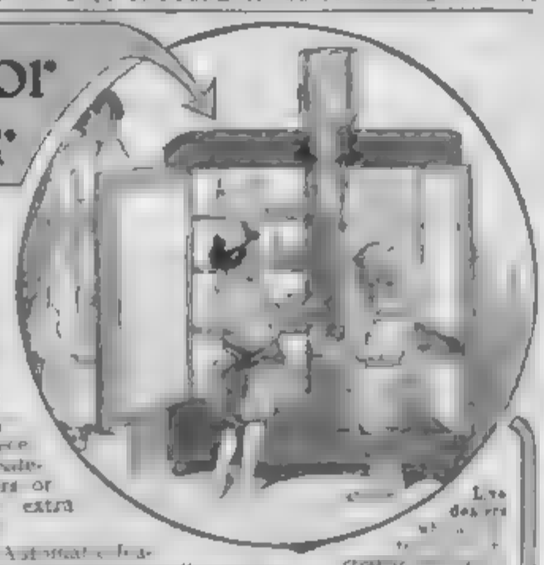

Water, water everywhere nor any [illegible] drop to drink. Cold in front and [illegible] in the rear in thousands of [illegible]. Water [illegible] is a water [illegible] Putting ice in drinking water is positively dangerous. The

Automatic Refrigerator

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The constant automatic circulation of pure [illegible] air keeps food fresh and [illegible] sweet. [illegible] never mix in an Automatic Refrigerator.

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ILLINOIS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 104 Heaton St., Morrison, Ill.

A CHANGE OF PACE

(Continued from Page 14)

to see that he kept feeding oil regularly with his hand pump, until—taking the last turn at the summit of the grade to the desert side—he spun round so sharply as to skid perilously near the outside of the road and the steep drop down into the cañon below. Mike Mullen clutched his driver.

"For the love of heaven, boy!" he screamed, and threw his weight on Billy's arms.

Thus pinioned, Billy, for a second, lost control of his car. It jerked into the road, careened, struck a rock, and began to topple sidewise. Mike Mullen half rose and lost his balance, catapulting into space and disappearing over the bank. Billy screwed himself about in his seat to avoid being pinned in by the steering post; and, with a crash and the pop of a torn tire, Number Seventeen turned over against the upside embankment!

Billy slid to the road, cursing Mike Mullen, and, while he was still catching breath, leaped to the machine. It was only half over, having been caught by the hillside, and Billy seized a spinning wheel and gave a heave. With a grunt, the car rocked back on to its four wheels, and Billy called loudly and perhaps profanely for Mike Mullen.

The latter appeared, with a farmer's boy who had been driving in the cañon below, just as Billy ripped open his tool box and snatched up his jack and a wrench. The amateur mechanician had a nasty cut on his head and his own blood smeared him. He was trembling and breathing hard, and as he limped forward he groaned. Billy paid him no heed.

"Give me a tire!" he snapped, and Mike Mullen opened his eyes dazedly and began feeling in his pockets; but the farmer's boy, anxious to have a hand in this business, sprang to the rack in the rear and in a flash was at Billy's side with a tire, lending what aid he could.

A roar arose behind them. Mike Mullen screamed and jumped; and Number Eight leaped round the turn, its brakes grinding, straightened out, shaved the stupefied Mike by an inch, and went crashing off down the grade, its mechanician looking back, with a grin. Mike climbed stiffly into his place.

Billy was only able to hope that his machine was not fatally hurt; and presently he pitched his tools away, slammed the cover, and yelled to the farmer boy to crank her. Billy was in, the engine popped and rumbled, the little Western began rolling down the road, and Mike seized the handgrips.

"Pump oil!" his driver screamed at him; and Mike fell to work, muttering incoherent snatches of prayer.

When they had gone two miles Billy began to breathe more freely. Aside from a loosened engine hood the Western was still fit. The driver looked at his assistant and grinned, but Mike was watching the road anxiously. So Billy stepped on his throttle and they went away, leaving in the dust a heavy machine that had been lumbering down on them and threatening to pass.

It was at the foot of this long straight grade that they struck the desert. Two hundred miles of it beckoned to Billy—two hundred miles of such driving as he alone, of all the entrants, knew like a master. In all the long race this was the stretch where Number Seventeen had a distinct advantage, and Billy took it.

The miles flickered by them—cars little and big they swung round, outdistanced and left far behind! Where the big fellows attempted to straighten out the two troughs in the sand Billy clung to those twisting furrows, rocking his car from side to side, holding her nose down with an iron hand and nursing her forward until she staggered like a drunken thing. While the mogus were floundering heavily at thirty miles an hour, and the lighter machines were hopscotching at forty, Billy sustained fifty and fifty-five, and laughed as he shot by them. This was his day and he made the most of it.

As for Mike Mullen, he was seasick. He opened his eyes now and then to glance apprehensively at the road, which seemed to be flying up toward them continually, but mainly he hung on and groaned, pumping oil when Billy shouted to him, and then only mechanically. The blood from the cut on his head had dried on his face, making a gruesome mask. He spat dust and stiffened himself in his place, so that his racked body was twisted and tortured by every jolt and lurch of the car.

They narrowly escaped spilling two or three times on the winding mesa road leading down to Needles and the river; and once Mike was pitched out and Billy was forced to stop and help him up. A rear tire wore to shreds and exploded; but aside from that change and the accident at the summit in the morning, the plucky pilot was blessed with the best of racing fortune; and he tore into the first night control in tenth place, with his muscles uncramped, his eyes clear, his hands steady, and his little car giving him every reason to hope for great things. One of the veteran drivers who had watched him come in dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"Some driving, old kid!" he said generously, and Billy gulped.

Mike Mullen went to the hotel and fell asleep, groaning and muttering while a bellboy was undressing him.

Billy made three tactical errors that night. He told a newspaper man the story of Mike's misery. That was the first one. The reporter, having more news sense than sense of proportion, went to interview Mullen himself, woke him, laughed at him when Mike cried aloud with the pain from his tortured muscles and flesh, and went away assuring the owner of the Western that Billy Duffy was engaging a real mechanician to drive the rest of the race with him.

This last was a fabrication, invented on the instant; but it roused the fighting spirit of the Irishman and he sent for his driver. Billy blundered the second time when he declared that Mike was not in physical condition to make the run which would be required of them in the next two days, and suggested that they engage a substitute mechanic. Mullen thereupon squared his sore shoulders, locked his jaws, and declared that he would finish the race for the glory of old Erin and Southern Nevada if he had to be tied in the car, and asked Billy to send him up a flask of whisky.

Billy made his third error when he refused this last request, for an accommodating hotel porter supplied the nerve-racked guest with three flasks during the night, and Mike woke with a headache and a clouded brain added to his other physical miseries.

He was still determined, however. At the garage he climbed heavily into his place, his groans lost in the roars of the cars about him in the packed control. When the little Western had been rolled out to the line he felt the eyes of the thousands on him and pulled down his goggles with a fine assumption of ease; but when the control starter dropped his hand on Billy Duffy's arm, and the powerful engine caught the gears and they leaped from the line, Mike Mullen clutched the seat back and gasped.

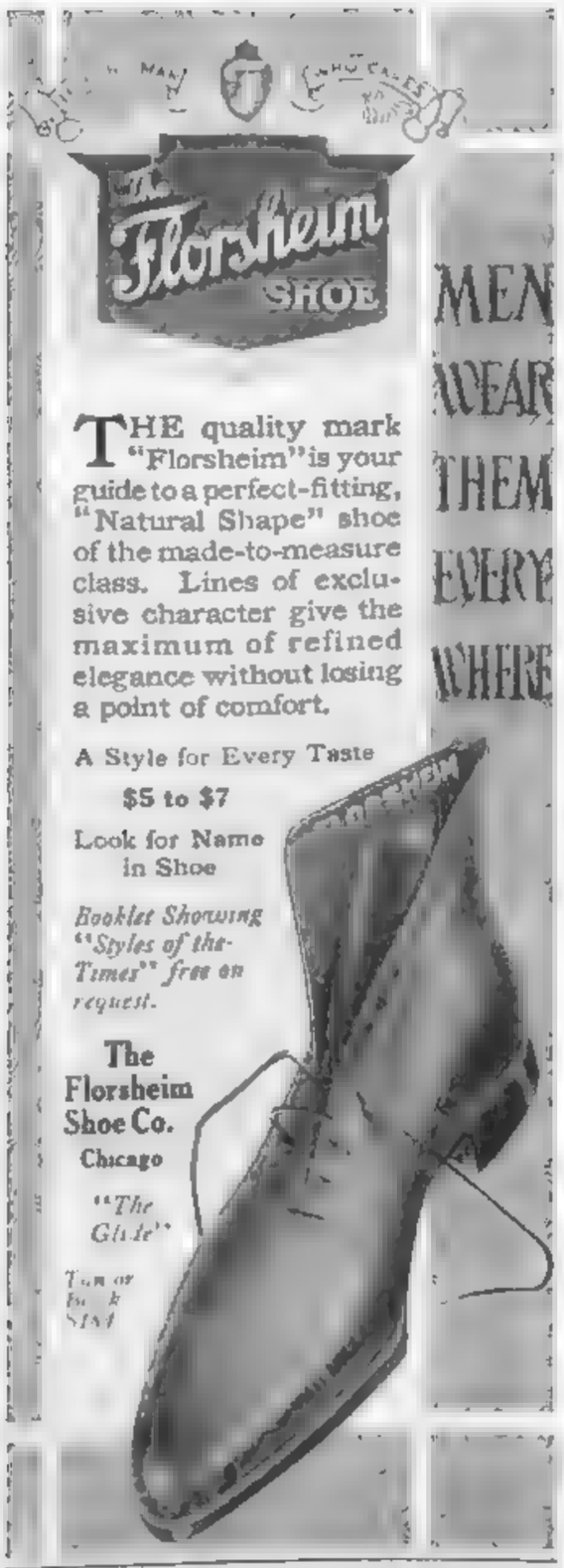
"Devil fly away with this for a business!" he gurgled.

The second day was one long series of narrow escapes for Number Seventeen's crew. That they were escapes caused Billy Duffy to give thanks; but that they were narrow, and that each seemed to bring them face to face with a painful and violent death, impressed Mike Mullen until by the time they reached Kingman he was on the verge of nervous prostration. In the morning they had mountain work largely; then long stretches of good dirt road, bursts through little cañons and over rolling hills; then a straightaway at the end of a long, slow climb toward Prescott, a mile high.

The worst delay of the morning came when Billy stripped his low gear in attempting to climb out of the sand at the bottom of a wash. Twenty precious minutes were wasted there, and from that point they drove in the intermediate or high speeds, which added to Mike's agonies more than once.

They passed several cars, were themselves passed twice, and settled down shortly after noon to a duel with the little gray car Billy most feared, Number Eight, a stanch entry, daringly and skillfully driven.

Mike Mullen was having his dearest wish—to travel fast and to keep going until he arrived; but it was not what he had bargained for. Making fifty miles an hour on a boulevard is one thing; making thirty, forty, fifty, sixty—sometimes touching seventy—across the ragged edge of a barren and thinly populated state is quite another.



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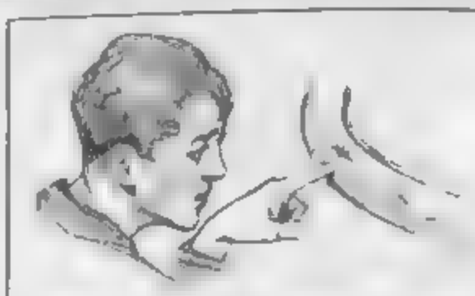

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So Mike discovered. His body was one mass of bruises from the first day; his nerves were tattered and throbbing; his head ached from the whisky of Needles; and his brain was dizzied by the rapid leaps they made out of one breath-catching predicament into another.

Once Billy gave his car too much headway on a twenty-five-per-cent grade out of Goldroad, and his brakes failed to hold. Instead of being checked the car shot forward. On the left was a straight wall, on the right a bottomless abyss—and the road was less than twelve feet wide. There was a sharp turn ahead.

Mike Mullen closed his eyes. Some mysterious and awful thing happened—the car lurched and careened sickeningly, and two wheels left the ground. Mike looked up long enough to see that they were sliding toward the edge of the precipice; but they made the stop and Billy straightened her round. It was all confused in Mike's mind—but for an hour he fought off the impression that he was dead and that he was watching the progress of the little Western from a far-distant point, with a filmy cloud between.

Out of Kingman they struck a smooth, straight road, thirty miles long. They made it in twenty-eight minutes according to the dash clock, and at the end were shot into the air by a slight uprise, making sixty miles an hour! Ahead of them was a deep ditch, Mike saw. Beneath them was a broken culvert. Miles beyond, somewhere, there was solid road again. The car catapulted forward and downward. Mullen pulled hard on the handgrips, as though he could lift the vaulting automobile over the hazard.

Then they alighted, with a jolt that tore his hands from the grips and split his finger nails. His head seemed driven into his shoulders. Billy yelled "All right—hang on!" and twisted the Western into a sharp turn and over railroad tracks, and was off again. Mike Mullen swore as deeply and profanely as he could—with his available supply of breath.

The worst shock—and what appeared for a second to be their doom—came in the hills leading up to the end of their day's work. They were rocketing into and out of wide coulées—making a few rods on a hillside, then darting down into a wash, bursting across the sand and rocks and ruts at the bottom, lurching violently upward once more to another hill summit, and repeating the performance.

It reminded Mike of the roller coasters he had seen at beach resorts—and there was the same gone feeling at the pit of his stomach as they made the drops and were jerked up the rises. Far off to the left a ranch house nestled—quiet, peaceful and still. Above it great poplars or cottonwoods swayed gently in the wind. Mike was picturing himself in an easy-chair, amply cushioned posteriorly, reclining under those trees, and settling himself to a long, refreshing sleep—when, above the roar of the Western's engine and the rattle and whine and clatter of her straining body and springs, came a shrill, warning scream.

Mike looked ahead. They were just topping a rise, leaving the ground as they broke across the summit and then dropping plummetwise—and in the bottom of the draw, blocking the road completely, not fifty feet away, was an overturned car!

In that flash of time Mike saw a terrible picture—a crimsoned face under the armrest of the wrecked car—the face of the man who had screamed at them; saw an inert form lying to the left on the far bank; saw the narrowness of the road, the banks on each side hemming them in, the gulch at the bottom, full of sharp and cruel stones, and the hard gravel shelf beyond. He half rose to jump.

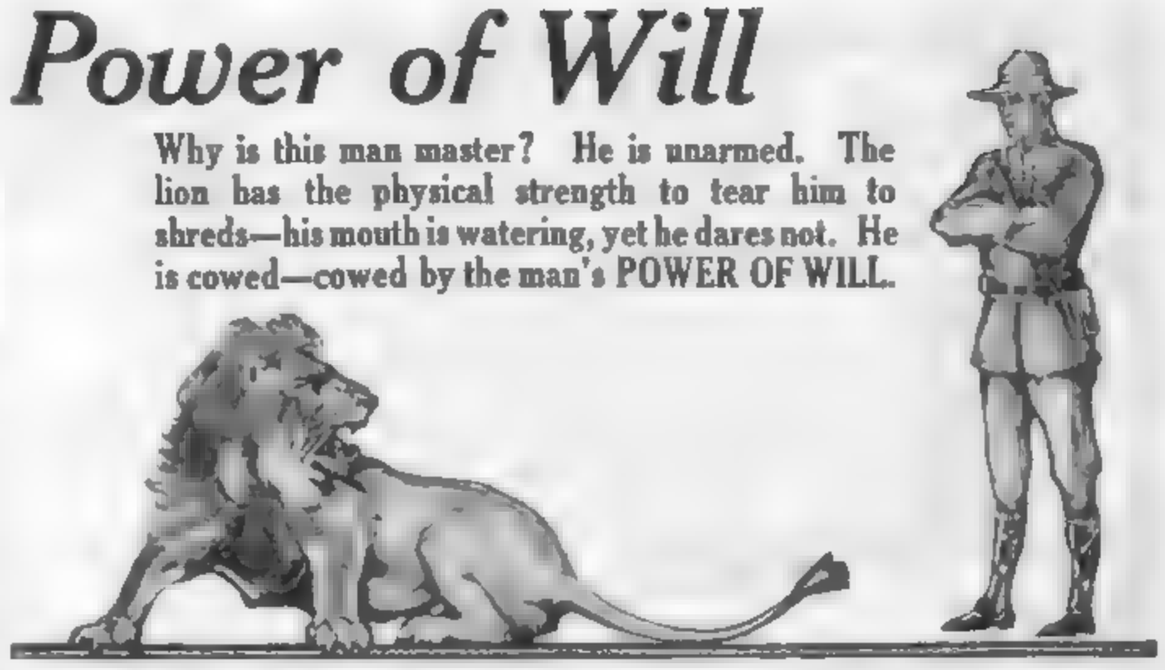
Billy Duffy had seen all this—and more. He had seen that there were two alternatives for him—one to jam into the disabled racer in the road; the other to attempt to make the bank on the right-hand side and leave to the Fates his chance of escape from death. To pile into a car that is down is never the choice of a race driver and it was not Billy Duffy's choice. With a vicious jerk he forced the little Western off the road to the right.

Once there, and shooting downward into the cut at the bottom at a tremendous speed, Billy seized the one opening the emergency left him. Instead of applying his brakes, he kicked his throttle down. The rear wheels bit.

When he was within a few feet of the deep-washed gully toward which he was

Power of Will

Why is this man master? He is unarmed. The lion has the physical strength to tear him to shreds—his mouth is watering, yet he dares not. He is cowed—cowed by the man's POWER OF WILL.



Law of Great Thinking
The Four Factors on which it depends
How to develop analytical power
How to think "all around" any subject
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking
Detailed directions for Perfect Mental Concentration
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis
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How to free the mind from unwholesome thoughts
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power
How to develop Reasoning Power
How to Handle the Mind in Creative Thinking
The secret of Building Mind Power
How the Will is made to act
How to test yourself
How a Strong Will is Master of Body
What creates Human Power
The Six Principles of Will Training
Definite Methods for developing Will
The NINETY NINE METHODS for using Will Power in the Conduct of Life
Seven principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal power
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for applied power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self Analysis, Concentration
How to develop a strong, keen gaze
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.
How to become aware of Nerve Force
How to keep the body well poised
How to open the Mind and Body to receive power in creative work
How to control the Nervous System
How to develop the power of the Subconscious mind
How to acquire steady nerves
How to maintain the Vital Forces of Health, Strength
Complete list of contents word nearly all this page

Anyone Can Have an Indomitable Will

It has long been known that the Will can be trained into wonderful power—like memory, or like any one of the senses—*by intelligent exercise and use*. The trouble with almost everyone is that they do not use their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstances. If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "will-power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become *unable* to use it. We degenerate into beings a little more than slaves—unhappy discontented cowards hoping [illegible] some day we will get what we want in life. Power of Will by Frank Channing Haddock Ph.D. M.S. is a scientific course in Will Training which has helped over 50,000 people. This great work provides a thorough course in Will-Training, consisting of 28 lessons. It reveals the secrets as to how great men train their wills into wonderful power.

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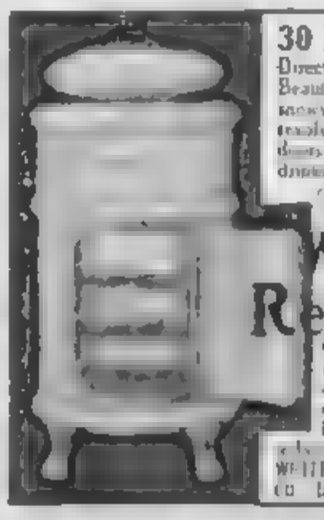

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headed he snapped the car back to the left; it went off the bank again immediately above the overturned automobile in the lower roadway, spurned the wreck with flying wheels, and someway floundered to the far bank, half off the course, its rear tires bursting as one, its springs snapping, and its woodwork grinding and cracking—but clear. Billy had taken the one chance in a million—and had hurdled the wreck!

Mike fell out on the roadside and lay very still to make things easier for the Angel of Death. Billy clambered out in a hurry and kicked him with spirit.

"Get up on the top and flag Number Eight—quick! She's just behind us!"

Mike pulled himself up, Billy giving him a rough and violent hand. The amateur mechanician obeyed the peremptory command of the cooler head and trotted up the rise, just in time to save the third car from piling into them. Number Eight was manned by veterans and they had hearts of gold besides. They left their entry on the summit to warn followers, leaped down into the gully, and—with Billy—lifted the car that had pinned down her driver. It was Delore—of Number Fourteen—and he was fatally hurt. His mechanician, the man on the farther bank, was only stunned. Fernald, Eight's pilot, gripped Billy Duffy's arm and said:

"I'll go over for help. Get this junk out of the road if you can, and then you and my mechanic give your car the once-over. I hope you win this race, boy!" And with that he was off.

When he returned the course was clear and the little Western was in the hospital. They fell to with her driver and in twenty minutes more he was away, Mike Mullen scrambling in clumsily to keep from being left and the crew of Eight waiting for them to get a good lead before passing. Billy's car was limping slightly, but her engine was unhurt. Number Eight passed them, with her siren screaming and her mechanician waving a friendly hand. Billy replied, with a grin and a jerk of his elbow; but Mike Mullen was clinging to the handgrips and his face was a pale green.

Seventh place at Prescott, and Billy still good for another day of this grueling pace! Half an hour—perhaps three-quarters—in the morning would enable him, after he left the control, to repair his springs and give his engine a hasty overhauling. If he only had a good mechanic who knew the car and its needs!

Seventh place, and two of those ahead of him due to go to pieces somewhere in the next fifty miles, and only one car leading him by any wide margin! Downgrades and desert again—the kind of road Billy knew and was master of! The end in sight, and moral certainty of a place in this famous race—and Michael Mullen his owner and mechanician! Billy shook his head and apostrophized his luck, rubbing his eyes with the back of a hand that, to his surprise, was raw and bleeding! Then he tumbled into a hot bath.

At ten o'clock that night Mullen had not yet reported at their rooms. Billy dressed hastily and went downstairs. Mullen was not in the lobby—no one had seen him. Billy lounged from one saloon and hotel to another; but Mike was missing. Finally he came on a group of tanned-faced men in boots and wide hats, discussing—not the race—but a new copper strike somewhere to the east of Prescott. From the center of the crowd came a familiar voice:

"Well, if it's thot kind of rock and there's enough of it, you needn't talk to Michael Mullen. In Globe I was in the nineties; and at Cœur d'Alène, before they knew phwat they had, and I'm tellin' ye —"

There was too much brogue in the speech to suit Billy Duffy and he broke through the circle. His mechanician was standing, with feet wide apart, swaying a little and clutching a half-empty bottle in his hand. Billy interrupted him.

"Better be turning in now, Mike," he suggested suavely, though there was dark wrath in his heart. "It's a short night before a long day, you know."

Mike Mullen excused himself to the group and permitted himself to be led away without protest. Billy tried to talk to him, but Mike's brain was clouded and his mind was wandering; so the driver gave it up and put his owner to bed. He thought of the race with forebodings, but gritted his teeth and whistled his spirits up.

"We've made it this far!" he said philosophically, and went to bed.

When Billy rose the next morning Mike Mullen had already dressed and gone out. Billy jerked on his flannels, his heavy sweater and his driving suit, and hastened to the control. Mike was not there. Billy had a hot cup of coffee and a sandwich. Mike did not appear. The drivers were warned to be ready. No Mike Mullen! The first car in the night before was sent off again, spitting fire in the dawnlight. Mike absent! Two minutes later another entry off—and then another—and another. Mullen among those missing!

With four minutes to spare before his time to go, Billy seized the arm of a garage mechanic. "Will you drive through with me for a hundred?" he shouted above the din of the two engines waiting their turn ahead of him.

"You bet!"

"You're on! Turn her over!"

The excited youth leaped for a pair of goggles and a heavy coat, while Billy clambered into his seat and pulled his helmet close. Then, as the mechanic stooped to raise the starting crank, a boy edged through the little crowd in the garage and handed Billy a note.

The driver stuffed it into his pocket. Mike was probably sleeping off his drunk or still carousing with some of his mining friends. Billy Duffy swore; and then he turned on the panting man at the nose of his car. "Well," he screamed, "why don't you turn her over?"

The mechanic made a last effort and then looked up, gasping. "Turn her over yourself!" he snapped. "What you got in the cylinders—asphalt or cold molasses?"

Billy jumped out in desperation and jerked at the crank. It turned over well enough; but from within came no movement or life or spark or sound. Their time for starting came—and passed! They were disqualified and counted out!

Billy sat down on the edge of his car, with real tears streaming from his eyes. He was too despondent even to raise the hood of the car. What under heaven had happened?

For lack of anything else to do, he took out the note. He opened it mechanically, cold anger rising in him. And he read this:

"*deer billy:* i got tired trav'ling fast and so i got a burro and i am going out to take a look at the new strike at pinal this county. i guess i better stick to me trade. you can have the old boat so take her back to los Angel's on the train and keep her. but i like you to much to see you get kild boy—so i have pored water in the gass tank and i guess you won't get kild in this here phenix race.

"yore fr'end MICHAEL MULLEN."

Billy always contended that he had a grievance. Well, maybe he did! Maybe he did!

War and Weather

MANY world-famous German scientists have been called from their laboratories by the German Government and sent to Belgium and Northern France, where they are useful as weather prophets. The prediction of coming fogs, which may be used to hide naval movements along the Belgian coast and troop movements near the battle front, is one of the great purposes of their work, and the prediction of upper-air movements for the benefit of aëronauts is a daily task. Through scientific channels the report has come that the German naval raid on Scarborough was timed by a fog prediction from Berlin scientists who were operating observatories in Ostend, Zeebrugge and Brussels.

Such importance is attached to the military advantage of good weather predictions that the censors are very rigid about meteorological reports. Denmark has long maintained a valuable station in Iceland to gather weather facts, obtaining reports through a cable by way of Scotland; but the British censor no longer permits these weather figures to reach Denmark, for fear they might get to Germany.

Consequently Germany has been making the best of all the observations that can be obtained from every point reached by the German armies. Every army has its own squads of military weather observers for advanced positions, and older scientists from the universities and observatories establish stations in captured cities. Dr. Gustave Hellman, director of the Royal Prussian Meteorological Institute, of Berlin, has been establishing stations in Belgium; and Professor Karl Schwarschild, of Potsdam, is near the western battleline, making predictions for the armies.

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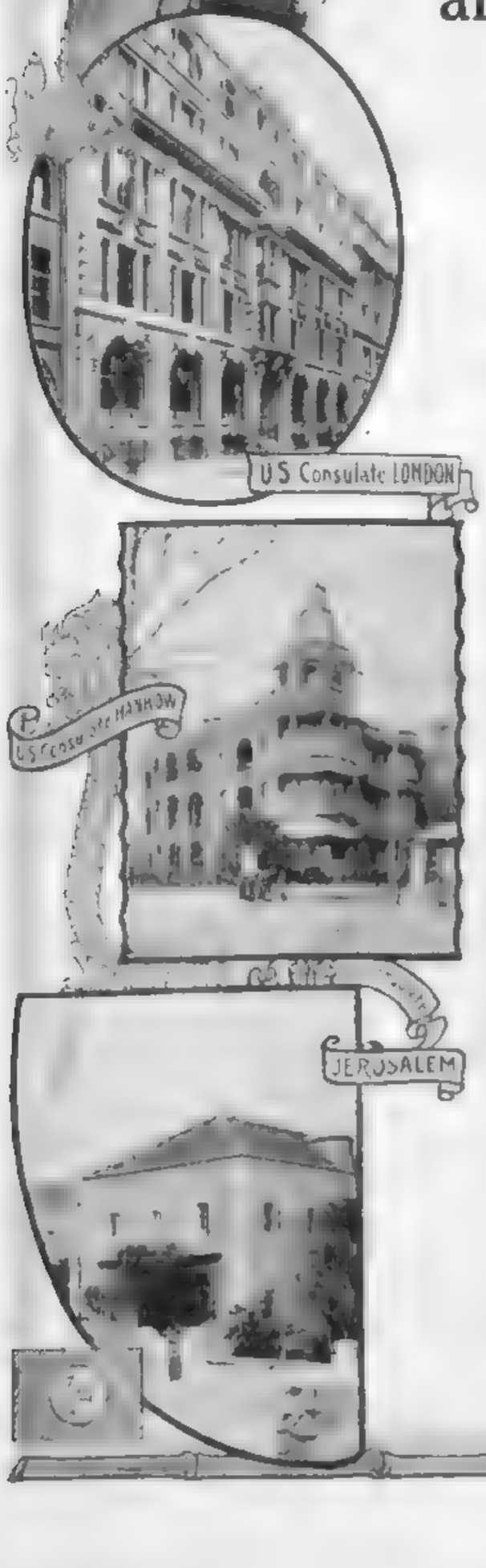

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Others May Be Right

Other Light Sixes among the newcomers may prove themselves right in time. But HUDSON has proved already. It's an attained success. Its designers had a four-year start. In a hundred ways it is better than when new, just as other new cars will be bettered.

The HUDSON is a finished production. Every touch and detail shows this. It is the lightest 7-Passenger Six. And it stands preëminent in most minds, we think, as the class car of this type.

Inquiry and comparison will point you to the HUDSON. This car is certainly right. No car ever built is a safer investment. And men who take pride in their cars like to say, "My car is a HUDSON."

Our dealers are everywhere.

7-Passenger Phaeton, $1550, f. o. b. Detroit
Four other body styles

The HUDSON Company never loses interest in the cars it sells. So long as a car is in service we maintain our interest in the character of its service. That's one great reason for HUDSON reputation.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

PAYING FOR THE PRIVILEGE IN THE NATIONAL GUARD

(Continued from Page 27)

of the state and pay for going"; the benefit of belonging to what practically amounted to a club, the objects of which were education, physical and moral improvement, and recreation of a kind that could be secured nowhere else.

We made good—splendidly good -both on our recruiting and on the keeping of our promises. One night in May, after the usual drill, we sat down to a supper provided by the captain to celebrate the enlistment of the eighty-eighth member. In July we reached our full possible strength—a hundred and four men and three officers—and went to the instruction camp with the largest organization and the highest percentage of attendance ever known in our state.

The directness of the results obtained from advertising was illustrated later in the year, when another company took a hand in the publicity game. As was customary in all companies, one of our sergeants, a very slightly built individual, was sent down to the armory on the advertised recruiting night to take care of any overflow in the direction of Tenth Company. As this was the first time we had tested the indirect recruiting market, as we called hanging round to get the other fellow's surplus, I called on the sergeant for a report early the next morning.

"Many applicants at the armory?" I asked.

"About twenty-five, sir."

"Did we get any?"

"I could 'a' licked 'em both, sir."

For several weeks following the mustering in of the organization I staved off the examination necessary to provide Tenth Company with its proper complement of officers. Artillery Corps Headquarters was anxious that my two lieutenants be chosen as soon as possible.

In addition to the men I have named as standing out among my recruits, I had persuaded a young business man, with experience in the regular cavalry and much fame as an infantry drill master in fraternal organizations, to take his chances for a commission. He had enlisted and, as acting drill master—save the mark!—was rapidly whipping the men into shape on the armory floor. So, a day having been set for the competitive examinations, my Harvard graduate, Florence by name, the fraternal man, whom I shall call Driver—for driver he was—Stromberg, and seven others, appeared for the test.

Practical Artillery Studies

Four of these men did exceedingly well in the written, oral and practical examinations. The board called me in to assist in the final determination of the results. Driver was given the highest rating and recommended for the first lieutenancy. Stromberg, practically tied with Florence, finally won the second lieutenancy on the ground of probable efficiency.

The fourth man, a subeditor on a local newspaper, and Florence were made sergeants. After trying out several men as first sergeant, I discovered that Florence, whose executive ability and control of men I had doubted, was standing out head and shoulders above the rest of the company. I made him "top" and he was an instant success. The average guardsman is not a college graduate and the enlisted men of the company were at first shy of our Harvard "noncom."

Soon, however, this passed away, and when he became first sergeant he was the best-liked man in the outfit—this in spite of the fact that a first sergeant must be a despot. He cannot associate with the enlisted men, yet he is not a commissioned officer. Therefore Florence's success was both a gratification and a revelation.

Driver and Stromberg went through the first camp and target practice with the big guns as my subalterns. Later Driver left Tenth Company to accept promotion into the staff and Stromberg became first lieutenant. Florence emerged from the resulting examinations a second lieutenant at last. The man Stormy originally brought into the company to become acting quartermaster sergeant, having subsequently been warranted to that grade, now became first sergeant. And, I must say, never was company commander blessed with better subalterns and staff sergeants.

By the first of March, Tenth Company was receiving instruction in infantry drill, theoretical instruction in artillery work, and we had begun our program of education and recreation, which has never ceased. The noncommissioned officers, under instructions from their superiors, who worked many night hours to prepare themselves for the task, were fitting themselves to retain their warrants and polish up the men in their sections and squads. This was done on Monday nights. On Tuesday nights they were studying with the officers of the Artillery Corps Headquarters and receiving instruction from the Regular Army officer detailed by the War Department for that purpose. On Wednesday nights the whole outfit worked as infantry.

In the early evenings, as the days grew longer, and on Sunday mornings, the men were instructed in fire-control and range-finding, with all the wonderful instruments and complicated appliances used in modern artillery fighting, these instruments being set up on the roof of the armory and telephone lines strung to our practical plotting room, where the paths of the harbor and seagoing vessels were duly laid out, so that theoretical shot and shell might be dropped on them from imaginary guns.

Every other Wednesday night we had and have our lectures. For this course we impress physicians, scientists, educators from the schools and the university, public men of attainments, and experts along any line that may have either a bearing on our work or be of sufficient general educational interest.

Frequently we had company suppers, the cost of which was borne sometimes by officers and sometimes by public men who had become interested in the career of this particular organization.

Individual Records

Often we engineered trades between newspaper and theater, by which an extra write-up was given by the paper, and eighty tickets or so were given up by the attraction in which we were interested. Then Tenth Company would go in uniform to moving picture houses or to the best plays in town.

That the big guns of the forts might not be too strange to the men, transportation companies of our port were blarneyed out of free passage to one of the nearest of them; and on several Sundays drill in simulation of actual firing was had. Here the men learned the nomenclature and use of every one of the hundreds of parts in a modern seacoast cannon and its carriage, and also how to take the various mechanisms to pieces and restore them in proper condition.

Records of what instruction each individual in the organization had received, what practical work he had performed and when, were kept on cards. Thus, we knew at any time exactly how much infantry work a man had done or how much instruction he had received in camp sanitation, range finding and individual cooking. If a man seemed lax in military courtesy, usually his card would betray the reason; one unusually proficient in some particular branch of artillery work would be likely to have a long string of credits in the artillery column of his card. Separate cards or books carried the attendance record and individual property issue.

Early in the work we decided on strenuous measures to keep up the attendance record. If a man was absent at two drills in succession without proper excuse he was sent to the delinquency court for punishment -usually a small fine; and then, after he had been compelled to attend regularly for a brief period, he was dismissed from the service. There was no difficulty at all about enforcing discipline of this sort, as our state gave us the right to jail the offender on failure to pay his fine.

As any reasonable excuse for absence was accepted by the company commander, this procedure was not so harsh as it sounds. At any rate, the prompt punishment of the drones and their subsequent elimination, coupled with our system of instruction, recreation and good-fellowship, resulted in

2 3

What's the Best Way to Sell to These Men?

ONE is credulous. He will take a chance. One is positive and likes to talk. He wants facts and figures. One is easily reached by a joke, a story, a compliment, a dinner with wine.

Two are high principled—one is not. Which? Two are family men—one is a sport. Which?

One would be easily sold on an educational proposition—one on an artistic proposition—one on amusement. Which is which?

This is serious business—for the good salesman is the man who can tell at once from a man's face how to reach him. And every man has something to sell. The boy looking for a job—the manufacturer seeking a loan—the doctor—the lawyer—the teacher—each sells his ability. Your sale will be ruined before you get a chance to correct a mistake. *You must know*—and you can know—through the

Science of Character Analysis

It is a science that is new and that is old. It is old because since the beginning of human intelligence, men have judged other men by their outward appearance. Blue eyes meant something, blondness meant something. The science is new, because now, for the first time, all its facts have been brought together, so that you can learn to apply it expertly and quickly. This science is definite, verified knowledge, telling how to know what a man is from his looks. The scientific progress of the last 100 years laid the foundation. You don't measure a man's head, you don't let him know in any way that you are making an estimate of his character. But a glance—a shake of a hand—a few words—or perhaps nothing but a photograph, and you know disposition, habits, talents, character. Before this science was offered to you, it had been tested and tried for many years. A physician, to begin with, I caught the first glimpse of this wonderful new knowledge through an analysis of my patients, judging their illness often by their faces. Then I went all over the world and studied races of men, comparing their achievements with the physical characteristics that have developed through the ages. I came back and applied the science in great industrial establishments employing thousands of people. Always it proved correct in every detail. And now the Review of Reviews desires that I put it into this course of lessons, that you may increase your power and efficiency with its help.

Twenty-one Lessons By Mail, Illustrated

Packed into 21 lessons in such form that you can slip them in your pocket, is [illegible] vocations, your wife's health, your own future, this course will throw light on them all.

FREE "Differences Between Blondes and Brunettes"

In this fascinating treatise I tell the differences between blondes and brunettes in their physical and mental characteristics. Send coupon for it today FREE. You cannot have any realization of what you are missing—what fullness of life has been denied you without this knowledge. Send the coupon at once and get the whole story without charge or obligation.

Katherine M H Blackford Review of Reviews 30 Irving Pl., N Y

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Katherine M. H. Blackford, Review of Reviews Co.
30 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK

Now, son, try standing on your own legs a little.

The School of Self-Reliance

SOONER or later your boy must rid himself of the habit of blind reliance upon the decisions of others. Some time he must acquire independence in thought—he must see and think for himself.

If you want to give your boy the equipment he needs to succeed in business—confidence, fearlessness and persistency—start him selling *The Saturday Evening Post*. It has helped thousands of other boys and will help your boy.

We will be glad to send everything he needs to start, including a booklet telling what other boys have done, and a handsome book of Prizes which are given to boys in addition to the money earned.

"SCHOOLS," said Mr. Proctor, "should draw a boy out of his shell. I wish there were a school that would give my boy self-confidence."

"There is such a school, Mr. Proctor," said Mrs. Jackson. "My boy has attended it for three years and I must say that it teaches the lesson well."

"I have never heard of it," said Mr. Proctor, in surprise. "Where is it?"

"Have you ever noticed the kind of boys that sell *The Saturday Evening Post*?"

"Why, no, I can't say that I have," replied Mr. Proctor, in astonishment. "Are they different from other boys?"

"My son sells *The Saturday Evening Post*," replied Mrs. Jackson, "and The Curtis Publishing Company is the school I refer to. Before he began to sell *The Post* he was as timid as my boy. Now he has confidence in himself and is trimmed with a courteous manner which I attribute to the Curtis work."

Box 816, Sales Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Men Who Roll Their Own Cigarettes

know the importance of using the best "papers" obtainable. They know that Riz La Croix cigarette papers *are* the best that money can buy—famous the world over for superior *quality* that never fails to give the greatest satisfaction.

RIZ LA +.

(Pronounced: REE-LAH-KROY)

FAMOUS CIGARETTE PAPERS

Your favorite tobacco is easily rolled into round, firm cigarettes with Riz La Croix papers. Cigarettes that hold their shape, draw well and give you a fine flavor, free from the slightest paper-taste. The lightness, thinness, natural adhesiveness and perfect combustion of Riz La Croix guarantee these desirable properties. Made from the best flax-linen—a pure vegetable product—Riz La Croix insures *healthful* enjoyment.

5c

FREE

Two interesting, illustrated Booklets—one about RIZ LA CROIX Cigarette Papers, the other showing how to "Roll Your Own" cigarettes—sent anywhere in U. S. on request. Address The American Tobacco Co., Room 1321, 111 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY WITH A KOEHLER JITNEY BUS

There is a profitable business in your town for any man who establishes cheap passenger motor transportation service.

KOEHLER ONE TON TRUCK $750

KOEHLER ONE TON TRUCKS. Built in 14 stock body models—open and covered—$750.00 and up.

H. J. KOEHLER S. G. CO. Mfrs. Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

This High Grade Bicycle Tire $2.48 Smooth Tread

Such a tire has been costing you an average of $4.25. But now comes this Goodyear Non-Skid tire and instead of the usual price—

This is a Goodyear tire made in the world's largest tire factory, where up to 10,000 pairs of tires are produced daily, by the most highly specialized and economical methods. Then these tires are sold direct to you from our own Goodyear Branch. Can you imagine a better tire plan?

$2.75 Each for Non-Skid

Goodyear Automobile tires hold top place. So do Goodyear Motorcycle Tires.

And the same exacting standards are employed in the making of these tires that are used in Akron Bicycle Tires. You can pay more for a tire. But can you get more? You can't even get as much. Consider the risks. Here $2.48 brings you the best that money can buy.

How to Get Them

The Smooth Tread size 28 by 1¼ inch costs you $2.48 per pair. The Non-Skid sizes 28 by 1¼, 28 by 1½ and 28 by 1¾ are $2.75. Ask your dealer for them. If he hasn't them on hand, send to the nearest Goodyear Branch and we will get them from our nearest branch.

GOODYEAR AKRON

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

Tenth Company's making the highest record of attendance and holding the largest number of periods of instruction during the year 1914, so far as our state was concerned.

Though we were endeavoring to secure the largest possible membership prior to the July instruction camp, we were frequently dropping men out. One of the greatest things about successful company work in the National Guard is the providing of amusement, recreation, and instruction of a kind that will attract young men away from corrosive lounging places.

In May the officers of Tenth Company, having discovered that the War Department expects all artillery officers to take six separate examinations sometime during the first three years of service, went to one of the Coast forts, in Federal pay, and received ten days and nights of practical instruction. At the conclusion of that period we each took and passed the first four, and in the following November took the last two, examinations. Here was where Florence got his revenge on Stormy, for the latter, too cocksure, flunked miserably on the sixth course; while Florence, newly created an officer, took all six at one sitting and passed with high average for the company. Here are some of the questions we answered:*

3—b. Name, illustrate by diagram or sketch, and explain the action of the parts of the breech mechanism designed to prevent the escape of powder gas between breechblock and breech recess.

6—a. Name the several appliances and devices installed in the plotting room of a battery of the primary armament.

6—b. State the use of each piece of apparatus.

9. State the conditions affecting the health of camps. What are the duties of officers in connection with company or detachment kitchens in camp?

3—G. Describe the procedure followed in bore-sighting a gun.

5—c. What inspections are required of a battery commander prior to, during and after service practice? What reports of these inspections are made?

5—d. Upon whom rests the responsibility for the safety of the field of fire during service practice? The exercise of safety precautions at the battery?

2. What is meant by each of the following terms: *a*—Aiming; *b*—axis of gun; *c*—blending; *d*—bore; *e*—bourrelet; *f*—corrected range; *g*—deflection; *h*—difference; *i*—laying; *j*—ready?

3—a. How is the energy of recoil taken up in the piece to which you are assigned?

3—b. Briefly describe the action of the carriage during recoil.

10—G. A target is moving across the field of fire right to left at a range of eight thousand yards. A shot fired with a deflection setting of 2.85 strikes one hundred yards to the left of the target: *a*—How may the deflection correction be determined on the sight for the next shot? *b*—What should the deflection setting be for this second shot?

17. At a range of ten thousand yards how may a typical cruiser be distinguished from a typical battleship?

2—c. When tracking by horizontal base explain the duties of the following members of the range section:
Range officer;
Secondary observer,
Reader;
Plotter;
Assistant Plotter,
Arm setter;
Range correction computer;
Deflection computer.

3—a. Classify searchlights according to service for which used.

7—c. Give the letters of the alphabet and the numerals from 1 to 10 in one of the authorized signal codes.

1—b. What do the military preparations for the defense of a coast line include?

3—a. Name the units constituting the tactical chain of coast-artillery command. Define each unit.

14—a. What is the object of subcaliber practice?

14—b. What kinds of subcaliber practice may be held and by whom is each conducted?

14—c. Who is responsible for the safety of the field of fire at subcaliber practice?

During the week prior to our July instruction camp we discharged all members of the company who did not have satisfactory reasons for desiring to remain away from the big-gun practice. In some cases we had to go to employers who refused to allow their employees to have vacations, though perfectly able to do so.

As such refusal is a crime in our state, and as a Guardsman not only can get his job back if he is dismissed for attending camp but also obtain civil punitive damages far in excess of the wages lost, we had little difficulty in making light shine in places previously dark. In some instances we did not ask to have members go to camp where such absence from business would work a positive hardship on one side or the other.

The story of Tenth Company's first camp is a narrative of little interest to anyone but ourselves. It was work, sweat, struggle, march, drill, climb hills, climb down again, clean guns, dismantle guns, assemble guns and carriages; drill at loading, unloading, at simulation of fire; drill at range finding, plotting, fire control; up in the morning at 5:15; to bed at eleven P. M. for men—usually about one A. M. for officers.

Finally came powder blending, when, in our stockinged feet, we carefully took the great prepared charges of smokeless powder apart, and then mixed them together so carefully that when each charge was sewed in its sack and put back into the magazine we were sure there was not one slightest particle of difference, charge for charge, either as to weight or composition.

The great day of service practice came at last. And Tenth Company, less than six per cent of whom had ever seen a seacoast cannon before, found its own ranges, made its own calculations of where projectile and target should meet; and, without assistance from the regular establishment, just as the law provides, fired its two trial and four record shots, with wartime charges, from rifles so big you could hardly house them in the average city school building, with floors removed.

Though Tenth Company did not take first place in the target practice of 1914 it had the satisfaction of knowing that every shot it fired would have gone through a warship at the same range. It did not touch the record for elapsed time from first to last shot; yet it loaded, aimed its guns and threw its four projectiles at the target in two minutes and fourteen seconds from the time the command to fire was given. Next summer, when we shall be nearly a year and a half old instead of five months, we intend to get those four shots away in a minute, or know why.

Most of the men were nervous about the service practice, but one never could have known it by their conduct. The constantly varying ranges of the target came down from the range-finding station through the plotting room to the range recorders, at their blackboards by the guns, every twenty seconds from the time the target was towed out into range until the last shot was fired; and never once did the two absolutely green men flinch or miss a figure coming through their telephone headsets.

And it's a tremendous experience too—this standing alongside a seacoast cannon of six, ten, twelve or thirteen inches bore, and thirty feet or so long, when it rears itself from behind its concrete-and-earth emplacement and kicks out a shell varying from a hundred to a thousand and forty-six pounds in weight.

Ever since I began to write this little yarn of one militia company's trials and tribulations I have wondered how I was going to describe the noise a big gun makes. You see, you do not think of it as noise unless you are half a mile or so away, or until

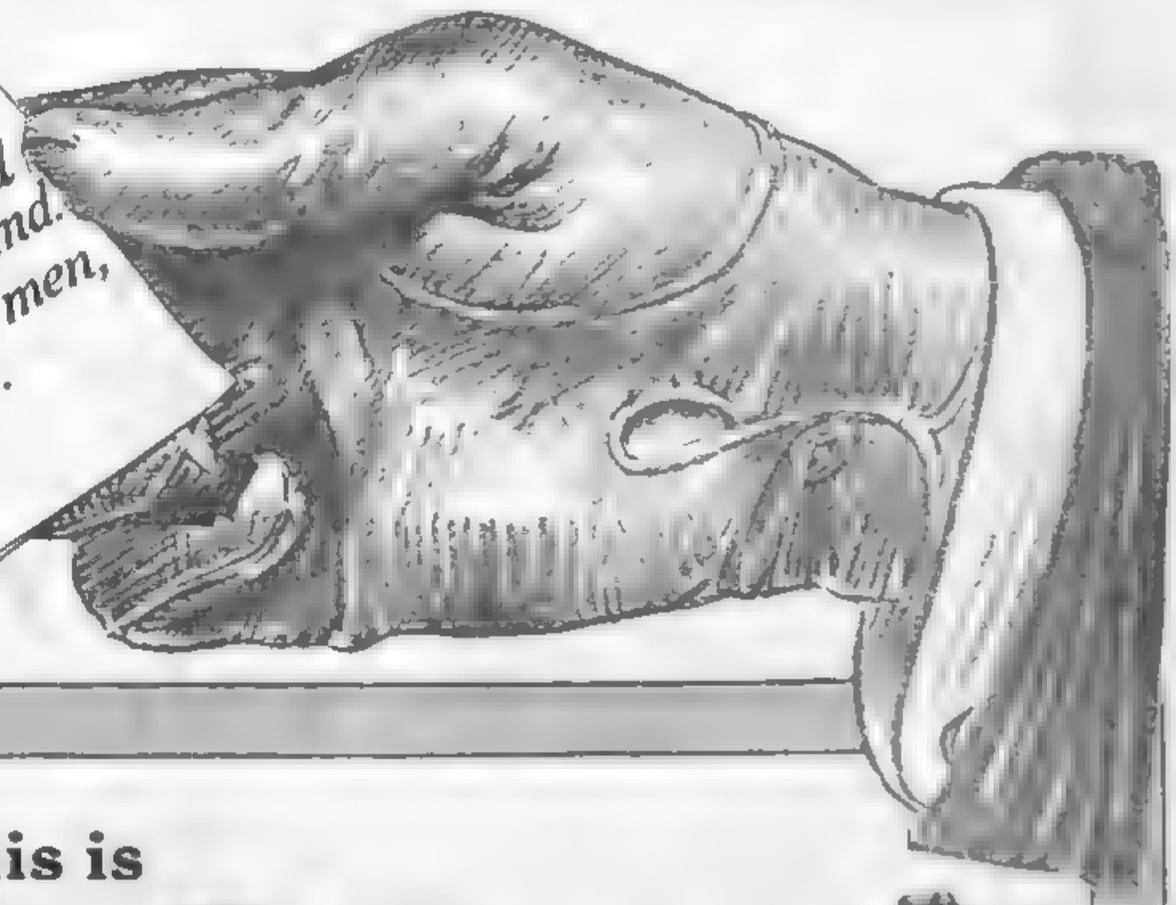
(Continued on Page 85)

*Clipped from the War Department examinations for certificates of proficiency in Coast Artillery work, held by the Department of Militia Affairs during 1914. The six courses are known as Basic, Emplacement, Range and Communication, Battery Commander, Searchlight, and Battle and Fire Commander. They correspond roughly after the Basic course to tests for ability to hold commissions as second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain, major, and lieutenant colonel or colonel.

TO LIVE DEALERS:—A "glove show" is something *new* and interesting. This is your opportunity to create new business and stimulate spring trade all through the store.

We respectfully urge you to attend the interesting style exhibit of Grinnell Gloves, widely known as the "best for every purpose"—at the store of the nearest Grinnell Dealer. A "Glove Show" exhibiting the newest fashions—sizes and shapes for every type of hand. Grinnell Gloves are for men, women and children.

April 8th to 17th



This is

Grinnell Gloves

Exposition Week

For men, women and children

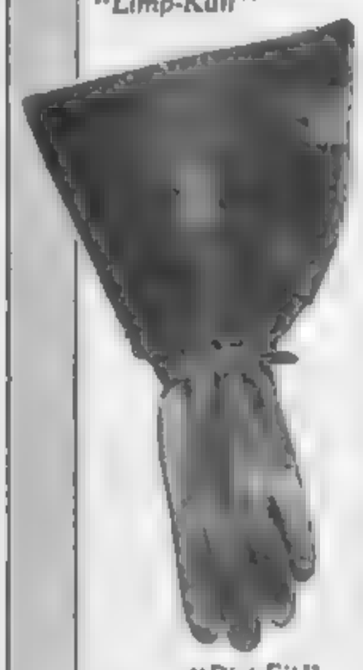
The very best, the very newest in suitable handwear for street, dress, motoring, driving, golfing, hunting, outdoor, recreation, work, play, etc., will be found on display for your convenient examination. There is a wide range of styles and prices—and a smooth, comfortable fit for every type of hand.

Grinnell Gloves are unlike the ordinary. You will be interested in the numerous cleverly contrived, exclusive utility features which are to be had in addition to the utmost in fit, comfort, appearance and durability. Make a mental note now to visit the nearest Grinnell dealer during this unusual event!

Grinnell Gloves, made from soft, pliable "Reindeere" and Coltskin, are washable in soap and water or gasoline. Dry out as soft as new. Guaranteed not to harden, crack, scuff or shrink. Made with ventilated backs for hot weather.

Grinnell Silk, Chamoisette, and other fabric gloves, insure remarkable comfort, fit, style, wear, appearance and utility.

"Limp-Kuff"



"Rist-Fit"

"Melba"

"Limp-Kuff"—the newest! Needed for your spring, summer and fall motoring comfort. Soft crep cuff wrinkles down naturally on the wrist—or may be pulled over the sleeve. Will crush in one's pocket. Prices, per pair, $2.50 to $3.50.

"Rist-Fit"—ventilated or unventilated, with quick adjustable tape fastener. This style made also in ladies' sizes. Prices, per pair $2.50 to $4.00.

"Melba"—ladies' dress gloves—fit smoothly. Made of finest softest kid in mosish shades, our highest grade, per pair, $4.00.

***The* "Outdoor Glove."**—A special Grinnell Glove for sportsmen, drivers, and others who are [illegible] Rist-Fit" and reinforced thumb—ventilated or unventilated. Prices, per pair, $1.75 to $2.50.

"Grip-Tite"

"Ventilated Rist-Fit"

"Grip-Tite"—with the patented double corrugated palm that gives the hands a firm non-slip grip without muscle tension. Double wear. Prices, per pair, $2.50 to $5.00.

"Rist-Fit"—an exclusive Grinnell feature which affords a snug fit at wrist, preventing gauntlet from slipping down over the hand. Ventilated or unventilated. Prices, per pair, $2.50 to $5.00.

"Turtle-Neck"—a standard Grinnell style that you're sure to like. Prices, per pair, $3.00 to $4.50—without special features down as low as $1.00.

"Grinnell Street Gloves"—[illegible] at very good values—smooth-fitting. All shades. Prices, per pair, $1.00 to $2.50.

"Turtle-Neck"

900 styles

are embodied in the complete Grinnell Glove line. You are certain to find among this variety just the gloves you've always wanted at the price you care to pay. All regular, staple, serviceable styles from $1.00 per pair up.

And don't overlook this: Grinnell Gloves are made in light, airy shops by well-paid workers. You need fear no sweat-shop contagion from Grinnell Gloves.

Interesting glove book and leather samples, free

If for any cause you are unable to attend nearest exhibit, let us mail the Grinnell Glove Book and leather samples to you, free. Give dealer's name, please.

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Company

25 Broad Street *(Established 1856)* Grinnell, Iowa

"Outdoor Glove"

"Dress Glove"

The Biggest Issue

OF

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

EVER PUBLISHED

100 PAGES

Last week's issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* (April 3) was the largest we have ever published, both in editorial content and advertising matter.

It contained 100 pages, in addition to the four covers.

The great size of this issue was made possible by the great volume of advertising offered for it—229 columns—in addition to space used by The Curtis Publishing Company itself for its own advertising.

It is interesting also to note that the issue you are now reading (April 10) contains 88 pages, much above the average, and the April 17th issue next week will probably be as large.

This increase in the use of national advertising we take to be an indication of a general feeling of confidence among American business men first, that conditions are beginning to return to normal, and second, that this is the time to go after business aggressively.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 82)

the next day. You know the gun has gone off, all right; you know you have been hit, but you do not exactly know with what. Your teeth feel loose; your chest is uncomfortable; your stomach is decidedly uneasy; and the top of your head, the small of your back and the bridge of your nose attempt to establish communication with your brain at one and the same time, in order to inform the part of the seat of intelligence which has not been blown away that something terrible has happened—and it was probably a baseball bat if it was not a mule!

Customarily you fill your ears with cotton and then open your mouth when you see the shot is about to be fired. You do not stick your fingers in on top of the cotton; but, if you have nothing important to do, like bringing out another double armful of smokeless powder, you carefully place both hands over your ears and squeeze tight. This process takes a little of your attention from the thunderclap that follows—a thunderclap which makes lightning seem a joke—but it does not lessen the buffeting coincident with the cataclasmic racket. I guess that will cover the ground. How about having that happen four times a minute?

Our cook came down to the parados behind one of our guns when we were just ready to begin firing. He set his alarm clock—brought down for correction by some officer's watch—on the ground beside him and covered his ears. After the first shot he beat a hasty retreat, leaving his clock. Glancing back at the plotting room after the first shot I caught the situation—the clock on the ground, its glass smashed; and out on the grass in front of it the cook was running. I did not think of it again until some time after the last shot had been fired.

Turning round again I beheld the cook holding what was left of the clock in one hand, while he tenderly felt round his own cranium for possible damage. With the first shot the glass had gone; with the second, the dial; and after that the ticker, like Budge and Toddie, "frowed up a whole floorful of uvver sings." The cook looked up and caught me grinning down the traverse.

"Huh!" he remarked. "Now I won't know when to get dinner!" And at that minute he meant just what he said.

During the instruction camps we come in contact with many noncommissioned officers assigned to us as instructors for our enlisted men. To these regulars we freely acknowledge great obligation. Most of them are of a high order of intelligence. One corporal assigned to Tenth Company last summer was the hero of a yarn well illustrating this fact.

A Night Alarm

A little after twelve o'clock one cloudy night last autumn the corporal was called from the guardhouse by the lusty yells of the sentry from near the head of Officers' Row. Running to the spot he found an excited soldier hunting round flower beds and outhouses, and an officer, pyjama-clad and pistol in hand, standing in his doorway.

The officer had wakened to find an intruder in his room; had jumped, yelled, grabbed his pistol, called out the window to the sentry on post back of Officers' Row, and had run downstairs to find the front door open and the prowler gone. Neither officer nor sentry had seen the man after the former's first glimpse.

Our corporal turned his flashlight on the steps of the officer's house, on the floor of the porch and on the officer's feet.

"Been back upstairs?" he asked.

"No," said the officer.

"Just a minute, then, sir," said the corporal, departing on a dogtrot in the direction of the barracks.

Five minutes later the officer's phone rang.

"Got 'im, sir!" announced the corporal; and he had.

There were three companies at the post, each living in its own barracks. It had just started to rain when the disturbance took place. On the officer's steps were wet footprints of stockinged feet! There were wet footprints on the verandas of two sets of company quarters, but only one trail was made by an unshod man.

Rousing the sergeant in charge of quarters took but a second or two. No attention was paid to men frankly wakened by the disturbance. The third man, who seemed to be sound asleep, had wet socks under his cot. Dazed by his quick capture the man confessed at once; and, being a recruit shipped to the Coast from the Atlantic seaboard, his record was looked into. As a result he is now in an Eastern penitentiary.

The serious lessons in camp, outside of target practice, were those of sanitation, correct feeding of the men, all other things pertaining to health not covered by these two, and discipline. To me, a trained executive accustomed to the control of men, the last item came easily, even though the men were volunteers and not regulars. The other things were hard but interesting work, carrying many exasperations in their trail.

The matter of sanitation is the first and vital problem in taking care of a body of men. Better go days without food than hours without proper sanitation. Next in importance is the disposal of garbage and flies. Garbage is burned the second it is created.

Flies are first starved, by keeping food covered or screened, and gathering and burning all crumbs and scraps the minute a meal is finished; and then, if still persistent, they are exterminated by hand. Exact and exceedingly competent measures are provided to accomplish all these things.

At the end of the first day we knew it was impossible for any illness to arise in our camp from food, water, flies, garbage or excreta. Then, to make sure, we lined the men up once a day and asked impertinent questions, occasionally administering doses of physic as we went down the line.

As a result Tenth Company had no sick report; in fact, the whole corps had but two minor cases at this particular camp. Of course, in everything we did we had the daily supervision and inspection of medical officers, who made sure of our work and were ready to take care of the things beyond our reach.

The Fun of Camp Life

In the competitive infantry drill that followed the service practice Tenth Company took second place. Having taken third place in target practice, our final winning of the best inspection report gave us the best rating in general efficiency. Thus, Tenth Company came out of its first camp proud of itself and absolutely determined to take all the honors during the following year.

Camp life sees all manner of practical joking among the enlisted men—the natural result of high spirits induced by life in the open air and under novel conditions. Tenth Company had several fine young Scandinavians in the ranks, one of whom, bearing the classic name of Olson, was rated a mechanic. At the battery he was given charge of the toolroom.

One night after mess there was an unusually prolonged manifestation of merriment down by the mess tent, ending in three ironical cheers for Mechanic Olson. Later, at taps, I asked the first sergeant the cause of the fun. It seemed that Olson, who was retiring almost to moroseness, and who spoke perfect English except under provocation, had been the butt of one of the oldest and most rheumatic of all ancient artillery jokes.

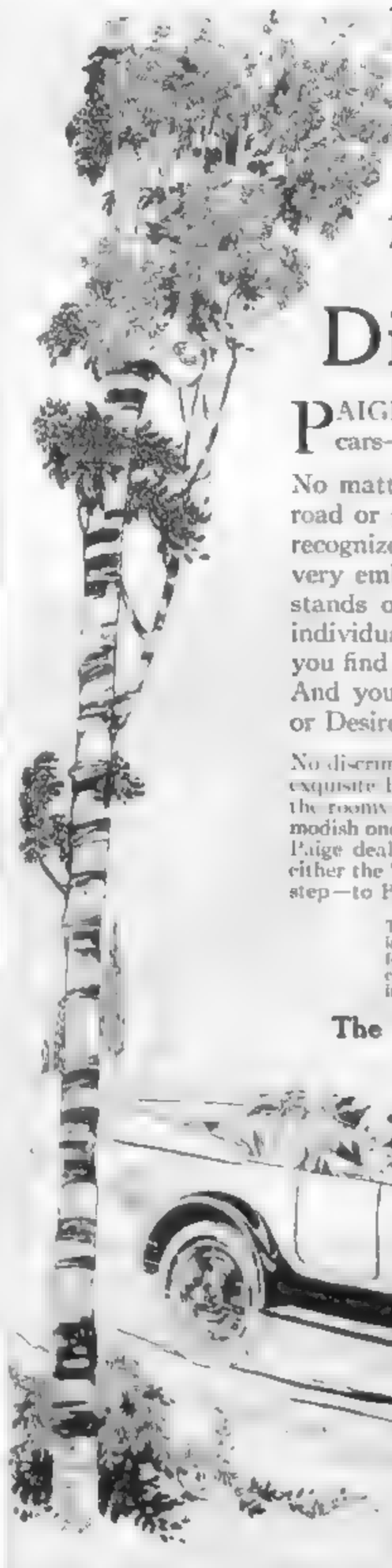
The sergeant in charge of the plotting room had sent him up the hill in the dark to bring down the set-forward points from the primary observing station.

Now this is a more or less subtle variation of the left-handed monkey-wrench gag, because a set-forward point is merely a pencil mark on a sheet of paper made by the chief plotter as he follows the path of a target, as indicated by the fire-control section, and has considerably less than no value sixty seconds after it is made. Olson's punctilious report to the sergeant, after a thorough search of the plotting room, was heard by about half the company.

The next day a detail of men was dismantling a breechblock on one of the guns. Needing a monkey wrench I called to the chief plotter, who was standing near by, to get one from the toolroom. One of the lieutenants, happening to be near, overheard the resulting conversation.

"Good morning, Mr. Olson," said the chief plotter. "The captain is inquiring for a set-for—I mean, a monkey wrench."

"Monkey ranch?" inquired Olson in the broadest dialect. "Aye ban hare 'bout wheat ranch—'bout fruit ranch; but Aye no hare 'bout monkey ranch in das whole dam state!"



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No matter where you may meet a Paige—on the road or parked among many other cars—you will recognize it instantly. Long and graceful—the very embodiment of power and dignity—this car stands out among all other motor cars with an individuality all its own. Quite unconsciously you find yourself saying, "There goes a Paige Six." And you utter these words either with the Pride or Desire of ownership.

No discriminating man or woman can resist the appeal of the exquisite European stream-lines—the impressive "bonnet the roomy seating accommodations for seven passengers—the modish one-man top and soft leather upholstery. See the Paige dealer to-day. Let him give you a demonstration in either the "Four" or "Six." This is the first step—and a *sure* step—to Paige ownership.

The supreme dollar-for-dollar value of Paige Cars is established by comparing them feature for feature, with any and all other motor cars of lower, equal and higher price. We don't have to ask the intelligent purchaser to make that comparison.

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Every Step an Airy Step
when you wear
Dr. Menz "Ease" Cushion Shoes

You do not know what real shoe comfort is until you have worn this easiest and most comfortable cushion shoe—made from the most resilient Australian Lamb's wool felt, with a white, soft, glove leather covering. Diamond cross-stitched to prevent rolling and bunching. "Shock Absorbers" for the busy man who is on his feet all day long.

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Sani-Flush Reaches and Cleans the Trap in Toilet Bowls

A brush or a rag can't clean the hidden places of a toilet bowl. *Sani-Flush will* do it. No need to dip out the water or wet the hands. *Sani-Flush* won't harm the bowl or the plumbing connections. It *will* take off stains and discolorations and remove disagreeable odors.

Sani-Flush

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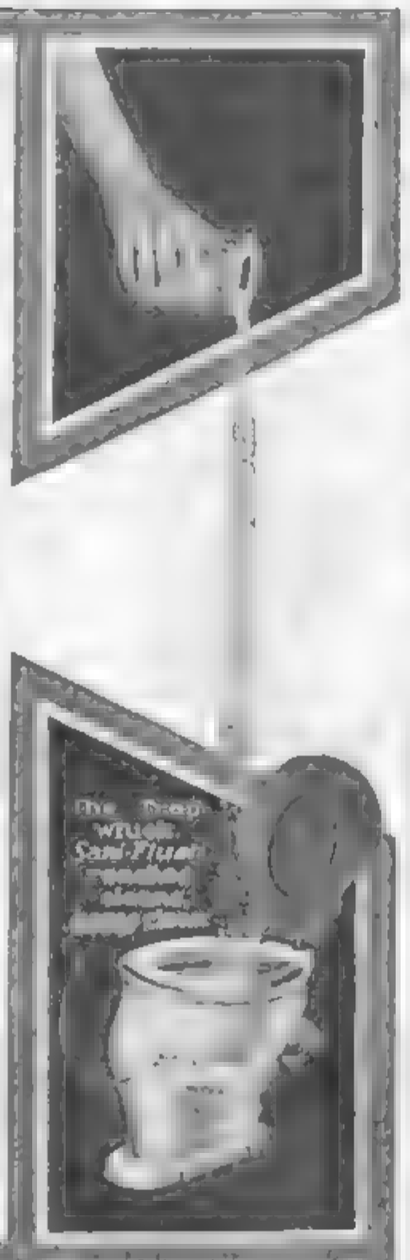
ought to be in every home—in clubs, hotels, office buildings. It's a clean, white, soluble powder—not a general cleanser. Patented, nothing is like *Sani-Flush*. It does only one thing and does it thoroughly.

A toilet that *looks* white isn't always in a really sanitary condition. Don't wait for stains to appear before using *Sani-Flush*. Sprinkle a little into the bowl each day and discolorations and objectionable odors will surely be prevented. *Sani-Flush* keeps toilet bowls sanitary, because it keeps the trap sanitary. A brush or cloth can't reach the hidden cause of odors from toilet bowls.

Your grocer or druggist probably has *Sani-Flush*. If not, send us 25c (30c in Canada, 50c in foreign countries) for a full sized can, postpaid. Your money back if it fails to do as we claim.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
168 Walnut Street, Canton, Ohio



THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO., Canton, Ohio
Enclosed I send 25 cents (30 cents in Canada) and the name of my grocer or druggist, for which please send me by parcel post one full-sized can of *Sani-Flush*.

My Name_____

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To dealers:

You can sell *Sani-Flush* easily, because it performs a necessary task. The way it makes good makes it a strong repeater. Order from your jobber, or write to us.

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires

For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by half-soling them with Treads. [illegible]

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL [illegible] express and let you be the Judge. Durable Treads double the life of your tires and are sold under a signed guarantee for 6,000 miles without puncture. [illegible]

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Push-Button Controlled
You have a high speed or reverse speed, a slow reverse or fast reverse, or you can bring your boat to a standstill without stopping your
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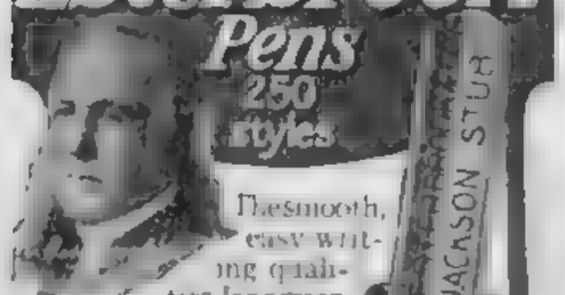

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Oxygen is nature's great purifier. That's why CALOX prevents dental troubles by removing the cause of tooth decay.

All Druggists, 25c.

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And not until the lieutenant interfered would Olson admit that he could understand what the chief plotter wanted.

Like many other militia organizations Tenth Company established a kangaroo court as soon as it reached camp. This court was composed of all sergeants except the top. To it was referred unofficially all breaches of discipline of a first-offense nature, not so important as to require drastic measures at the hands of a military court. We had few cases to deal with; none of them got back to the company commander, except in an aside from the top, to the effect that So-and-So "had been in the bush with the kangaroo court."

Directly on our return to our home station I secured the discharge of thirty members of the company. These men were those I had picked out as being uncomfortable to sleep and eat with—or, in two cases, men of a character inconsistent with Tenth Company standards. This quick reduction of the strength of the company, clear down into the sixties, was a drastic measure indeed, for autumn is a mighty poor recruiting time. The inducement of the summer camp is not so imminent as is the certainty of hard work all through the winter.

However, the men left in Tenth Company after this wholesale slaughter were of the finest possible type; clean, upstanding men of high intelligence, they ranged in occupation from school superintendent, editor, reporter, telephone superintendent, through many standard lines of business, to such fine trades as expert hardwood worker, job pressman, typesetter, electrician and telephone wire chief.

With this trained nucleus to work with we went back to recruiting. Again we gained the assistance of our friendly newspaper, and this time announced the formation of a new section of Tenth Company, which would receive its instruction and drill by itself, and away from the rest of the company until such time as it could come into the main organization feeling no lack of confidence in its own ability.

Getting away from the idea of awkward squad work for recruits turned out to be the right idea. By the middle of December Tenth Company was once more the largest National Guard organization in the state. The new section—we called it Third Platoon—has been amalgamated with the company and now we are about to go after another batch of recruits, the last we feel we shall have time to train before the next service practice. With more than eighty men now we have only a short way to go to reach our possible limit, the new figures set down by the War Department being a hundred and nine men and three officers.

From this brief sketch of the work of one militia company I have omitted the details of social activities and athletics, engaged in for sport alone, though both are very important in maintaining an organization, every member of which must, during the course of the year, both suffer pecuniary loss because of his connection with the Guard and actually pay out more money than he receives from state or nation to keep up his membership in his company.

The social factor and the sport factor are obviously of the greatest importance in giving the men something to keep them contented as they work. Very little of what the men get from the state can be said to compensate for the dirty work of fire or riot duty, or for the pains they take to prepare themselves for the possible emergency, from contemplation of which the average citizen shrinks.

The Guardsman justly feels that the man who can serve in the militia and does not even take the trouble to find out anything about it is a shirker. This type of man is joined in our black books with the fellow who sneers at our uniform—neither would take off his hat when the flag passes. We cannot say more against anybody.

Now Tenth Company is girding up its loins for the coming instruction camp and service practice with the big guns. Nothing less than first place in every department of the work will suit anybody. And so, I suppose, it will go each year, as long as there is a Tenth Company. We work for a reward too intangible for many to appreciate—the knowledge that we are doing a great thing, a patriotic thing; a thing vital to a nation that will not give us the respect she gives to her policemen or the affection she gives to her firemen.

We spend our money and our time freely to cover the expenses that should be defrayed by the people. We expect no better understanding—yet. It may come some day.

Meantime we continue the work of making better men out of good men, and good men out of boys who might, without us, drift into companionship more destructive than cannon.

A PERMANENT INTRUDER

(Concluded from Page 19)

"'Run, mem!' I says. 'For God's sake, run!' I whispered it, that's what I done, an' 'er a 'alf mile away.

"The Regent put down 'is 'ead when 'e saw 'er, give a roar, an' started. She 'ad stooped down for something—she told afterward she 'ad seen a four-leaf clover—but she 'eard 'im an' straightened up. Then she tried to run.

"Do you 'appen to know 'ow fast a bull can move? I didn't until then. She might as well 'ave stood still in 'er tracks.

"Just about as the bull 'it 'er, Buttercup come up over the bank at the brook. 'E 'ad been diggin' at a ground 'og 'ole or something, an' 'is 'ead an' chest was covered with mud.

"The Regent seemed to strike the missus fair—that's the way it looked, any'ow. Man, it was 'orrible! The fact is, 'is left 'orn went through 'er skirt, whirled her in the air like, an' tore it clean off of 'er. 'E never touched 'er else.

"The Regent stopped an' turned to come back, but 'e didn't get far. 'E 'ad no more than turned, I'll say to you, when the dog 'ad 'im by the nose.

"I don't know 'ow long it took for me to get to where they were—long enough. The Regent would swing 'is 'ead in the air, then bring it down an' batter Buttercup against the ground. I was 'oping the dog would 'ave enough life left in 'im to 'old 'is grip until I come, an' 'e done it, although the Regent got 'im under 'is feet at the last.

"As I come up the missus got on 'er knees—she'd been lyin' still till then.

"'Shoot—quick!' she says. 'E's killin' 'im!' An' I done so.

"Well, sir, when the missus tells me she ain't 'urt, I tried to make that dog let go the dead bull's nose; but 'e wouldn't think of it. 'E 'ad 'is jaws an' eyes shut tight an' 'e didn't open neither of 'em.

"At last the missus tries what she can do. She puts 'er 'and on 'is 'ead.

"'Let go, Big Boy!' she says. 'It's all over.' She keeps talkin to 'im, an' after a while 'e lets go an' rolls on 'is side.

"'E lay there very limp, one ear gone an' bleedin' from the mouth. One of the men gets 'is 'at full of water from the brook an' the missus pours it over Buttercup's 'ead, an' then bathes 'is muzzle.

"I got 'er skirt where the Regent 'ad tossed it an' brought it to 'er.

"'Don't you want this, mem?' I says. 'You can wrap it round you like.'

"'What difference does it make?' she says. 'E's going to die, Peter.'

"'How do you know, mem?' I says. 'We'll carry 'im up to the kennels an' 'ave a vet take a look at 'im.'

"'What a fool I am!' she says. 'Of course. 'Ave Felix go for Doctor Slosson as fast as 'e can. Tell 'im to take the roadster.'

"'Yes, mem,' I says, an' the men carried the dog whilst I went to 'ustle Felix off.

"By the time Felix drove in with the vet Buttercup was settin' up an' takin' notice.

"The vet went over 'im careful. 'Two ribs,' 'e says, 'one ear an' four front teeth. Outside of that 'e'll do. 'E's not worth much, is 'e?'

"'Not much, Doc,' I says. 'Just 'is weight in gold, that's all.'

"The missus looks at me quick an' I see 'er eyes flood up.

"'Thank you, Peter, dear old Peter,' she says. 'There's quite a lot of 'im, you know.'

"With that she drops 'er 'ead in 'er 'ands an' cries like 'er 'eart would break. Ain't that funny now—she 'adn't shed a tear till then.

"Well, that's about all, an' 'ere she comes down the drive. She's after you, I expect."

I got to my feet and waved to the slender figure approaching.

"But, Peter," I said, "how can a dog as cross as that be kept at the house?"

"Cross!" said Peter. "Huh! 'E's old 'ome folks now."

The Sky Pilot—The Road Agent—The Dancing Girl—and a "Skunk"

Miracles DO happen.

I have just experienced one—I have *lived* a miracle.

For one hour, while sitting in a comfortable chair in our little private theatre, my sight, my feelings, my emotions, my whole being has really lived through tense dramatic moments in the lives of men and women two thousand miles away from where I sat.

And the miracle was that I, the spectator, was also an actor in that wonderful Master-Picture—that I had loved, hated, schemed, triumphed with the characters as they played their parts before my eyes.

And, as the last scene of *"On the Night Stage"* faded, I realized that I and the millions of good folks who see our Master-Pictures *do live in an age of miracles.*

For one hour I had lived in Arizona.

The hot blue sky, nature's tumbled mountains, the color, the glare, the throb of the pitiless sun in the wild blood of man, the human scenes riotous with action—the best and the worst in us at war—with the love of a woman to sway the balance—but, I'm telling too much . . . . . .

You shall see and live this miracle as I saw and lived it—you will forget my enthusiasm in your own.

How you'll love it—if you've any of the boy left in you. And most of us *have,* praise be!

This is

ON THE NIGHT STAGE. *It is the seventh of the Mutual Master-Pictures I promised you.*

It was made by the New York Motion Picture Company under Mr. Thomas Ince's personal direction, and will be shown soon in a theatre near your home.

Were You Ever on the Spot when They Started to Lynch the Wrong Man?

When the picture flashes the ruggedness and blunt strength of the Golden West on the screen I seem to feel I'm booked for action — big, thrilling, red-blooded action—and a climax to satisfy the hungriest moving picture fan in the country.

That's what you get all the way through the four-reel Reliance production of

A MAN AND HIS MATE.

If you know the story—or if you have seen the play—you know what a vital, gripping subject it is.

But you haven't seen it *lived.*

That's it—it's *alive,* terribly, wonderfully alive!

There is nothing more sinister than a mob bent upon the destruction of some human life, but when *you* know that the blood-thirsty crowd is going to lynch the *wrong* man, you just want to shout, to force your way through the throng, to fight to save him . . . . . .

Here I am, getting too enthusiastic — but the humanity of this picture gets me again, even as I write—and it will get you.

There's a climax to this story, a climax to *"A Man and His Mate"* that makes you glad you're a man—for what greater thing is there in all the world than to lay down your life for the woman you love?

Yes—these are two great moving pictures. You can see them sooner if you will

Say to the theatre nearest you: "I want to see

Mutual Master-Pictures"

Write me your views on moving pictures. First of all—what do you think of these, the Mutual Master-Pictures? They are made to please YOU, you know. Then—tell me the one thing you have ever seen in any moving picture anywhere you would most like to see again.

Sincerely,

H. E. Aitken

President
MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, *New York*

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"And it's just as effective for use in the office and store as here at home"

Every Jap-a-lac result is a quality result—beautiful and long wearing

For remember, the *same* quality standard that has put Glidden Varnishes and finishing materials on the finest products in every important industry is in *every drop* contained in the familiar Green-Label Can that bears the name Glidden and contains Jap-a-lac.

No matter how well you know Jap-a-lac, do you know the Jap-a-lac Enamels? There are ten colors—Enamel Blue (Pale), Enamel Green (Pale), Enamel Pink, Enamel Red, Enamel Green (Dark), White Enamel (Gloss White), Flat White, Brilliant Black, Dead Black. And, in addition, there are ten transparent colors, Gold and Aluminum, and Jap-a-lac Floor and Interior Varnish (Natural). Also, Jap-a-lac Floor and Porch Enamel (four colors). Jap-a-lac covers every possible need for finishing everything about the home, office, and store!

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THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

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This ends the last doubt about motor hauling

ALL of the "ifs" have been entirely removed from the use of motor trucks. You can save money ***now.***

For some time the average business man has known that modern traffic requires motors—that the horse will not do.

For some time that same business man has been puzzled as to the exact status of motor hauling and the exact value of motor trucks.

For some time many a business man has kept his eyes and his ears open, learning all he could learn about motor traffic from the experience of others.

He has seen truck performance—both good and bad. He has hesitated in the selection of types, models and makes, even though he has long since been convinced that he will eventually motorize his hauling. Now the day of doubt, the day of "ifs" and "buts" is over—and for a simple and convincing reason.

The greatest efficiency experts of all—the war lords—have found it absolutely necessary to use motor trucks to make hauling commensurate with modern needs

A line of Packard trucks we believe just one generation ahead of other trucks, even previous Packard models, recently has been placed upon the market, and they have been placed there by the maker in all the world who, by reason of resources, experience, stability and reputation, is actually qualified to step out of the broil of competition, into a clear, unassailable position.

During sixteen years the Packard Motor Car Company has been one of the world's largest producers of strictly high-grade motor vehicles.

During sixteen years it has acquired the greatest resources and facilities, the widest experience and the most comprehensive organization, not for manufacture alone but also for distribution and service to customers.

During ten years it has built trucks. During seven years its trucks have been on the market and paying their own dividends in daily use from Siberia to South America.

They are used on both sides of the globe, in large fleets and as single units. They are used in war and they are used in 204 peaceful pursuits.

Practically every one of the first series of Packard trucks is still at work, doing a big job every day.

They have been so efficient that it would have been next to impossible for the ordinary manufacturer to improve them.

But the Packard Company was not satisfied to let well enough alone. It realized that the ultimate in truck design had not been reached and that the future of motor hauling was of such gigantic proportions that no effort, however expensive, to approach the ultimate, would be wasted.

So it pursued its policy of improving upon experience, just as it has pursued that policy in its sixteen-year improvement of the Packard touring car.

It put into the making of a new line of Packard trucks the unlimited resources and the accumulated knowledge of the largest truck shops.

Several years were needed to bring the new trucks to the required standard. They were molded and remolded. They were tested and retested—tested for 128,000 miles.

No condition of hauling was too remote, no mechanical detail was too small to be considered.

The long and short of the story of the New Model Packard trucks is that in bringing them out, the Packard Company not only developed a truck far and away beyond the present stage of the art, but it made this same precise and tangible advance in every single model of truck required for freight hauling.

It built one, one and one-half, two, three, four, five and six-ton trucks—all of the same design, all equally sure in saving money by lower up-keep, less need of attention, reduction of repairs and greater capacity for work. ***It built the one complete line of uniformly designed, really up-to-date trucks in the world.***

This new line is bound to Packardize hauling. The reasons are simple.

You can put your finger right on them. They are all through the truck, and through each truck in the line.

All you have to do to learn just why the new Packard will reduce gasoline, oil and up-keep bills is to inspect the truck and let a Packard man show you its infinite improvement—improvement of the kind that reacts upon your pocket book as well as upon your joy in the possession of the superior.

Look over its design and be shown why it is the easiest truck to operate, how it gives the greatest service as long and continuously as you may desire to run it, why it needs little mechanical attention and how it is adapted to any service requirement, from the quick installation of a perfect power-winch to equipment with an omnibus body having electric lights and self-starter.

The New Model Packard is the apotheosis of the motor truck—and the builders of the Packard car are back of it.

Send to us or to any of our dealers for a complete descriptive catalog and other literature pertaining to traffic, and, also, do not delay seeing this truck for yourself.

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"What a coincidence! That Caruso record you just played on the Victrola was the same aria we heard him sing at the opera tonight!"

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Just as real, just as enjoyable, in your own home as though you were hearing them in the great opera houses and theatres of the world.

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